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MAY
1939

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A

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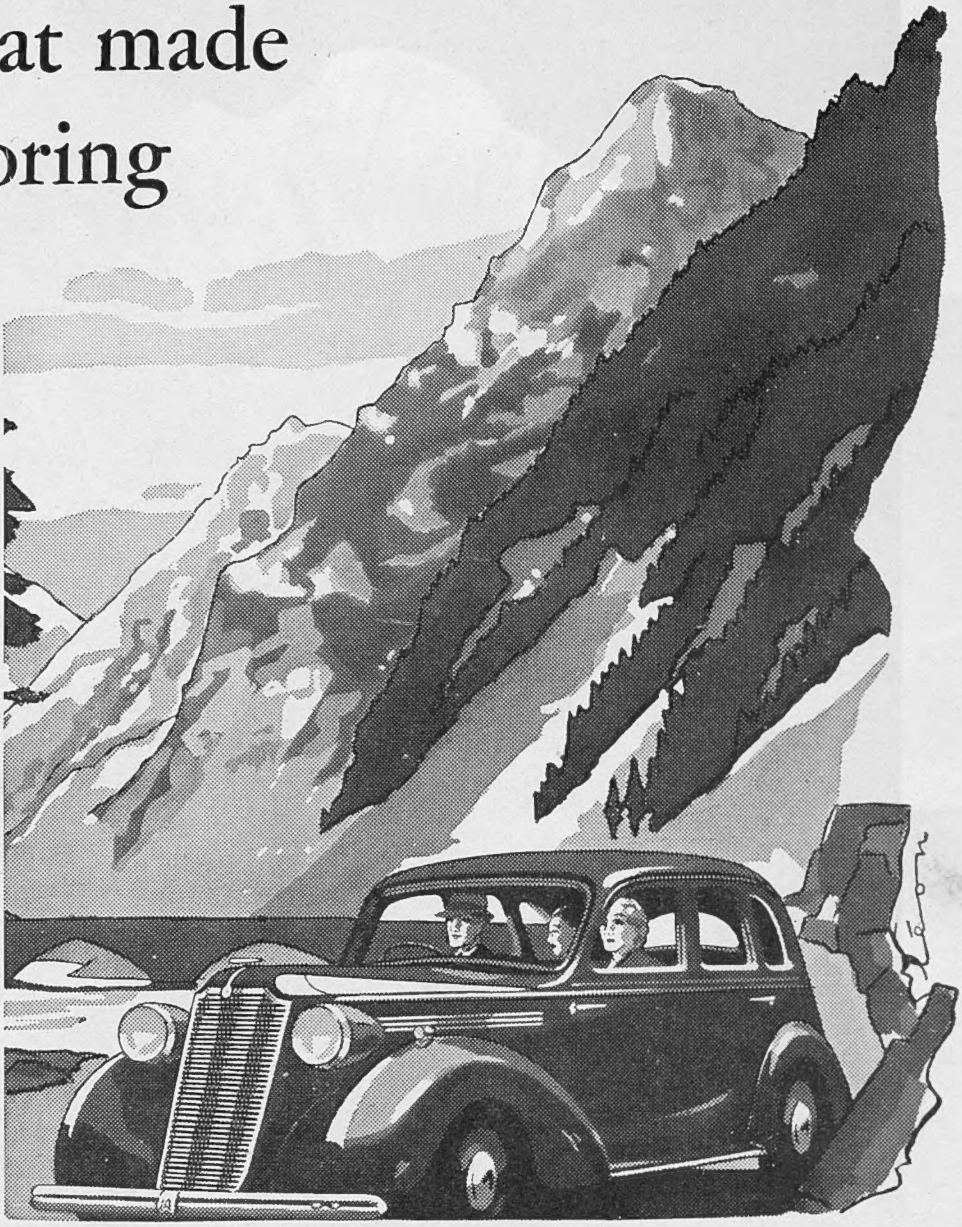

THE history of 14 h.p. motoring since 1933 is really the history of the Vauxhall Fourteen. Before the introduction of Vauxhall the sale of *all* 14 h.p. cars had averaged only 10,000 a year. In five years this has been almost trebled and nearly 100,000 owners are now enjoying 14 h.p. motoring at the wheel of a Vauxhall.

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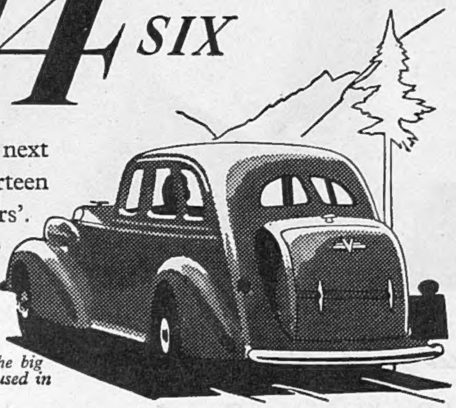

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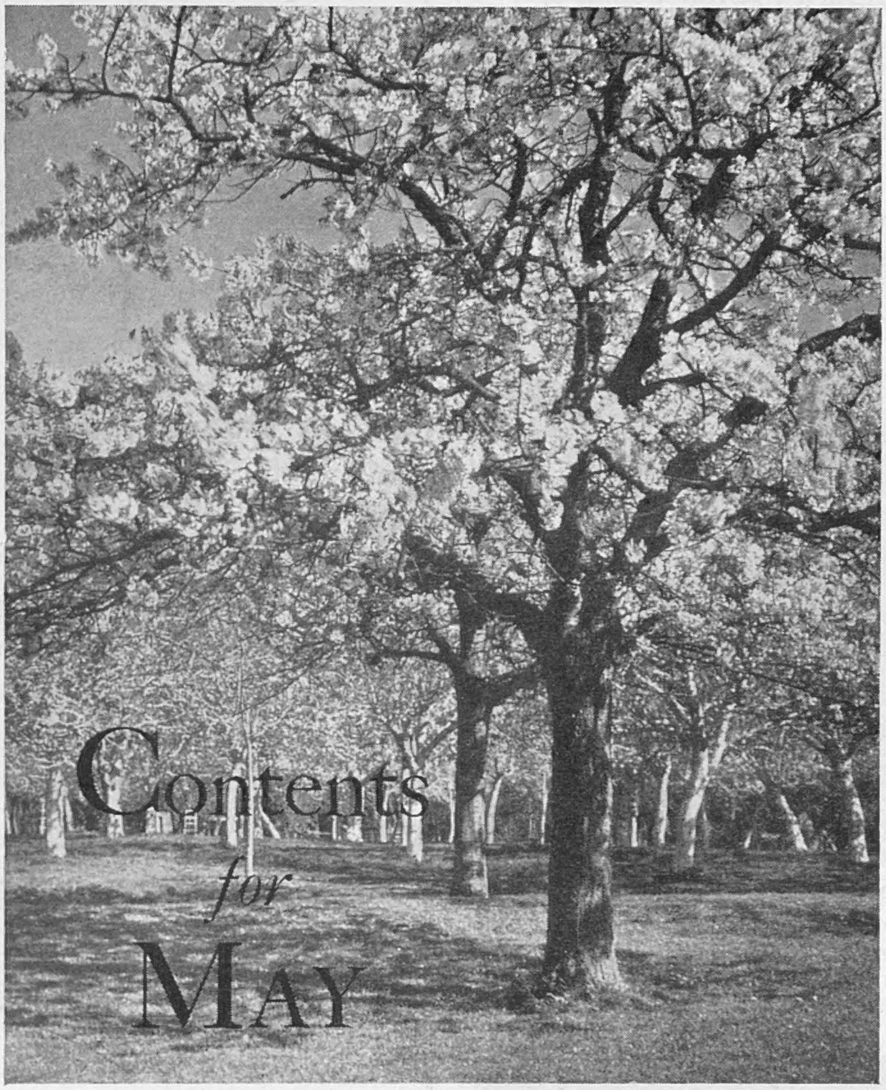
BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 18, No. 5. MAY, 1939



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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 142. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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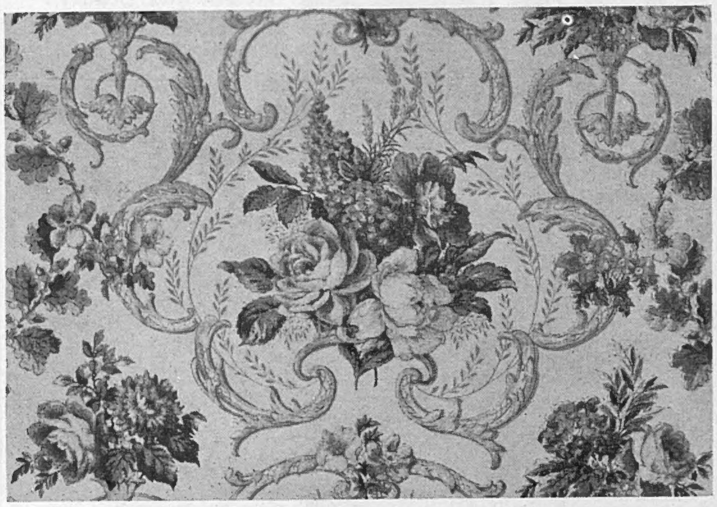

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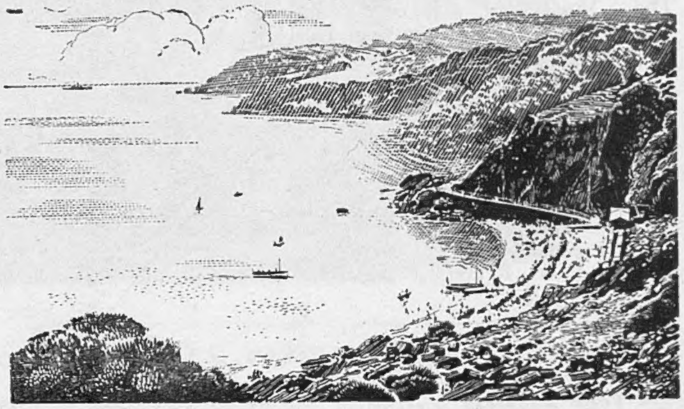

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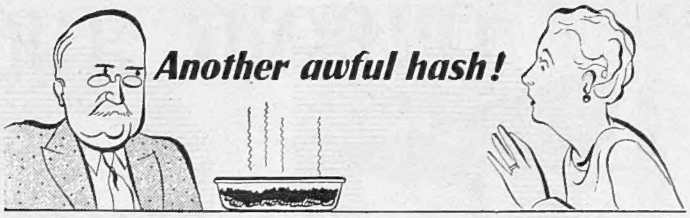
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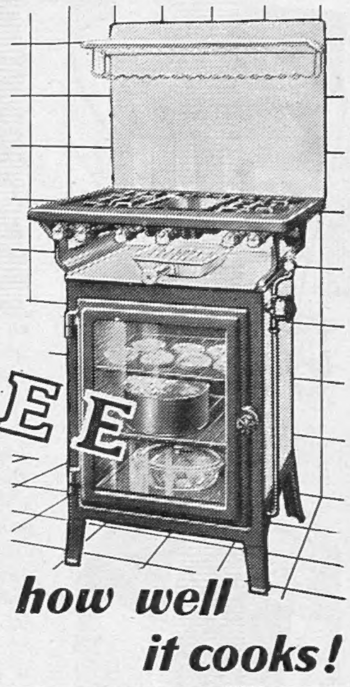
It's time you had a Vulcan!

It's easy enough to cook a hash, maybe! But "difficult" dishes beyond the scope of the average cook are just as easy if you have a VULCAN Gas Cooker. Its automatic oven-heat control keeps the temperature at the level you need; a door of double, unbreakable, non-steaming Armourplate glass gives a clear view of the interior. Every modern improvement is here — single back burner, covered griller, housewife-planned hotplate, and the Cooker finished inside and out in fine porcelain enamel, mottled grey or plain coloured. It's a joy to use a VULCAN!



-you can SEE how well it cooks!

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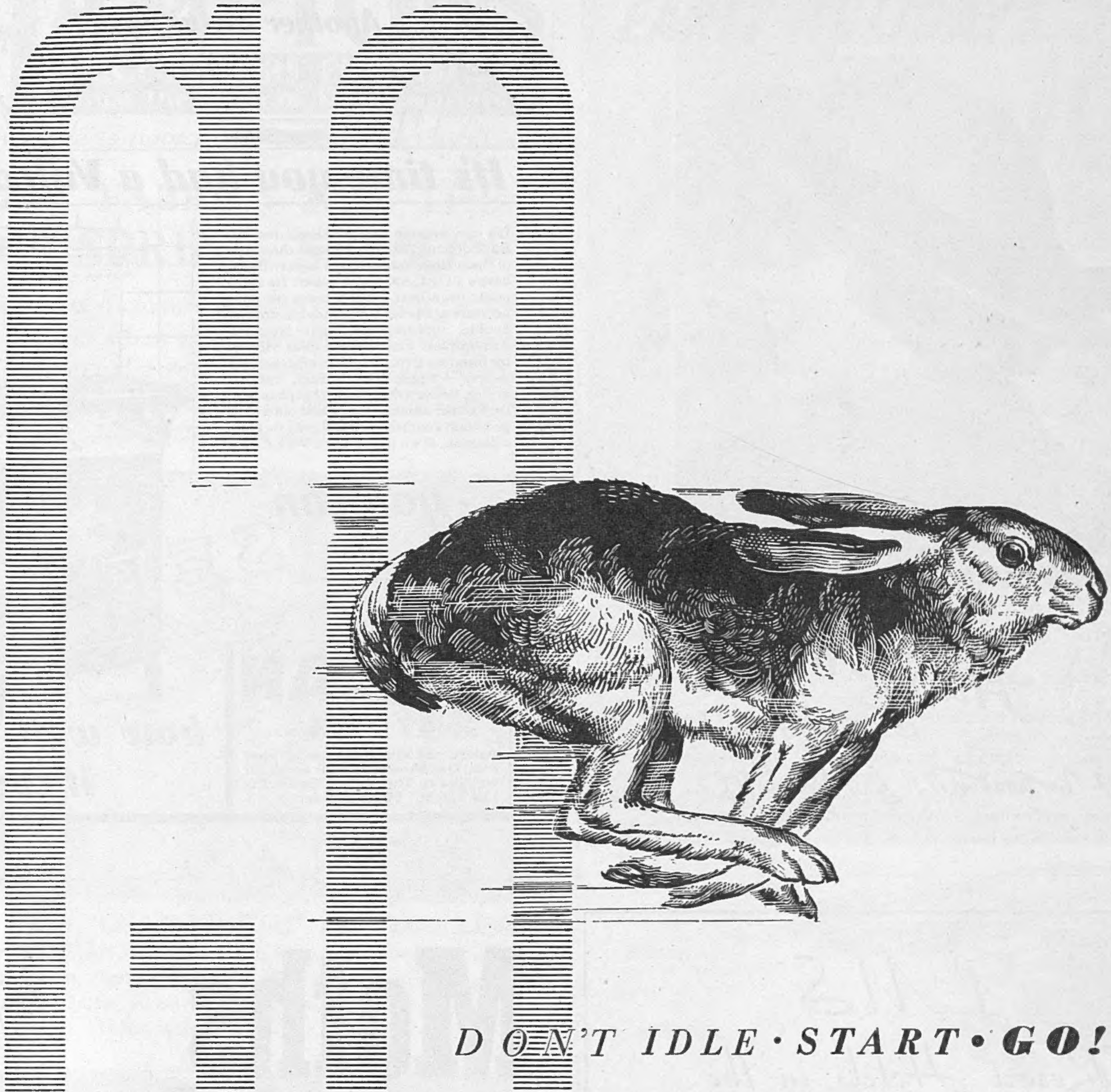


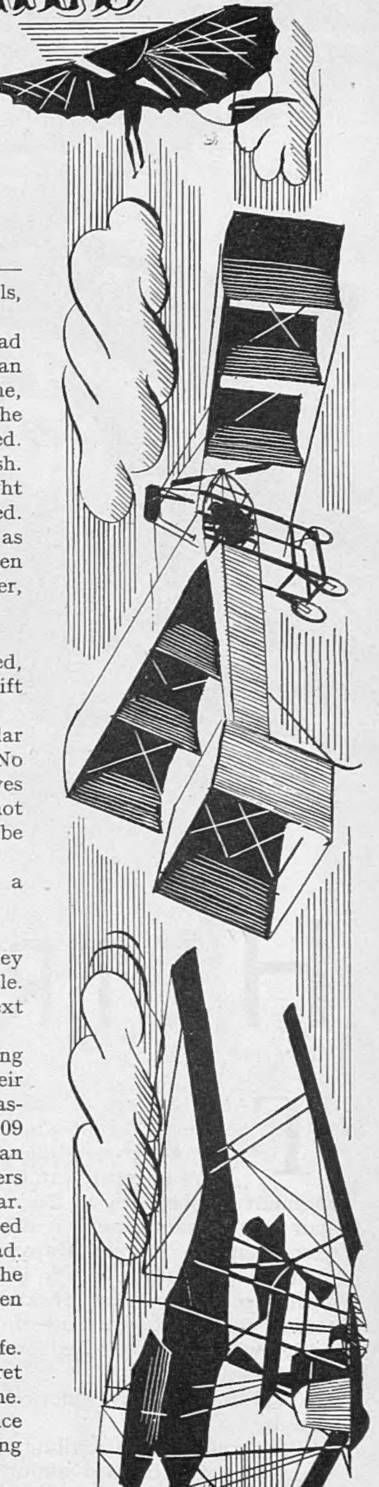
DON'T IDLE · START · ***GO!***

Latest development in 1939 cars is the automatic choke. Cuts down warming-up time, lets you drive straight off after starting. These conditions call for fuel of exceptional volatility. Shell, 100% pure and fortified with "reformed" petrol, is ready for the change.

SHELL FOR GO - GO FOR SHELL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

THEY MADE OUR WORLD



The comfort and convenience of our life to-day, and its promise for to-morrow, depend on a few basic inventions. Here are their "nutshell" stories

"HE'LL break his neck !"

It seemed a safe prophecy. The flying machine quivered in the wind—a gimcrack box-kite affair made of canvas and wire, mounted on bicycle wheels, its air-screw geared to a heavy motor engine.

Why should these two young Ohio fools succeed where so many others had failed, attempting to emulate Dædalus? The last one to flop was the Smithsonian professor, Dr. Langley. After years of experiment he had built a full-sized plane, which C. M. Manly tried to fly. Caterpulted from a house-boat roof on the Potomac River, in the presence of a group of admiring professors, it had crashed. The professor rebuilt it, and the indomitable Manly tried again. Another crash.

That was in October. Now, on December 17, 1903, Orville and Wilbur Wright thought they could succeed where the scientist, with all his resources, had failed.

The few onlookers said their motor was too heavy—it weighed several times as much as those used by other inventors trying to fly. They were horrified when Orville "streamlined" himself by lying down to pilot, instead of sitting up. Further, a gale blustered over the Kitty Hawk dunes.

THE motor banged, the air-screw whirled, the machine ran forward. It staggered, gathered pace, and suddenly the wheels left ground—the first aeroplane to lift itself and a human passenger from earth.

Men said it was a freak. Wind currents. Never come to anything. Spectacular—but so's a trapeze trick. Etcetera. No big corporations were interested. No financiers smelled money and offered backing. The Wright brothers themselves saw only a limited application, in the field of military scouting. They did not foresee the air liner because they thought motor engines would always be unreliable.

What was the secret of their success? It was not motor design : it was a correct wing design based on their wind-tunnel experiments.

FOR a while, the two brothers were the only men who could fly. In 1904 they made 105 flights in their aeroplane, including the first bank and complete circle. In 1905 they made fifty flights, once reaching forty miles an hour. The next year came challenge.

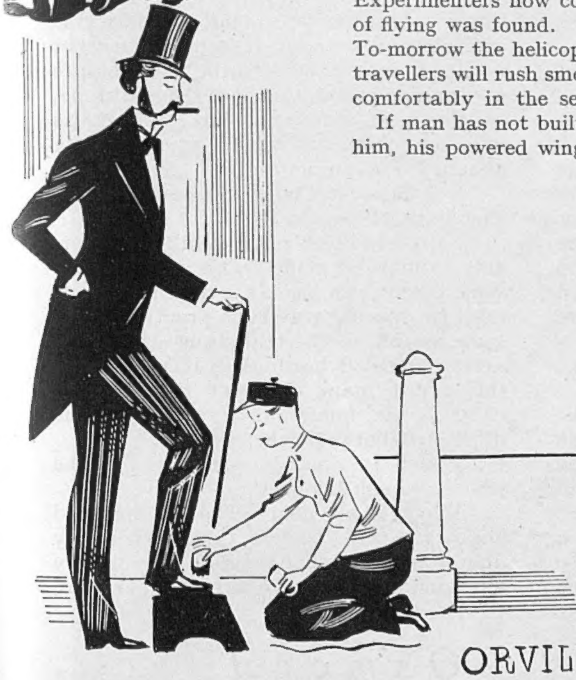
Santos-Dumont, Bleriot, Farman, Voisin, flew. Delagrange made a flight lasting thirty minutes, the record so far. In 1907 both Farman and Bleriot made their first turns in the air. On May 8, 1908, Wilbur Wright carried the first air passenger, and Orville Wright, then thirty-six, became the first air casualty. In 1909 Bleriot flew the English Channel, Delagrange hit fifty miles an hour, and Paulhan broke the long-range record with eighty-four miles. And by 1910 so many pioneers were flying that there were thirty-two deaths in aeroplane accidents that year.

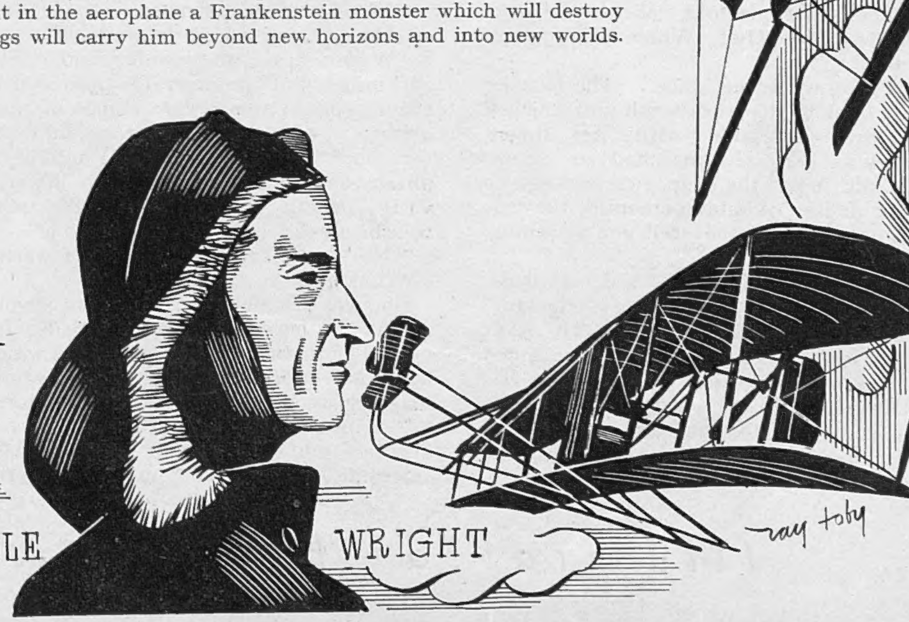
The flying machine was progressing. But blood and gold were needed to speed up progress. The Great War provided both. Motor development leaped ahead.

The world's altitude record in 1921 was 7½ miles : it is now over 10½ miles. The world's speed record in 1923 was 266½ miles an hour : it is now 440½ m.p.h. Men have circled the planet in four days, and flown 7,162 miles non-stop.

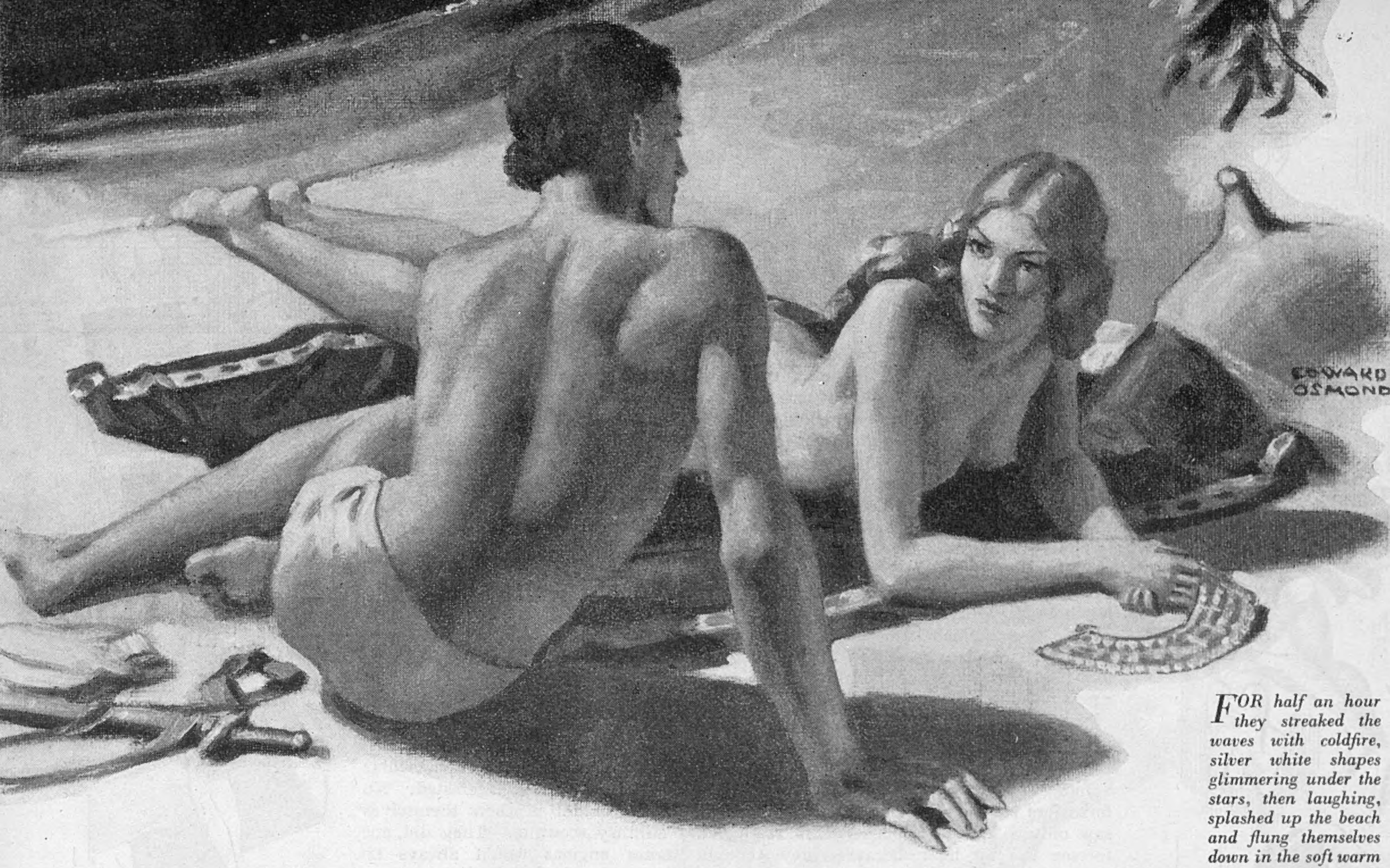
The wild adventure of yesterday has been geared to man's everyday life. Experimenters now concentrate on aerodynamics, the study field where the secret of flying was found. Swifter flight with less powerful motors will be the outcome. To-morrow the helicopter will provide the family flying machine, and long-distance travellers will rush smoothly at 800 miles an hour over continents and oceans, sitting comfortably in the sealed cylinders of stratospheric aeroplanes.

If man has not built in the aeroplane a Frankenstein monster which will destroy him, his powered wings will carry him beyond new horizons and into new worlds.





ORVILLE WRIGHT



FOR half an hour they streaked the waves with coldfire, silver white shapes glimmering under the stars, then laughing, splashed up the beach and flung themselves down in the soft warm sand, side by side

HEIR of the WORLD

Emeralds, green – the colour of life, of eternity. What wouldn't a woman do to possess the finest in the world

By H. Bedford-Jones

TAMYRA sat at the workbench, before the sunlit window, playing with two green stones.

The jeweller watched her for a moment, in sheer joy of the picture. Her hair was gossamer gold in the sunbeams. Her slender, mobile features, fine as though chiselled in every line, had the transparent loveliness of alabaster. It struck him suddenly how frail her slim body was, how touched with ethereal tenderness.

"So you like my emeralds, eh?" he asked.

She turned to him, smiling. Each of the two gems was banded about the centre with gold, antique gold, delicately chased.

"They're lovely! Where did you get them?"

"From an old necklace." The jeweller came over to the workbench and touched the two emeralds with his finger. "They're perfectly matched in colour, size and shape; the deep, rich grass-green of the finest Colombian emerald, the true gem crystal. Do they tell you anything, my dear?"

Her wide eyes lit up. "Yes. At least, one of them does. It speaks of Cleopatra."

The jeweller looked startled. He never ceased to marvel at the response wakened in Tamyra by certain jewels. She was sensitive, incredibly sensitive, to the life in a gem, to its colour and personality. With most women this response was vague, a mere sensation of delighted fascination in a stone; but with her it was a clear-cut, sharply-defined vision, almost an auto-hypnosis, which sometimes went to extreme lengths.

"What did Cleopatra have to do with emeralds?" she asked dreamily.

"A good deal," the jeweller said. "She had mines, but the emeralds produced in the Egyptian mines were stones of poor quality. Also, there's a story that she tore open the mummy of a Pharaoh to obtain emeralds that had been interred with him, in order to squander more wealth on dissipation with Antony."

"No," said Tamyra. "No. It wasn't for that purpose at all."

She was fascinated by the green jewels. Again the jeweller looked startled. He moved along the workbench a stand which held an enormous glass, that would magnify, to huge proportions, any stone.

"A moment ago," he observed, "you said an odd thing—that one of these emeralds attracts you more than the other. As a matter of fact, my dear, one of these stones is what it seems. The other is not. It was made with the most minute care and precision, to match the real stone, by the most searching tests; so long as it is set in its gold hoop, it would defy exhaustive examination."

"You mean it's false?" asked Tamyra. The jeweller smiled.

"False, and yet real; synthetic emeralds cannot be made. This one has the same colour exactly. It is double refracting. Its specific gravity is practically the same as that of the real stone; it has the same degree of hardness. It would fool the wisest man; and yet the simplest child, if he knew how, could tell the difference between the two."

"Which is which?" she asked. The jeweller shook his head.

"You try, my dear. The real emerald ought to speak to you, for it's a rarely fine stone, almost flawless. Practically all emeralds, like nearly all rubies,

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

are full of tiny flaws. This one is not, nor is the imitation. Here, try them under the glass."

He placed the two emeralds on the stand. Tamyra, looking into the glass, exclaimed at the wondrous sea of colour there. She shifted the two about and about, looking now at one, now at the other. Then she fell silent and absorbed.

Green—the colour of life, of eternity! None of your pale, washed-out greens, but a gorgeous glowing shimmer, broken by the almost invisible flaws in the crystal; an emerald without any flaws is the symbol of unattainable perfection, yet these helped the vivid wealth of green rather than hindered it.

Green light, shot through with prismatic yellow; a play of life in the stone like the stir of angels' wings, unseen yet somehow felt. Tamyra relaxed to the restful lure of it. Upon her stole a sense of peace; it was like the green depths of the clear sea . . .

THE sea, stretching out eastward to infinity, with India far over the horizon. The sea, and she gazing out upon it from the hillside house above the harbour. She herself, under blinding sun-smitten heat in a sun-struck land, wearing only a thin white cotton robe and a golden fillet about her golden hair.

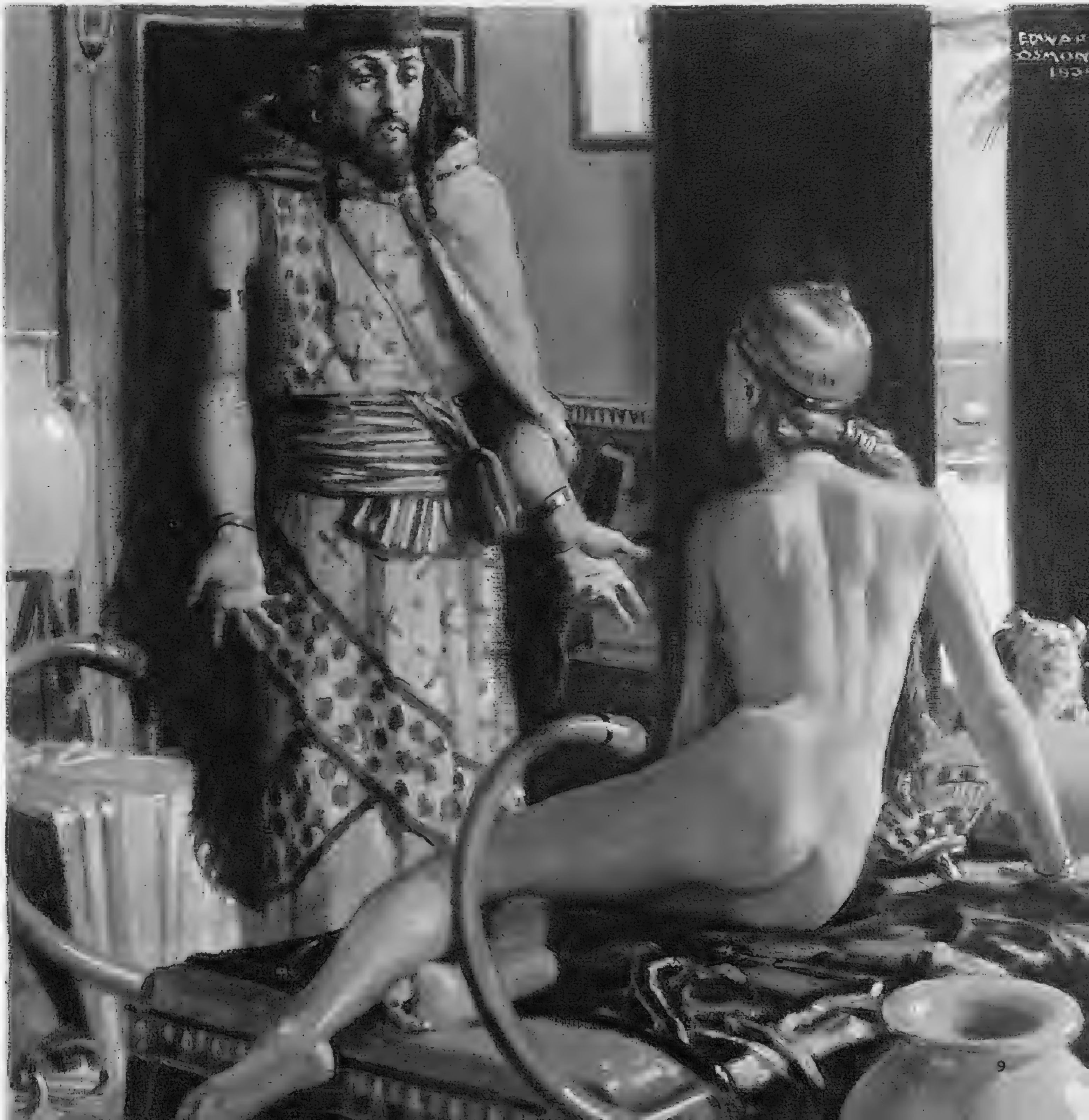
She was very lovely, instinct with youth and wide-eyed dreaminess; yet there was a cruel thinness in her lips, and when she turned away from the young man beside her to look at the sea, a chill air of calculation peeped into sight. Beauty enfolded her like a garment; but as she gazed out above the crowded ships in the harbour, out across the Red Sea toward India, it was a cold beauty, as though any warmth of passion in her lovely, lissome body would be not spontaneous, but deliberate.

"It's ghastly, this heat," she murmured. "July comes soon; then the monsoon breaks, and for six months the wind blows toward India, and the water empties out of the sea here, and the ships can go eastward. Rhodon is still ill with fever?"

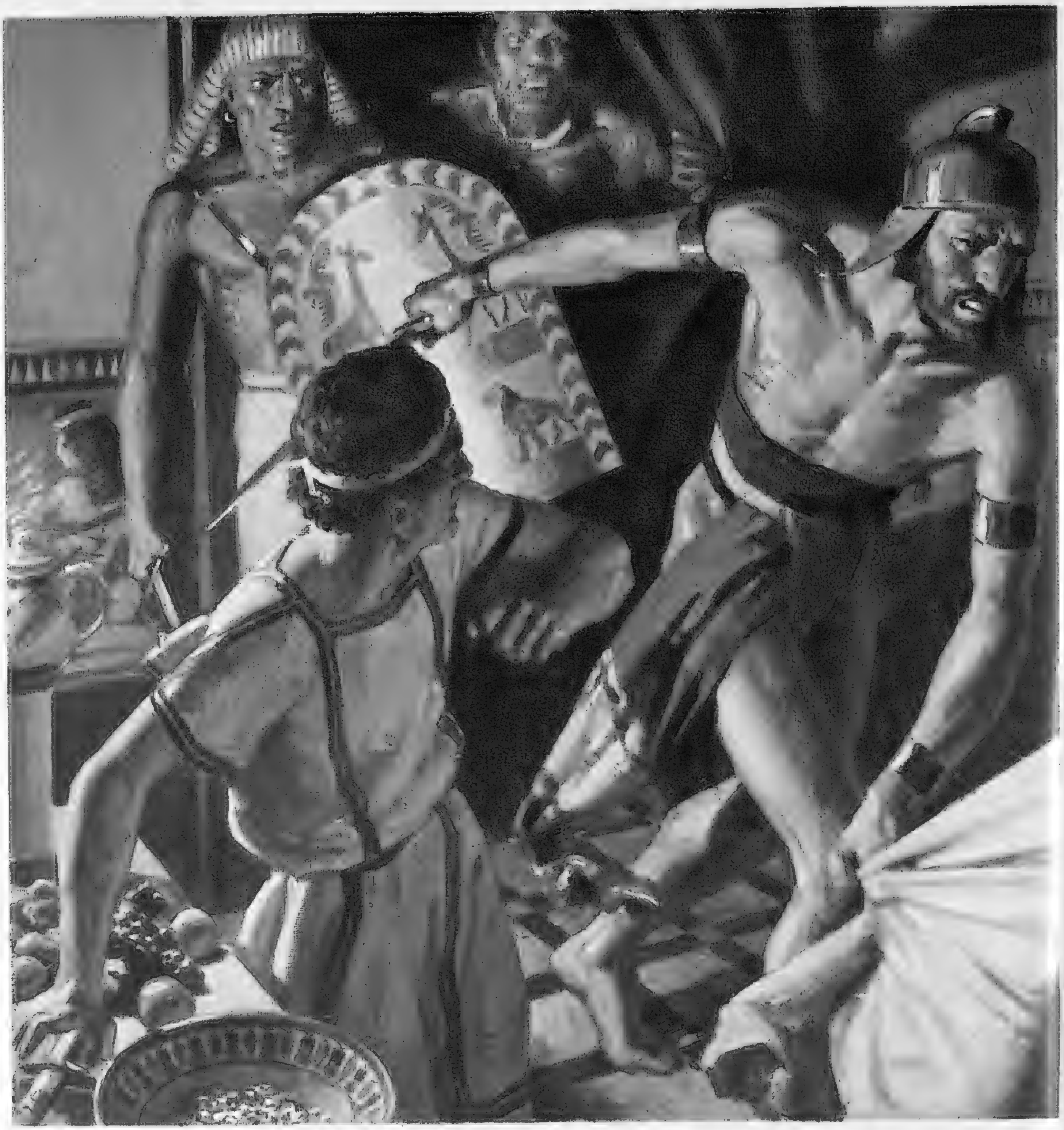
"He is still very ill," said the young man. He was a boy of seventeen; but at sight of his face and bearing, men here and there caught their breath, looked again at him, and saluted him in awe. Even in this port of Berenice, this Red Sea port at the end of Egypt and the world, there were men who had in times past seen the Divine Julius, and in this young man they beheld him again. Cæsar had died in the year 44 before Christ, and this was the year 30.

"Never mind all that, Aglæ," went on the youth impatiently. "Tell me about my mother; you haven't mentioned her funeral. Didn't the Romans give her honourable burial?"

"Oh, assuredly! But I



The Syrian listened and whistled softly. "Lady, do you realise what you're saying? You'll be taking a frightful chance"



The Idumean swung around, gripped at Aglæ. His and it

left Alexandria the day after she died, you know," the girl said gently. "Octavian was preparing her tomb beside the temple of Isis, so you may be sure he paid her every tribute. After all, he is a great man, a wise man, a generous man."

"Why not ?" said Cæsarion. "After all, he is Cæsar's nephew, and I am Cæsar's son. Yet he caused my mother's death ; she warned me against him ; she sent me here—she gathered the ships that lie down there. 'Go to India, to the Kings of Indostan !' she said. 'Flee the Roman as you would the pestilence ! Flee, and some day return to conquer the two worlds that are your heritage.' She was wise, my little mother. And Rhodon, too, says you can't trust any Roman."

The girl's thin lips curved half-impatiently. She turned.

"Hello ! Here comes your freedman, Glaucus ; they must want you."

"Right." Cæsarion waved his hand to the figure approaching. "I 'll come back—when ? This evening, when the cool stars are out ?"

"When the first star appears, my Cæsarion, I 'll be waiting on the shore," she said. "I 'll have the men beat the lagoons well, so there 'll be no sharks and it will be safe to bathe. Until to-night !"

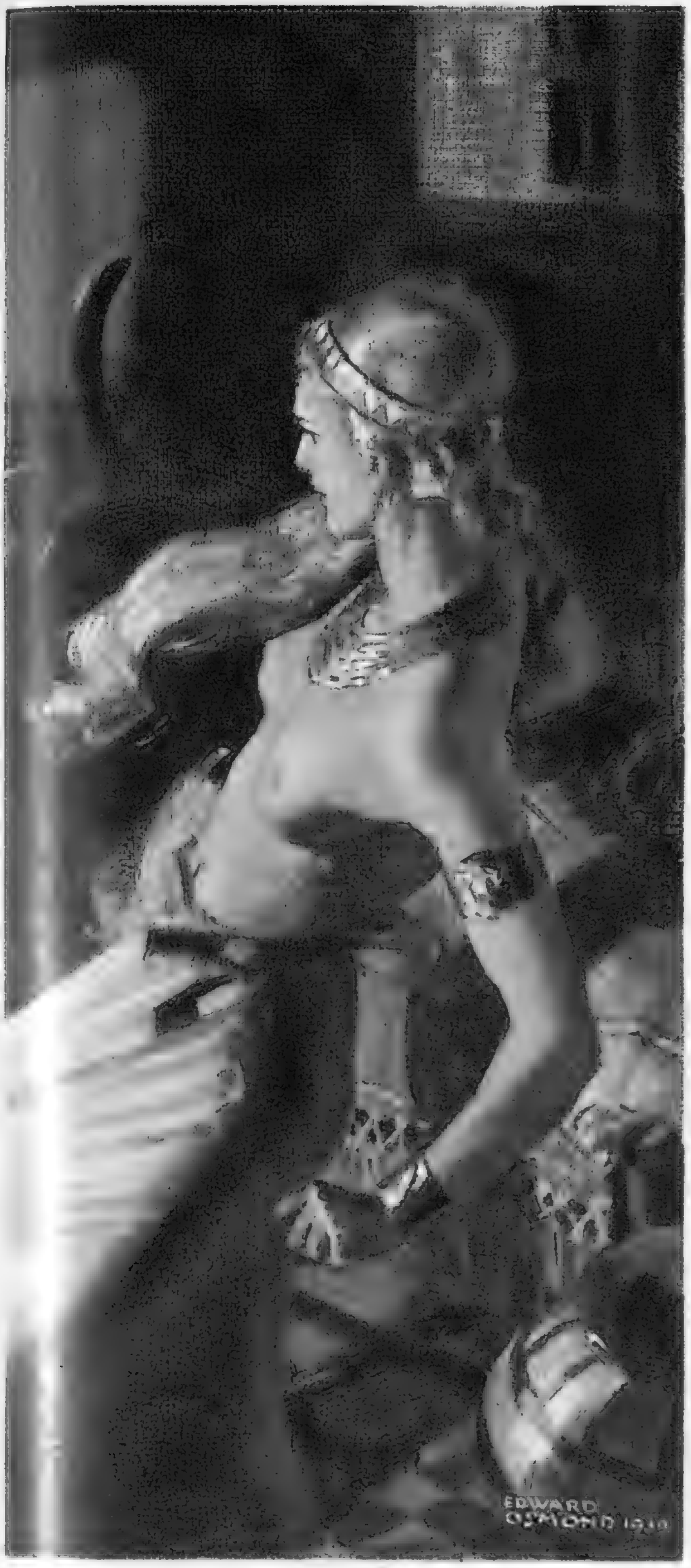
"And, about the jewels," he said hastily. "I 'll ask Rhodon——"

"Ask Rhodon nothing !" she intervened with sharp voice. "Rhodon is your tutor and guardian ; a good and worthy man, but suspicious of everyone. If you can show me the gems, I 'd love to see them, but only when no one else would know."

"Bah !" he said, laughing. "My guardian ? No ; remember I was admitted to man's estate before I left Alexandria. And I 'm still Cæsarion."

He swung away to meet his freedman and go with him to his own villa, where the tutor Rhodon lay helpless with illness.

No lordly places these, like the villas of Alexandria, but poor, bleak structures upon the burning hillside above the Red Sea. The crews of the gathered ships swelled the population of Berenice, which



[illegible] with a torrent of curses, fingers found only her thin robe, ripped away

was chiefly black; Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, had gathered these ships to serve her son. Now she lay dead in Alexandria beside Antony, and Octavian was lord and autocrat of Egypt.

Cæsarion was in a glow of eagerness when he entered the villa. It was his first confidential talk with this vision of loveliness, this girl who had just arrived from Alexandria with the latest news. She, too, was a fugitive, though not from the Romans: a fugitive of love, she had proclaimed herself.

He broke in upon Rhodon, a withered, shrewd, grey man, with his quick words:

"It was Aglæ who brought the letters we received, Rhodon! Telling about my mother. I 've just been talking to her. She was going to marry Captain Melkas of the Nile; you know, the big new trireme that 's in the harbour? She got here to find he had died last month."

"Hell swallow all women, now that the best of them is dead!" growled Rhodon, whose illness was as much grief for Cleopatra, whom he had loved, as it was fever. "Sit down, Lord; I 'm very weak, and this accursed physician says I may be worse before I 'm better. Sit down. There are things I must say, in case I go to join your dear mother."

Cæsarion stripped off his robe, for it was frightfully hot, and stretched out on the floor. Propped on pillows, the old tutor ran his eye proudly over the finely-chiselled features, the lean, wiry, powerful body.

"I knew your father, the Divine Julius, as the Romans call him; Cæsar, as we know him. You 're the dead image of him, Cæsarion. Why did we travel up the Nile to Koptos and across the desert here? Because Octavian was closing in upon Egypt. Why did your mother provide you with money, with all the jewels she could rake and scrape? To make sure you could live as a king, and could escape the Romans. Octavian is a cold-blooded devil—as inhuman as the Sphinx."

"He 's the nephew of Cæsar," said the young man. "Why go into all this? I know it already, Rhodon."

"Because you 're the heir of Cæsar, and the heir of Cleopatra; the heir to the western world and the eastern world; the heir to Rome and the heir to Egypt!" gasped the old tutor. "Octavian wants no other heir to his great uncle's name! He 's rid himself of Antony, and of your mother——"

"Wait!" broke in Cæsarion. "He offered my mother no harm; she killed herself. He gave her honourable burial in the tomb she had prepared. We know he did everything to save her life."

"Why?" snarled Rhodon. "So he could exhibit her in chains and afterward kill her in Rome—Rome, where she had lived as the wife of Cæsar! What the devil 's got into you, that you 're defending this damnable inhuman man who has a stone for a heart? I 'm trying to impress upon you that he has spies and agents everywhere—that your one chance for life and safety is to get to India beyond his reach! Thank the gods, in a few days more the monsoon will come, and the ships can go!"

"One of these days," said the young man sulkily, "I 'm going to forget that you 've been my tutor and friend; I 'm going to remember only that I 'm Cæsarion."

Under his manner was a ring of steel. Rhodon came to one elbow in alarm.

"Lord, forgive me! I merely think of your safety. I merely urge you to use the greatest care, the utmost caution, in all you say and do. You have an eye only for the highest and noblest in everyone. You don't realise that snakes have venom!"

"I realise one thing—that I 'm in flight for my life!" broke out Cæsarion with sudden vehemence. "Something to be proud of, isn't it? The heir of Cæsar running like a whipped cur to hide his precious head in India! Is such a life worth the living? A lost wanderer in far lands, his pockets clanking with jewels bought by his mother's death; a despicable craven cowering at the name of Rome, shivering at the mention of Octavian! Hell take such a future! My mother has often told me what Cæsar said, that night when he was so nearly killed in Alexandria. 'It 's better to die by a sword than by falling into a mud-puddle,' said he, laughing. Well, I say the same!"

The spirit in him shone out through his eyes in a blaze of light that transfigured him; he was speaking suddenly from his heart. Rhodon put a hand across his eyes and uttered a low groan.

"It is Cæsar, himself, not his son, who speaks; his voice, his words, his look! You may be right, Cæsarion, but remember, it was your mother's wish that you seek India."

"She is dead now"—and suddenly Cæsarion was a boy again, as the keen, proud defiance fled out of him, and his lips quivered, and the stricken grief of his heart came to the surface. Only for a moment; then his face hardened and he was in command.

"After all, you know best," he said. "Where are the jewels, Rhodon? I want to look at them."

"Here, under my bed." An access of energy shook the old man. "For the love of the gods, have a care! Let none of the slaves or anyone, except Glaucus, know of those jewels! Your mother ransacked Egypt to provide that treasure; her own jewels, those of the crown, every gem of worth that she could borrow or steal, went to provide for your future! With those jewels you 'll be a king in India."

"It was not India that I inherited," said the boy, and his edged words had the ring of Cæsar's voice. "Are the emeralds there that she took from a dead Pharaoh?"

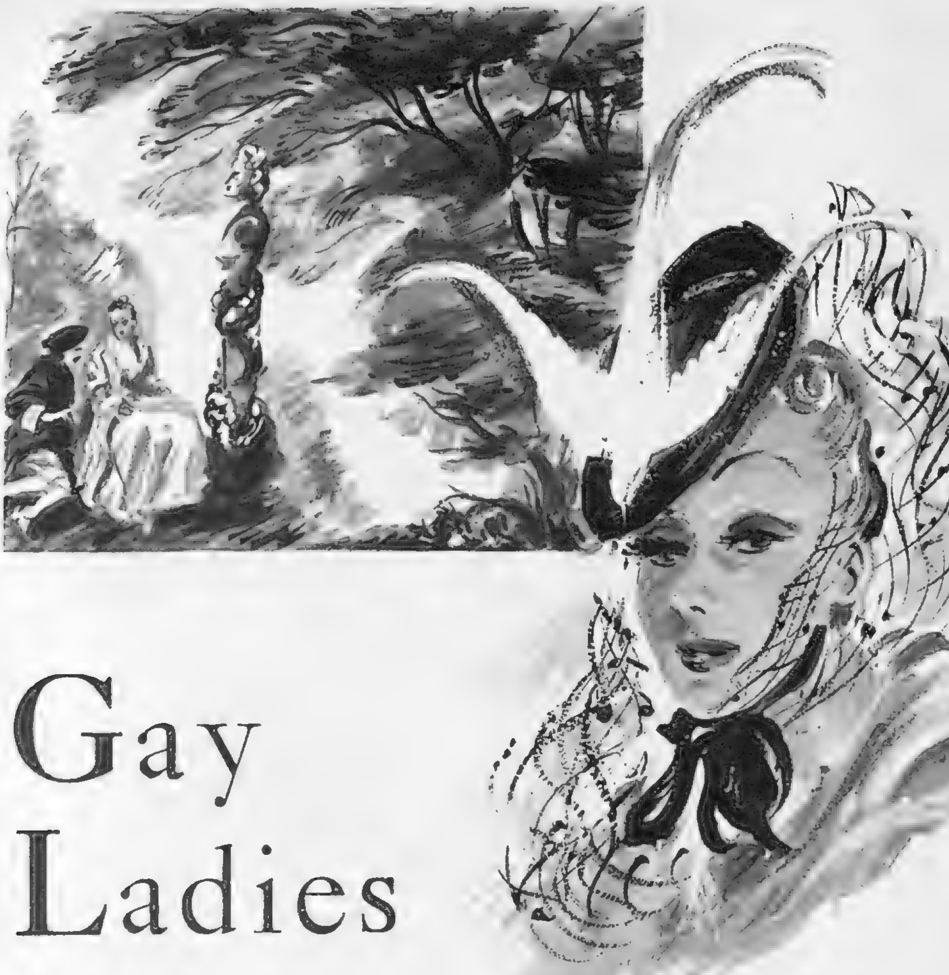
"How do you know that?" Rhodon lifted himself with wild gaze. "Who told you about that?"

"She did," said Cæsarion calmly. "She said there were eight magnificent emeralds, the most glorious in the whole world, like no other emeralds; they were in the mummy of a Pharaoh. She had learned about it from some manuscripts. She meant to get them for me."

Rhodon lay back, gasping, and once more groaned, though faintly.

"She got them;

(*Continued on page 117*)



Gay Ladies

How industries profit when Dame Fashion decides on a new style

By C. Patrick Thompson

THE tall girl looked as if she had run there through a Watteau wood and pushed her face into a giant spider's web *en route*—the sort of spider's web, of course, gauzy and enchanting, that one would expect to find in a Watteau wood. The web had caught in her blue straw hat, on the front of which a playful elf had stuck a bright-plumaged swallow—a Walt Disney swallow—perhaps as she wrinkled her short nose at him, and ran, laughing and ducking, under the bough from which he reached at her. She pulled off her winged hat, and the fluttering gossamer veil came with it, and lo! her head was like a Greek god's, golden, and close-curled.

"If that catches on," said the stout man, removing his cigar, "it'll cost the dames a million." He paused, and restored his cigar. "No," he said, moving lips fatly around the brown rolled leaf, "it'll cost 'em ten million."

The Watteau landscape dissolved like a mirage. But the people remained, and the girl with the golden head and the elfin hat was still there. However, we were back on earth. The girl was just another model earning her five pounds a week in the busy season. The stout cigar'd gentleman dominated the scene: the big buyer, appraising, with shrewd, cold eye, a new style for which "the dames" would fall in battalions, armies, hordes.

And the hat and haircut meant almost anything one cared to make it mean. Pictures flicked past. . . .

A deb. giving the cloud of bright veiling a provocative twist under a smooth young chin before hopping out of the car to find the young eligible who was giving her lunch at the Ritz. An over-forty eyeing that new, short-hair coiffure in the mirror, reflecting: "With this, and the hat, I look like a girl. . . ." A professional woman thinking: "It's neat, and fresh—I like it: I feel 'new.'" A man looking across a restaurant table: "She's exciting—why haven't I noticed that in her before?" A husband: "Hello, what have you been doing to yourself? I like it." The gentleman mouthing cigars: "Double the next order, Jake." A manufacturer to his works manager: "This new hat style has caught on. We'll have to step up production and hire new hands."

In a fashion designer's workshop, a new fashion had been born. In the salon, it was being put on view—or, rather, preview. Later, one would see it on a distinguished and lovely head. Soon after, it would blossom out in the fashion advertisements "X's new hat dances into the spring picture. . . ." ". . . gay with flowers, Paris-inspired, you will want this one." ". . . flattering, fascinatingly feminine veiling—it's *new!*" And so on.

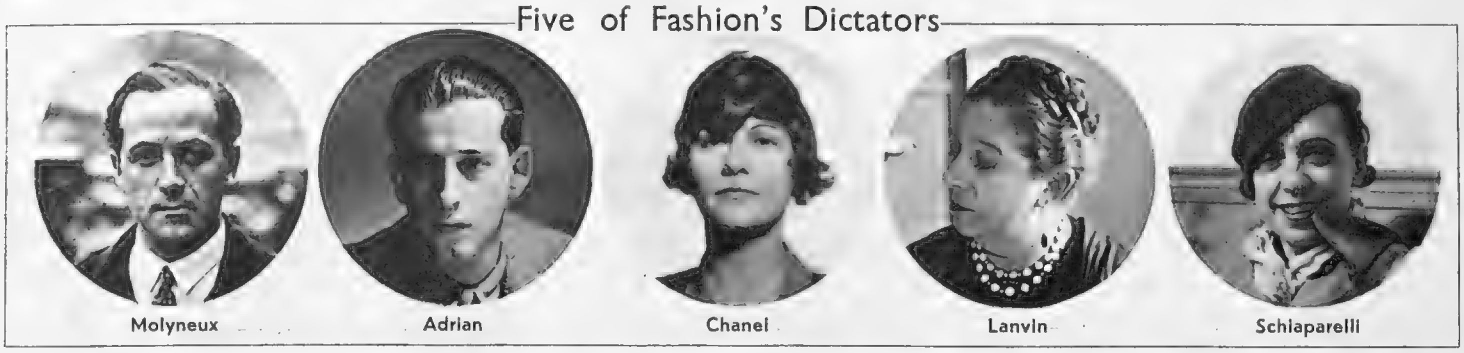
THIS was only a hat and a haircut. Other new fashions were tumbling out of the springtime bandbox. New frocks, presented as "the will of Paris," combining the verve of youth with the distinction of frankly-forty—the high light of the celebrated A's collection. New coats, said to be "flashing across the fashion scene," as though they were rare and valuable butterflies, flitting hither from some remote tropical forest, offering themselves to the net of every woman except those quite beyond hope. New colours, an excuse for urging women to fling out of drawers and wardrobes nightdresses, *négligés*, ensembles, slips, petticoats, and replace them with fresh, intoxicating things in the new mode.

But throw them all together, and what have we? We have the portrait of Eve in the process of changing her fig-leaf again.

The phenomenon is worth noting this time on several counts. Over the last decade or two women have been sedate, dignified, Grecian, picturesque, romantic, sporty, and a few other things. About 1937, they began to get really colourful and amusing. By 1938, they were frolicsome. Now, they are definitely and resolutely gay.

These new frocks, hats, shoes, tricks and gadgets, are all

Five of Fashion's Dictators



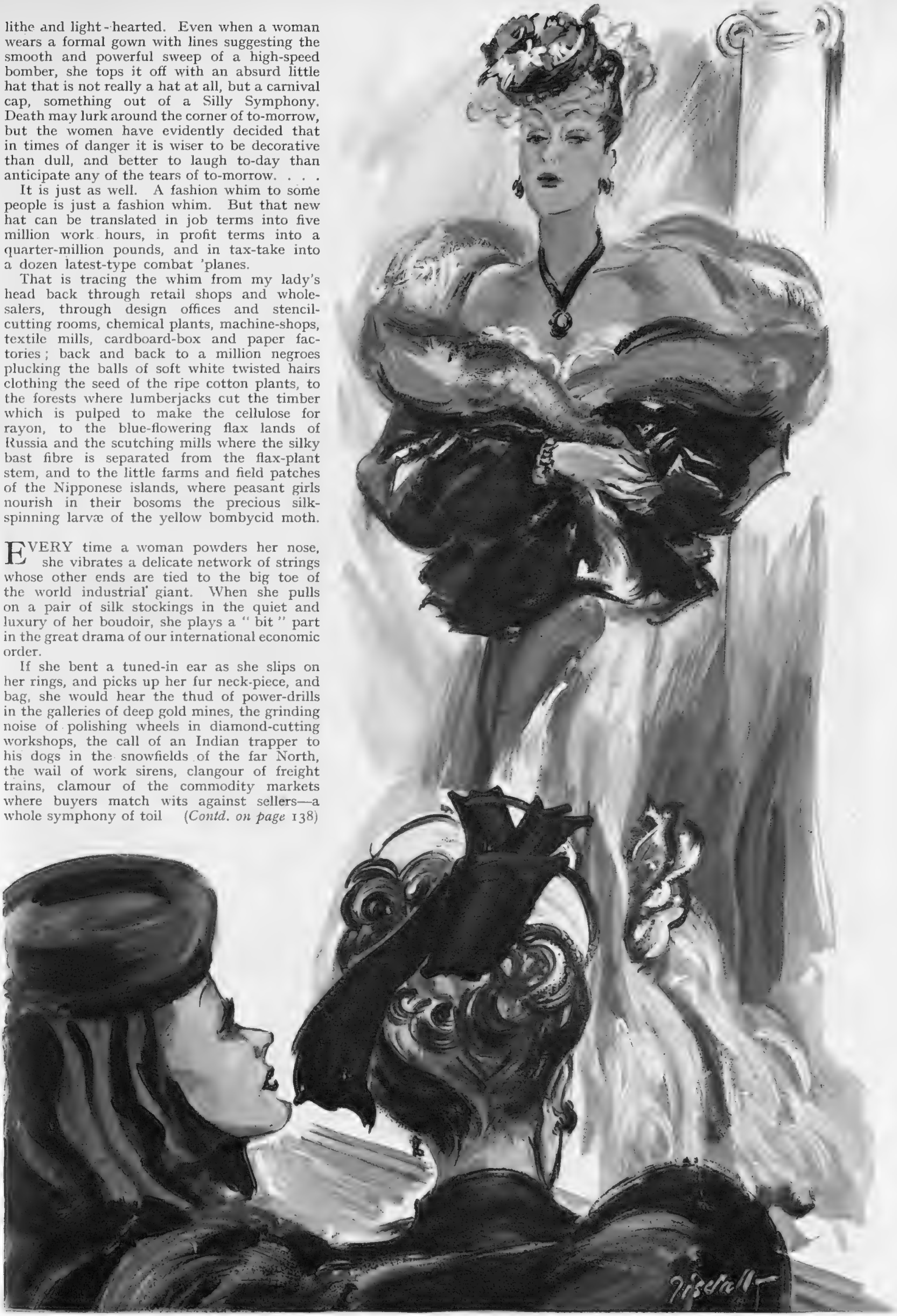
Molyneux — Adrian — Chanel — Lanvin — Schiaparelli lithe and light-hearted. Even when a woman wears a formal gown with lines suggesting the smooth and powerful sweep of a high-speed bomber, she tops it off with an absurd little hat that is not really a hat at all, but a carnival cap, something out of a Silly Symphony. Death may lurk around the corner of to-morrow, but the women have evidently decided that in times of danger it is wiser to be decorative than dull, and better to laugh to-day than anticipate any of the tears of to-morrow. . . .

It is just as well. A fashion whim to some people is just a fashion whim. But that new hat can be translated in job terms into five million work hours, in profit terms into a quarter-million pounds, and in tax-take into a dozen latest-type combat 'planes.

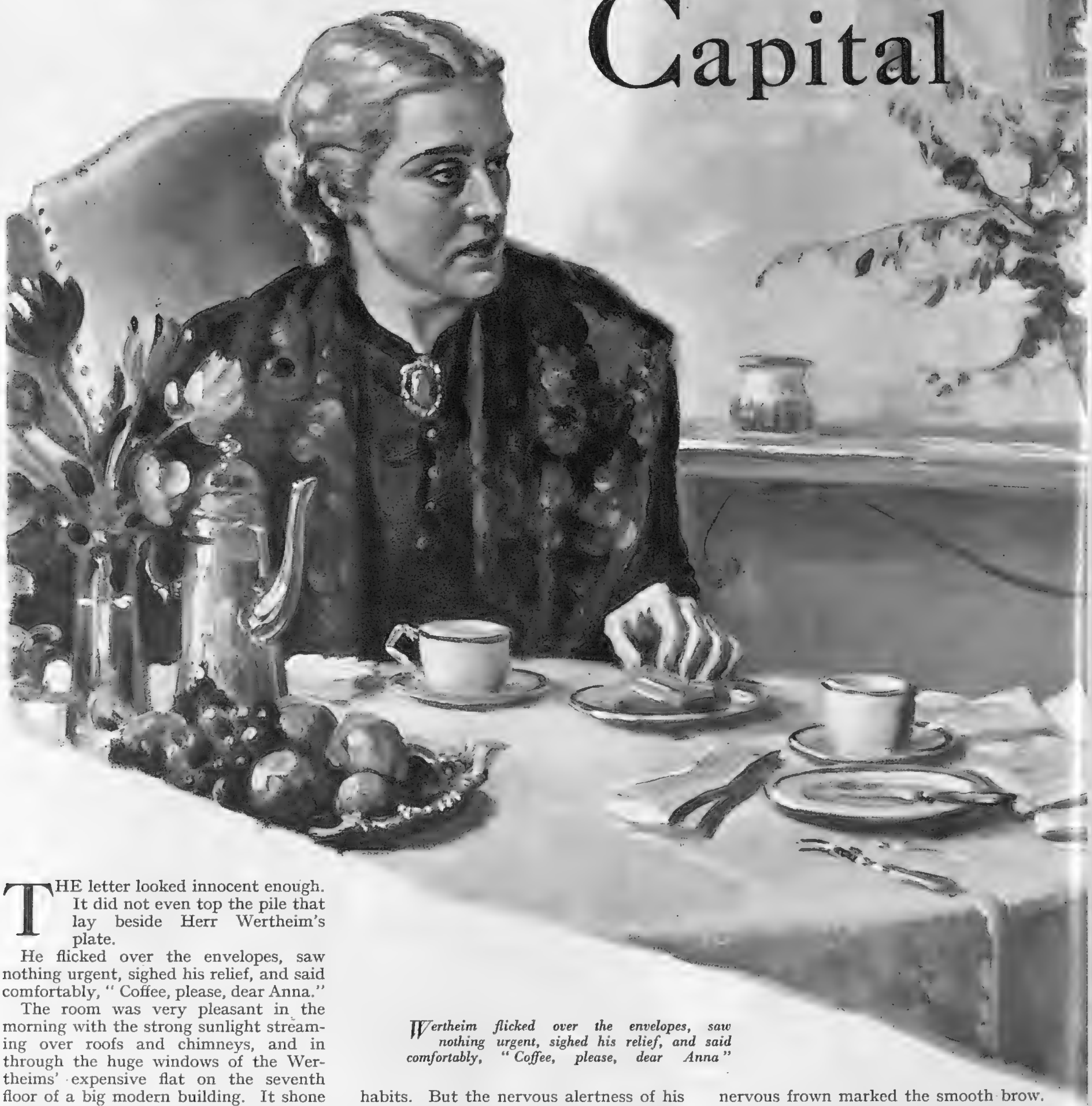
That is tracing the whim from my lady's head back through retail shops and wholesalers, through design offices and stencil-cutting rooms, chemical plants, machine-shops, textile mills, cardboard-box and paper factories; back and back to a million negroes plucking the balls of soft white twisted hairs clothing the seed of the ripe cotton plants, to the forests where lumberjacks cut the timber which is pulped to make the cellulose for rayon, to the blue-flowering flax lands of Russia and the scutching mills where the silky bast fibre is separated from the flax-plant stem, and to the little farms and field patches of the Nipponese islands, where peasant girls nourish in their bosoms the precious silk-spinning larvæ of the yellow bombycid moth.

EVERY time a woman powders her nose, she vibrates a delicate network of strings whose other ends are tied to the big toe of the world industrial giant. When she pulls on a pair of silk stockings in the quiet and luxury of her boudoir, she plays a " bit " part in the great drama of our international economic order.

If she bent a tuned-in ear as she slips on her rings, and picks up her fur neck-piece, and bag, she would hear the thud of power-drills in the galleries of deep gold mines, the grinding noise of polishing wheels in diamond-cutting workshops, the call of an Indian trapper to his dogs in the snowfields of the far North, the wail of work sirens, clangour of freight trains, clamour of the commodity markets where buyers match wits against sellers—a whole symphony of toil (*Contd. on page* 138)



Smoke *of the* Capital



Wertheim flicked over the envelopes, saw nothing urgent, sighed his relief, and said comfortably, "Coffee, please, dear Anna"

THE letter looked innocent enough. It did not even top the pile that lay beside Herr Wertheim's plate.

He flicked over the envelopes, saw nothing urgent, sighed his relief, and said comfortably, " Coffee, please, dear Anna."

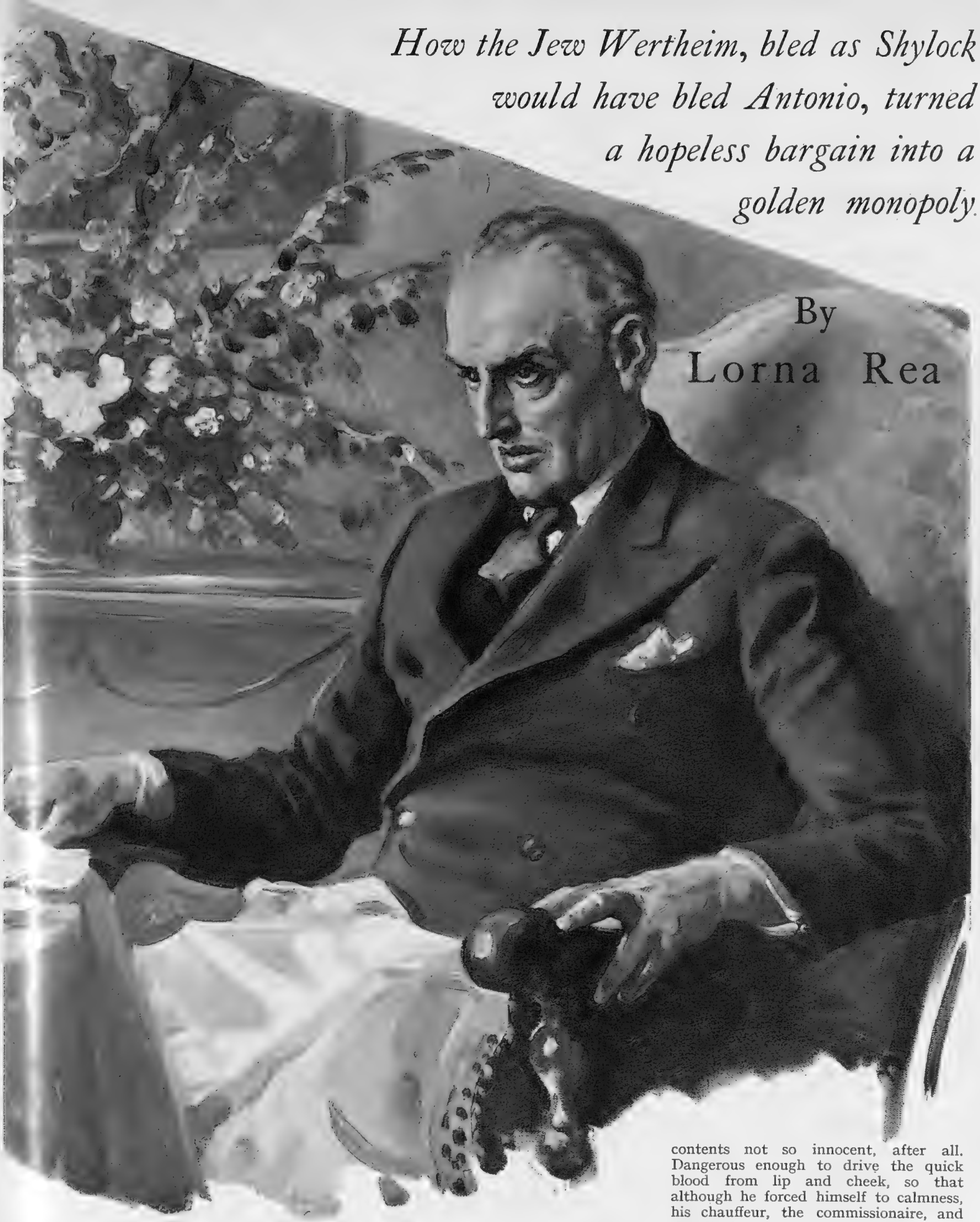
The room was very pleasant in the morning with the strong sunlight streaming over roofs and chimneys, and in through the huge windows of the Wertheims' expensive flat on the seventh floor of a big modern building. It shone softly on the yellow china, glistened on the white damask cloth, and sparkled over the heavily-chased silver coffee-pot and milk-jug. The yellow tulips in their bowl seemed to be turning towards it, warming their petals as a man holds his hands out to the fire. It gleamed through the rather sombre ferns hanging down from old-fashioned brackets attached to the walls. Finally it lit up uncompromisingly the faces of Herr Josef Wertheim and Anna, his wife.

He was a small man, dark, sallow, well and quietly dressed. A man of few gestures, and of obviously disciplined habits. But the nervous alertness of his eyes, the wary set of the mouth under that pronounced Jewish nose, betrayed an inner strain, a tenseness of mind.

Frau Wertheim, too, that excellent housewife whose spotless linen and silver testified to her conscientiousness as the smell of delicious coffee spoke of her ability, showed traces of similar anxiety. Her grey hair, parted in the middle and drawn into a tidy knot, gave her brow an expression of serenity that her anxious, questioning look, her restless hands, belied. As Josef, her dear and much-loved Josef, glanced through his mail, these questioning eyes gazed at him, and a nervous frown marked the smooth brow. When he laid down the last envelope she filled his cup, added to it a spoonful of thick cream, and smiled as she handed it to him. " You are still too thin, Josef, dear," she said. " All this cream that I try to make you swallow in soups and sauces and coffee still does not make enough flesh to pad your poor bones."

He patted the hand that offered him the cup. How sweet she was, this dear, middle-aged Anna! Always the extra cream for his coffee, always his home fresh and gay, the atmosphere tranquil and bright. How safe he felt here, and only here, when he came home at night, *How the Jew Wertheim, bled as Shylock would have bled Antonio, turned a hopeless bargain into a golden monopoly*

By Lorna Rea

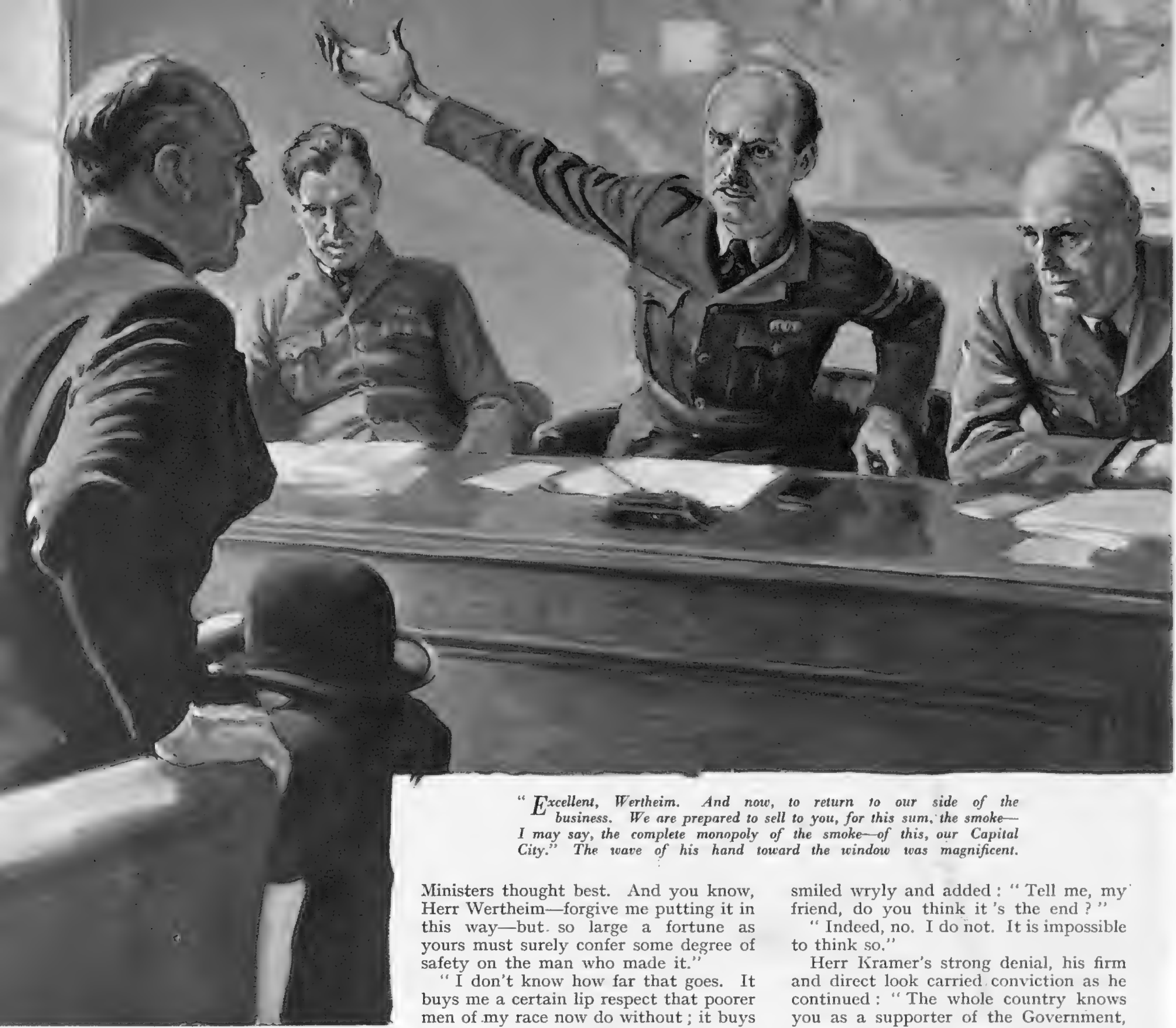


leaving behind him the complicated anxieties of business life; forgetting his huge chain of stores, each one with its separate problems; forgetting the dangers that beset him in public life and private; telling himself again and again: " Another day is safely past. Though I am a Jew, I am still safe—still rich."

But dinner, the contented evening, the night, sleeping and waking beside dear Anna, the pleasant breakfast hour all hurry by, and once again Herr Josef Wertheim must get into his big car and read his letters on the way to his office, where more letters await him.

This bright spring morning that had begun so well did not keep its promise. When Herr Wertheim was still five minutes' distant from his office he opened the innocent-looking letter and found its contents not so innocent, after all. Dangerous enough to drive the quick blood from lip and cheek, so that although he forced himself to calmness, his chauffeur, the commissionaire, and the lift-boy, wondered at his haggard looks.

" Hope nothing 's up with the old man," remarked his chauffeur, who liked him, to the splendidly blonde, aggressively Aryan commissionaire who didn't, and who, accordingly, spat and answered: " Well, *I* shan't be sorry when he gets what 's coming to him, bloody little Jew! And stinking rich at that," he added venomously.



"Excellent, Wertheim. And now, to return to our side of the business. We are prepared to sell to you, for this sum, the smoke—I may say, the complete monopoly of the smoke—of this, our Capital City." The wave of his hand toward the window was magnificent.

"Come at once to my room, please, Kramer," said Herr Wertheim to his secretary, who hurried after him, closed the door, and asked anxiously, "Is something wrong, Mein Herr?"

"Yes, Kramer, it's come. The Dictator has sent for me."

Kramer's face slowly whitened. For twenty years he had served Herr Wertheim. It was affection for his nervous little employer, so insignificant in body, so brilliant, shrewd and intuitive in business, rather than fear of losing his job, that moved him now.

"He's sent for you officially, Herr Wertheim?"

"Yes. They want me at 2.30. He and the Ministers of Finance and Commerce, the Big Three."

"It is just possible that it doesn't mean much. The Government may need money. Perhaps they want to borrow from you again or make some simple request."

"Request? The Government does not request Jews. It commands them!" said Herr Wertheim sombrely.

"I do beg of you not to be over-anxious, Mein Herr. Of course, it's impossible not to worry, but you have given such large sums on so many occasions to be used as the Dictator and his Ministers thought best. And you know, Herr Wertheim—forgive me putting it in this way—but so large a fortune as yours must surely confer some degree of safety on the man who made it."

"I don't know how far that goes. It buys me a certain lip respect that poorer men of my race now do without; it buys me service. And so far, by using it judiciously, as you say, lending and giving big sums before I've been asked, contributing to projects which I deplore, it's brought me personal safety, immunity from suffering. But, Kramer, every day things are getting worse. Every day there are new regulations directed against us, new outrages, new and hideous trickeries and cruelties."

Herr Kramer shifted uneasily from one foot to the other.

"May I remind you to be discreet, Mein Herr? Even here, within these four walls——" He looked nervously round the room and lowered his voice: "One hears such strange tales. It is, of course, not possible to believe them. And yet—I've heard of concealed dictaphones functioning in people's offices and in their own homes without their knowledge. Put there, God knows how. They are only tales, of course, but still, Herr Wertheim, at this critical moment—" his voice died away in a confused murmur.

"You're perfectly right, Kramer. Thank you. Now, above all. But tell me frankly, have you any theory about this summons? It's the first time any official notice of any sort has been taken of me, saving, of course, the gracious acceptance of a few million marks." He smiled wryly and added: "Tell me, my friend, do you think it's the end?"

"Indeed, no. I do not. It is impossible to think so."

Herr Kramer's strong denial, his firm and direct look carried conviction as he continued: "The whole country knows you as a supporter of the Government, as a patriot. Your name is a household word in every city, every little town. It is a guarantee of good quality to every housewife. You have no enemies, here or elsewhere."

"Can a Jew, then, be a patriot?" said Herr Wertheim in a low, bitter voice.

Herr Kramer twisted his fingers together. "Believe me, I appreciate your difficulty, Mein Herr, but I would still say that your person is safe, although your money may no longer be. Only, since you permit me to speak as your friend, I do urge you to be complaisant to the uttermost limit. To yield, to smile and yield. Frau Wertheim has been so kind to me. And you, Herr Wertheim, you are so good. My wife and I often talk of those days when she was so ill and you both showed an unforgettable kindness that a lifetime of service could not repay."

"My dear Kramer, you are extremely foolish!" expostulated Herr Wertheim, but a little of the strain had lifted from his face and his voice held its usual quiet confidence.

"I am not foolish in feeling gratitude to you, and I beg of you, even if they are aiming at your entire fortune, relinquish it graciously, as you so well know how. The times are desperately dangerous. Without money you and Frau

Wertheim will still always have happiness, and speaking with all deference"—his smile flashed out—"you will never be in such a position that you will not be able to turn your genius to good account. If you lose one fortune, you will make another. But if anything should happen to you, Frau Wertheim's life would be left quite empty. Nothing matters to her, *mein Herr*, not possessions, not her home even, compared with your safety. I *know* this to be true," he concluded simply.

"Thank you, Kramer, you've been very helpful. If everything must go, then go it shall without rebellion or trouble. You've cleared my mind, you're a good fellow and I shan't forget it, though by three o'clock I may not be in a position to reward the twenty years of loyal assistance I've had from you."

Herr Kramer blushed deeply, drew himself up and gazed at a spot far above his employer's head.

"Making all excuses for presumption, Herr Wertheim," he stated formally, "I must acquaint you with the fact that during the years of my employment here I have been able, thanks to your generosity, to lay aside a sum, small compared with the terms in which you think and deal, but which such as it is, is at your entire disposal."

"My dear Kramer, I am infinitely touched," said Herr Wertheim gently. "Like all of our nation I am a sentimentalist, and like all good Jews I wear my heart on my sleeve. I deeply appreciate this offer and believe me, dear fellow, if I am penniless a few hours from now, I will turn to you for help and your house shall be my house."

"I thank you, Herr Wertheim, you honour me by this promise."

Herr Kramer clicked his heels, bowed formally, and went on briskly: "And now, *mein Herr*, there are a good many points requiring your immediate attention. Our main branch at Weishold reports that——"

THE Dictator looked at the Minister of Commerce. "It's agreed then. Herr Wertheim is to give us the whole twenty millions."

The minister did not look up. He scribbled an aimless little design on the paper in front of him, hesitated, thoughtfully added a further curlicue and at last said apologetically: "There is just this one difficulty. Wertheim is certainly good for about twenty millions, but I think that's the extent of his whole fortune. I think it'll break him finally, and in his own way he is quite a big man. He has important contacts with other countries. His goods are sold in England and France. He is well known."

Illustrations

by

W. Smithson Broadhead

"Precisely. And because of that his activities have not been curbed as they so easily might. He has been allowed to prosper unhindered, to pile up this huge fortune. Certainly he has been discreet, his contributions to our schemes have been adequate so far, but we need these twenty millions now. Nothing less will answer our purpose, and I know of no other source from which we can get them. Perhaps you can suggest something, Herr Reinhert?" He turned to his Financial Minister, who had not yet spoken.

"Believe me, Excellency, I've gone over the situation most attentively: I know of no other means of raising the money quickly."

"Very well then, Herr Muller," the Dictator turned again to his Minister of Commerce, "You see the position. Wertheim has this money; *we* need it. The man is a Jew. Because of his great wealth he has enjoyed remarkable privileges up to now. Now the moment has come when he must give them up. Regrettable for him, no doubt, but the dog will have some further trick up his sleeve. He'll find some other means of making money."

"I appreciate what you say. And of course I am no more interested in the man or his fate than you are yourself," said Herr Muller strongly. "But in his own way he is powerful. And at the moment the eyes of the world are on us. This project for which we need the money is going to be scrutinised and criticised pretty keenly; we don't want any scandal about the way we start it."

"We know, surely, how to deal with our critics," the Dictator broke in passionately.

"Of course, Excellency, in our own country they present no difficulty. I was thinking chiefly of other Governments. If we could, for instance, sell something to Herr Wertheim? If we struck some bargain with him? It would give the transactions a very different complexion."

"Bargain with a Jew?" The Dictator laughed brusquely, but he added, "Besides, what could we sell him?"

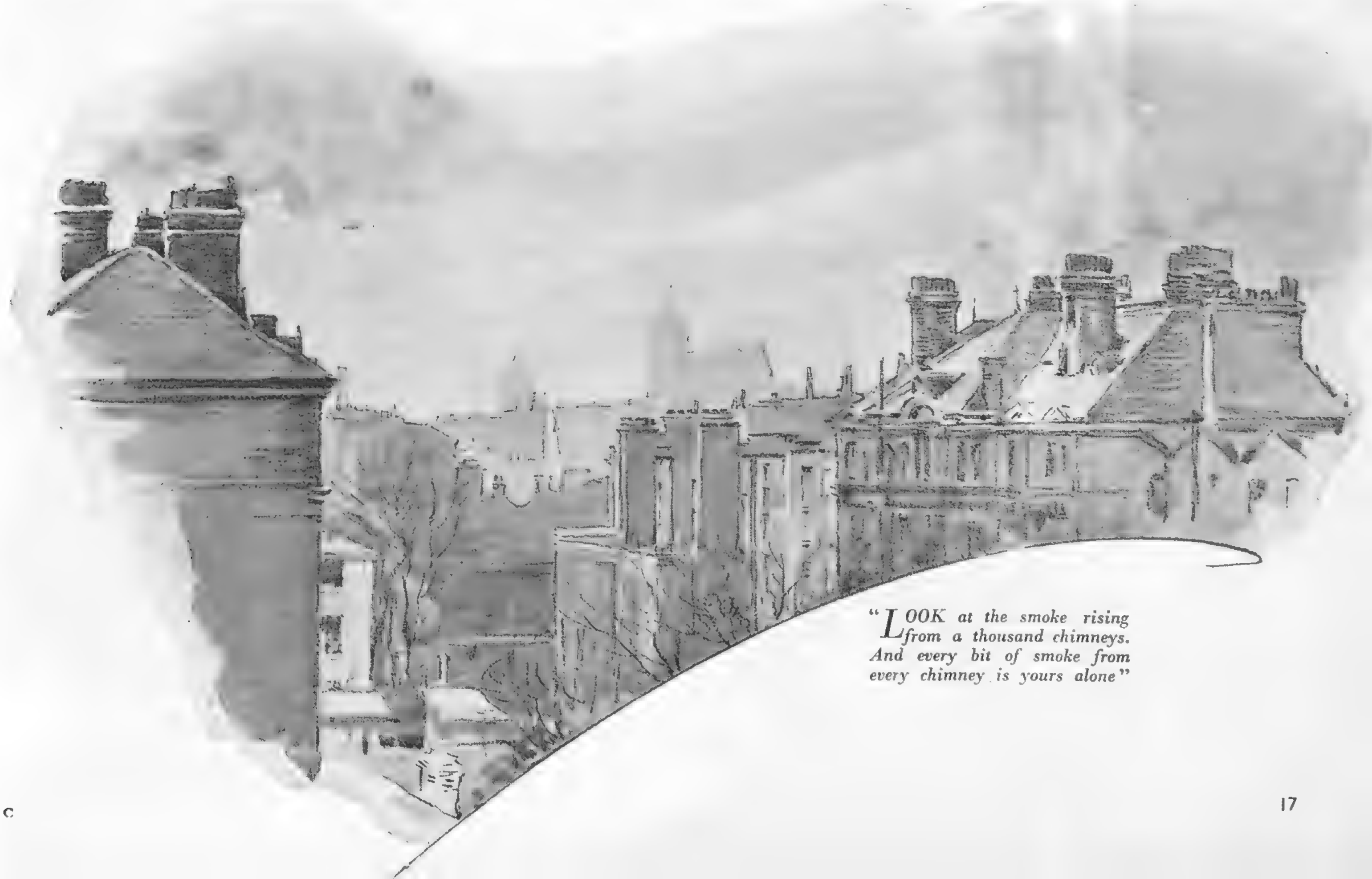
"That's just it. I don't know."

The three men fell silent. Herr Reinhert, bulky, clumsy, strolled over to the window, stroking his large stomach with one hand, absently looking over roofs and chimneys in search of inspiration. Suddenly his heavy pale face lit up, the small eyes gleamed.

"I have it," he said, "we'll sell him the smoke of the capital."

"The smoke of the capital? What do you mean?"

"Precisely that. Look out there. All that smoke coming from all those thousands of chimneys. Smoke's a commodity after all. We'll give him the exclusive monopoly of it, in this whole city in exchange for twenty million marks. He can have his (*Continued on page* 98)



"LOOK at the smoke rising from a thousand chimneys. And every bit of smoke from every chimney is yours alone"

THE PAWNS OF SOUTH

Swakopmund, the summer residence of the Administrator for South-West Africa. It is only a few yards from the icy Benguella current of the stormy Atlantic

The native women in the urban areas of South-West Africa dress infinitely better than the native men. The dress takes ten yards of cloth

THE coastline of South-West Africa is just one unbroken coastal desert, 830 miles long, reaching inland anywhere from sixty to a hundred miles all the way from the Kunene River, on the border of Portugese Angola, down to the Orange River, in whose blazing terraces lie some of the richest diamond fields in the world, and across whose stream of liquid mud the Union of South Africa begins.

The desert is uninhabited, and uninhabitable.

The only port on this coast is Walvis Bay, always an English enclave in this former, and first, German colony. A sand-covered settlement of some forty houses, a wharf with five electric cranes on it, the disused sheds of an old Norwegian whaling station—from which every October seven factory ships and fifty-six whale chasers annually go down to the Antarctic "Ice"—the vast cement bloc of The South-West Africa Storage and Stock Farmers Ltd. (as its huge sign reads from the sea), and a single main, tar-patched street, all of whose one-storied buildings face one way; the green lagoon.

A railway runs from Walvis across the simmering desert and climbs into the high thorn-scrub tablelands, where the farms begin. The life of Walvis centres around its few ocean-going ships and the transport business of a railhead. Its club, known as the Railway Institute, is a cement block structure with a bioscope (they call it that here) twice a week, where billiards, as there is little else to do at Walvis, is practised as a fine art.

There are some 500 "Europeans" at Walvis Bay, and some 1,500 natives, Cape "coloureds" and authentic Bastards. The Bastards rightly claim to be the oldest families in South-West Africa, as they are a mixture of the original Hottentot, with the northward-trekking Boer. As it is everywhere in Africa, the native "location" is built at least a good sanitary half-mile from the main town. Over ninety per cent of its dwellings are made entirely from rusted petrol tins.

MY only previous knowledge of Walvis Bay, before I walked into an office in Haymarket to buy a ticket for the place, was gained one starry night on the bridge of a Norwegian whaling ship. Whale-fish Bay, said the gunner, was where all the whales went to make love. Since then I had occasionally wondered, and wanted to see the spot.

Walvis Bay is the only seaport for the Mandate of South-West Africa. South-West Africa is a territory larger than all France and twice the size of Italy. It was the first German Imperial colony. In 1914, when the Great War began, it held some 12,500 Germans—which was twice the number of Germans in all the rest of Africa, and one-half the number of

The Kaiser Strasse, the main street of Windhoek, capital of South-West Africa, showing the balconies and arcades always found in these hot streets of the semi-tropical towns

The picture above depicts a seven-span mule team. Fourteen mules are not an uncommon team for country parts of South-West Africa.

WEST AFRICA

The author with a springbok which he shot on the plains of South-West Africa

This is the first of a short series of articles in which

Negley Farson

gives his eye-witness impressions of contemporary life in the mandated territories of Africa which owing to German demands are focal points of world attention

The native "location" at Walvis Bay is built almost entirely from rusted petrol tins. All natives have to be inside by 9 p.m.

An Ovamta girl. In the extreme north-east of South-West Africa there are 107,000 of these Ovamtas

German colonists in all the world. In 1884, its acquisition, on the behalf of a German merchant, A. E. Luderitz, who demanded "protection" for his factory, forced Bismarck's hand (Bismarck had been declaring Germany did not want colonies), threw Germany into the Great Power scramble for African colonial possessions—and in five years ended in Germany having secured control over Sudwest Afrika, Togoland, the Kamerun, and all of that delectable territory around Kilimanjaro, which to-day is known as Tanganyika.

So much for this first, amazing German South-West African possession—a country which the ordinary person never hears about. Its name seldom appears in the world press, because (*a*) this vast territory was mandated in 1920 to the Union of South Africa—a country whose domestic affairs seldom fill the world columns; (*b*) South-West Africa has no class whatever of retired British army or navy officer; no rich, socially and politically influential set of settlers such as Kenya—no class of careerist colonial officials, such as Tanganyika.

Yet to-day South-West Africa's German population alone is nearly as large as all the white settlers, traders, and officials in all of the British, French, and Belgian Mandates over former Imperial German colonies in Africa.

The white population of South-West Africa to-day is 31,600 "Europeans." Of these 21,000 are South Africans. There is not even a handful of authentic Englishmen. And the German population numbers roughly 9,600.

Here is another interesting, and fairly staggering statistic about the publicityless territory of South-West Africa. In all the mandated ex-German possessions in the world, including even the Japanese mandated islands in the Pacific, New Guinea, and Western Samoa, there are only 47,600 white inhabitants. And, as I have just enumerated, South-West Africa contains 31,600 of them.

Another thing about South-West Africa, as a Mandate, that makes it peculiarly interesting, is the ratio of white to black. Vital Tanganyika, which lies along the eastern backbone of highlands along which will certainly grow (*Continued on page* 89)

Up around Scootfontein, where a certain amount of land is tilled, you will see three or four spans of oxen hitched to an ordinary plough

Leopards kill many sheep on South-West African farms. The farmers kill many leopards. Here is one outside the store at Otjinorango. I met it as my host was going into town to play golf

CAROLINE STEVENS, the grandest girl who ever strutted on a northern tank town

Four-Flusher

This was Connery's inevitable label—then a woman prompted him

By Leslie Roberts

CONNERY was a four-flusher, a statement which probably requires qualification. A Grade A bluff, rather than a desperado; a second-class impostor, but still a species that solid citizens, addicted to choleric over-statement, used to label blackguard before the North American language was rewritten to provide new shadings in the lingo of opprobrium. Six feet and maybe an inch of lean rakehell, good looking as sin in a dark-skinned, black-haired, high-cheekboned way, with one of those vulture noses and black, crackling eyes. You've seen remittance men who looked like him, but Connery was native-born Canadian. The kind of long-legged lankness that never picks up an ounce of fat. The kind of face a woman never forgets and a man often wishes he could.

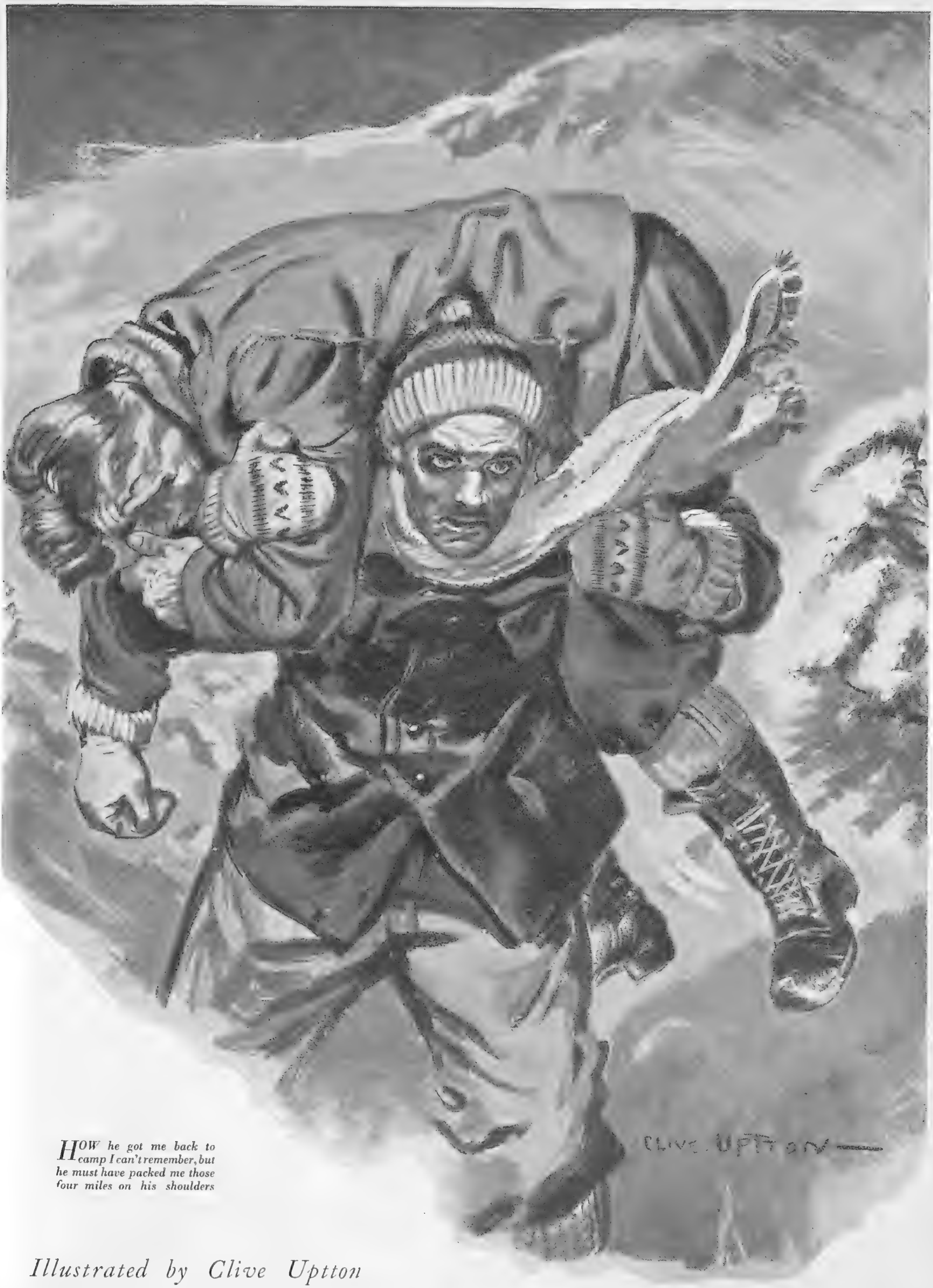
In what way a four-flusher? Well, those scars on Connery's face have been described as machine-gun rips, but they got there that night in '15 when the Signals outfit reduced the Mirror Room in the old White Chateau in Rouen to a shambles, during the grandest outsize brawl staged in any joint on the continent of Europe while we were preparing the world for Hitler, Benito Mussolini, *et al.* They didn't come from flying glass, either. Those are female nail gouges. I know. I was mixed up in that rout until one of the ladies present took me out of the play with an empty champagne bottle. But after that Connery always used to put up a wound stripe when he went on leave. You get the idea?

THAT deep gash in his left forearm is another piece of evidence. That was shrapnel, all right, but it wasn't put there the morning we crossed the Canal du Nord, as I heard the matter described one night in the Ash Can, during the first Rouanda gold rush. Connery got that wallop late in October, 1918, right by the Chocolate Factory in Saint Olle, when Saint Olle was ten miles behind our lines, and it was probably the first and last shell to burst in that charming faubourg of Cambrai in a fortnight. But a piece of it took Lieutenant Connery of the Sanitary Corps in the arm and made a War hero of him just in time.

You know the type: the gentleman adventurer who wants to be where things are happening, provided he can look on from a safe grandstand seat. Since the War he had been around most of the new gold camps in the north and could hold his own in any bar-room fanning bee with stories which began: "I remember when Jack MacLeod and I were coming out from the Shining River country in '26 . . ." Invariably the absentee partners named in these quasi-mythical tales would be big shots of the gold-hunting business, for Connery's kind talk a swell job of frontier-busting, as they talked a grand war in earlier times. They've been just near enough to the smoke to be on speaking terms with the guys who have felt its acrid fumes in their nostrils. That is their limit. Camp followers. Honorary pall-bearers. Four-flushers. That was Connery's gallery.

MIKE RANDOLPH and I were up around Little Spruce Falls, freighting mill machinery to the Elysium Mine on Two Gull Lake with a couple of KD2's, when Connery blew into our home base at Transportia. All I heard was that a person answering to his description was around town and claiming acquaintance. Right then Mike and I were pretty busy people, trying to move the pile of material which had been dumped at the end of the water route to the mine before freeze-up. Neither of us had been south as far as the railroad in more than a month. Tommy Kilgallen was flying our gas in from the steel and it was Tommy who told me about Connery connecting with Butch Enderby for a job. Butch needed a freight checker and when asked if he knew anybody around those parts Connery had answered: "Bill Corcoran still flying for you?" Butch and I rate as friends, as well as operations manager and pilot, so probably Enderby figured he could hire a checker and give a friend of mine a break with the same gesture. What did I say? Did I tell Kilgallen to tell Butch he'd hired a lemon? The hell I did. I did just what you would have done. I said: "Yair. That's right. We were in the Signals together, back in '15, before I started to fly. After the War I used to see him once in a while around northern Quebec, when I had that old Jenny up in there." After all, a job is a job and Connery must have been needing his cakes if he wanted to wrestle freight for Northern Airlanes, because that's no gentleman's job, if you know what I mean. Anyway, who am I to curdle another guy's cream?

THE small lakes were freezing over before Butch radioed us to come on out, no matter how the freighting job stood. If necessary we could go back and finish as soon as we were flying on skis. So, next morning, we high-tailed south to Transportia and there, sure enough, was Connery, hustling around the Airlanes dock, looking handsome in grey flannel shirt, riding breeches and high boots; just another magazine-cover northerner. *(Continued on page 130)*



HOW he got me back to camp I can't remember, but he must have packed me those four miles on his shoulders

Illustrated by Clive Uptton

Maxim's Golden Jubilee

MAXIM'S
MAXIM'S
PORTO SANDEMAN

MAXIM'S, *the world-famous restaurant in the rue Royale, Paris. It is celebrating its golden jubilee this year*

I'll go off to Maxim's,
Where fun and frolic beams,
With all the girls I'll chatter
I'll kiss and laugh and flatter,
Lolo, Dodo, Joujou,
Cloclo, Margot, Froufrou,
'Till I forget completely
My dear old Fatherland!

EVEN the most rabid of crooning or swing fans "concedes" that the perennial *Merry Widow* can be tolerated; just now the operetta about which Hitler has gone so enthusiastic at the age of fifty, no doubt regone, since we must assume that a twenty-year-old future Führer succumbed to the intoxicating airs of the "Widow" when she made her original bow in the far-off Vienna of his impoverished youthful questing for work and light . . . just now septuagenarian, ex-bandmaster Franz Lehar's masterpiece is enjoying a special boom, extracts of it constantly on the air, in dance places, on orchestral programmes.

In a lavish and unresembling setting, to the real Maxim's, of Paris, and to the above verse, Joe Coyne nightly made cloaked and tipsy entry at Daly's thirty years ago . . . when many of us were very young. That Coyne could do little more than speak the words of an enticing air did not matter: he had a way, *the* way with him.

Seven years prior to the Viennese army captain turning to the establishment at No. 3 rue Royale for his first act, this had been selected as theme for a whole "Palais-Royale" farce, *La Dame de chez Maxim*, by Georges Feydeau; and as many years after the "Widow's" first appearance in 1906, Maxim's was chosen anew, by Yves Mirande, for his show-with-music, *Le Chasseur de chez Maxim.* Which other place of food and drink ever had three roaring stage successes written round it? The question is apposite because of a recent Paris event: Feydeau's prodigious success of forty years ago, which was the theatrical *clou* of the 1900 Paris Exhibition, has been added to the repertory of the State-owned Odéon, this being the first occasion that a vaudeville has been admitted. In the hands of Spinelly, 'lamôme Crevette,' the dance-sing-love-girl from the Moulin Rouge, of the farce has joined the ranks of classic heroines.

I have been glancing through the piece, to find that it has distinctly dated save in two respects. The "Shrimp" of 1899 was ordered by the author to have short hair and be a blondie, while for the implied background of the farce you have only to turn into the Maxim's of to-day to encounter the original article—and which other restaurant-cum-night-place the world over can boast of having come through two generations—and such generations of earthquake change—with the same furniture, fittings, panels and ceilings, general decorative scheme, everything exactly the same as

THE *presiding genius, to the chef about the*

EVERY *evening at Maxim's a lonely woman can be seen, who acknowledges with a smile the rich foreigners who dine there. She is called Simone Langeli. Two men from Montmartre have been killed for her, Jean Stéfani and Marguain*

M. VENDABLE, *the present proprietor. Contrary to custom he is never visible to his patrons*

Reminiscences, personal and otherwise, of this famous Parisian Restaurant

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE man who has charge of the cloak-room was a "chasseur" in 1900. To-day he is wealthy and has an estate

MR. BERRY WALL, one of the distinguished guests who has patronised Maxim's since it was first instituted

M. Albert, giving advice cooking of a fish

in the 'nineties of bibulous grand dukes and Belle Oteros, save for the substitution of a parquet for a stone dance floor and the shifting upstairs of a small ante-room? Yet Maxim's is preparing to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in an ambience entirely *à la mode*, in fact never in its long and hectic history has the establishment in the rue Royale known a greater success than it is experiencing on the threshold of the nineteen-forties.

Many nights one can hardly squeeze in after ten o'clock unless one has booked a table or happens to be deemed a somebody by Albert, while I have seen would-be diners regretfully dissuaded from the curtained, revolving door apparently for no other reason than that they were not in evening dress, and precious rare are the Parisian haunts that can afford to do that sort of thing these days.

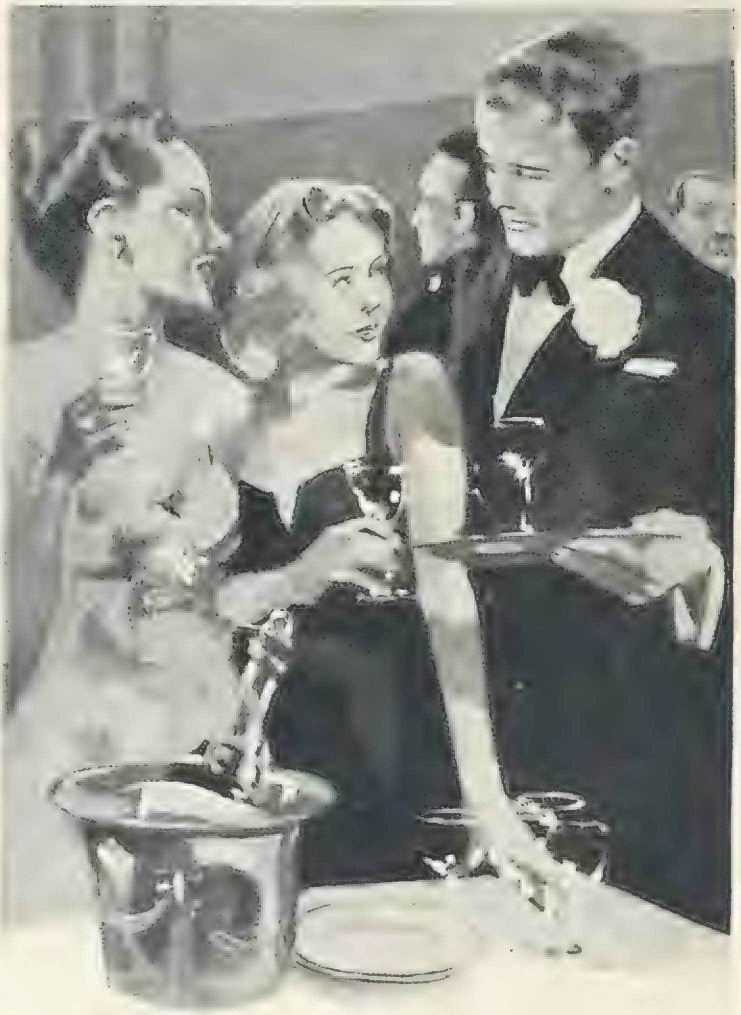
WE hear of the golden jubilees or centenaries of many institutions, of hospitals, banks, galleries, of theatres and stores, colleges and clubs, and with them are resuscitated personalities of a bygone day. Why not hymn the jubilee of a tiny space on the Continent, into which has probably been packed more cubic feet of genuine joy of (night) life than any kindred spot ever could or can claim; a place where the great and the heroic, the glamorous and the fabulous ones of the earth, have brushed shoulders with, supped or drunk beside, others of a very different kidney, adventurers and permanent "wets," men living on their wits and women (super) of the town, not untinged by a speck of notoriety, even criminals, if available.

Just take the other night, when I looked in in order to freshen up on this article. At their table of preference sat the Duke and Duchess of Windsor who have now become regular customers of Maxim's, no doubt partly because its fare now ranks as the second most *soigné* in Paris. The Duke was wagging a finger and seeking to impress something—H.R.H. often does this, when it is said his subject is international affairs. At a table directly facing the distinguished stayaways was a young lady not averse to the nods and becks and smiles, if not exactly wreathed, of certain passers by her table. I recognised the lady, the latest "*dame de chez Maxim*," for having had to visit the "jungle of Montmartre" wherein two of the French capital's No. 1 gunsters had fought to the death (of each) for her;

(*Continued on page* 110)

Below:
THE restaurant is usually crowded and one has to book a table well in advance. The dishes are many and varied

Illustrated by Jack Faulks



THE two were equally thrilled to meet each other, for while he had never seen a ballet dancer without the footlights between them, she had never before spoken to any member of the peerage

"G*RANDS battements* now—one two, one two!"

Fat and thin, short and long, the rows of legs flailed the air with relentless precision. Catherine walked up and down the line, scanning the rhythm, the height, the balance of each upward kick.

"Straighten your arm, Tessa, take care of your knee, Diana, it's apt to slacken. Nini, how often have I told you not to turn your toes in? Turn, take the left leg."

They swung obediently round and seized the bar with their right hands. The sad-eyed little Jew at the piano struck up his monotonous tune once more and Catherine chanted her refrain: "One two, one two!"

Though it was not yet half-past nine they had been working for nearly half an hour, all the grinding bar exercises which went to the creation of the ethereal movements which they had displayed at the performance last night. The girls were plain and workmanlike in their practice dresses, and those whose legs were naturally thick had encased them in heavy woollen tights of startling hideousness.

"Not too bad," conceded Catherine, pushing an imaginary lock of hair from her eyes. Her hair had never been known to escape from the close roll at the back of her small neat head. "Turn round. *Battements serrés*, please, Levis."

AS the music started again the door of the practice-room opened and a girl strolled in. She wore a faded pink *tutu* and her lank fair hair was tied up with a blue ribbon which had long ago seen its best days. With a nod to the others she took her place at the head of the line.

"Late again, Phyllis," snapped Catherine. "We began at nine as I warned you last night. I shall have to report you if this sort of thing goes on."

"Report away," answered Phyllis indifferently. "Give me some room, Tessa. You don't want to be kicked, do you?"

"That's my place you've taken," said Tessa, a wedge-faced little Cockney with straight dark hair cut in a fringe.

"She's quite right. Go to the other end, Phyllis. Latecomers have to take their chance."

Phyllis's pale face was crimson. "What d'you mean? This is my place. Who's *prima* here, I'd like to know?" She glared contemptuously at Tessa.

Catherine said crisply: "We don't have any *primas* at practice. Don't waste all our time arguing, go and take your place as I tell you."

Perforce Phyllis obeyed, muttering indignantly beneath her breath, and Levis started playing once more.

Again Catherine walked down the line, criticising as she went. When she arrived at Phyllis she stood and watched for a minute in silence.

"Disgraceful," she said at last. "Can you really do no better than that to-day, or is it a form of showing-off?"

"Of course I can do a stupid thing like *battements serrés*," the girl burst out. "But I can't be bothered to this morning, and anyhow I've got a right to be tired after last night. It's all very well for you people who only hop about in the background, but I have to bear the whole weight of the company on my legs. I ought really to be resting now, considering what I've got to do to-night again."

"Well, I like that," cried Tessa shrilly. "She thinks we're all chorus girls, does she?"

"Miss Felise is muddling herself up with Markova," drawled Diana.

"Oh no, she's only Pavlova come back again," sneered Elisa, the twenty-year-old Italian who was the beauty of the company.

"Ice cream," shouted Phyllis. Elisa's father was the proprietor of a restaurant in Soho. "Why don't you help your father to hawk his barrow instead of trying to pretend to dance?"

"Silence!" exclaimed Catherine, her clear voice cutting through their high-pitched squeals. "None of this childish squabbling, I won't have it, I tell you. One word more and you'll all be fined."

The threat produced an instant lull and she continued: "As for you, Phyllis, if you feel so exhausted after last evening when you only danced a 'Sylphide' and the 'Spectre,' I can't say much for your stamina. You had better give up all hope of ever becoming a ballet dancer."

"I am a ballet dancer," said Phyllis furiously. "More of one than you ever were, anyhow."

"Be quiet. Any more impertinence and M. Verrier will deal with you himself. Whatever you may think, Phyllis, you are far from indispensable to this company."

"Who could take my place, I should like to know?" muttered the girl as she reluctantly tucked her foot in front of her ankle. Stung by her teacher's words she proceeded to execute a series of flawless *battements serrés*, and only Catherine's very deep annoyance prevented her from giving them the praise which they deserved.

The practice continued and presently the girls abandoned the bar and worked at their toe exercises in the middle of the room. With effortless ease Phyllis spun round in her *fouettés tournants*, and held an *arabesque sur la pointe* for five endless seconds.

Of the others Tessa had a crisp athleticism marred slightly by her rather short and ugly legs, and Nini, the Franco-Russian, needed only a more dependable technique with which to present her vivid personality; the rest were good hard-working little ballet girls of no particular individuality or talent.

"That's all right, you can go now," said Catherine at last. "Phyllis, you had better stay and run over your rôle in the *Ice Maiden*."

"Oh, bother the *Ice Maiden*," she answered sulkily. "I don't want to do the beastly thing. It's so dreary."

"Don't you like doing a creation?" Catherine asked.

"Oh, but this isn't a real creation. It isn't as though it was by Massine or anybody important. Nobody's ever heard of Johnnie, and anyhow you did as much of the choreography as he did."

"I didn't. I only helped in one or two of the sequences."

"The best bits are by you, but anyhow, it's a dreary thing. I want to do 'Giselle' or 'Swan Lake'—why don't we? My *fouettés* are as good as any one's."

"The 'Swan Lake' isn't just a matter of *fouettés*, and as for 'Giselle,' you'd better put that out of your mind for several years to come. You must remember, Phyllis, that you're still only a débutante."

"That's absurd, I've been with this company ever since it started and that's two years now. Dancing leads too."

NO AMBITION

Chance gave Catherine her big opportunity but Cupid had other plans for her

By Alexandra Dick

"Yes, but this is your first London season, and you're only just eighteen."

"Look at Toumanova, she was *prima* when she was only fourteen."

"Never mind Toumanova, let's get on with the *Ice Maiden*. Can we have the 'Chanson Triste,' please, Levis?"

PHYLLIS was not so far out when she said that Catherine was largely responsible for the choreography of the new ballet, although it was officially the work of the Welsh *première danseur*, John Morgan. The latter was an extremely intelligent young man of twenty-three, but he still lacked co-ordination when it came to stringing his numerous ideas together, and here Catherine who had been wrapped up in ballet ever since she took her first lesson with the celebrated Carridos twenty years ago, had been of the greatest assistance to him. Between them they had arranged a very charming if trivial *divertissement*, vaguely based on the Andersen legend and danced to various Tschaikowsky melodies. Phyllis had one really exquisite number to the accompaniment of the famous "Chanson Triste" and there was an ingenious *pas de trois* shared by her with Kay and Gerda, interpreted by Johnnie and Tessa.

This was the first novelty to be presented by the Verrier Ballet Company since its inception two years ago, and the founder had spared no expense in regard to costumes and setting. Johnnie was already seeing himself as a second Massine or Fokine, and even Phyllis was secretly excited at her chance. So far she had always been compared with her forerunners, favourably it is true, but with a certain reserve.

To-day she danced the "Chanson Triste" with the taut yet supple grace which was inborn in her, her slender muscled legs carrying her effortlessly in an almost invisible *pas de bourrée* and weaving easily from attitude to *arabesque*.

"You little fiend!" thought Catherine, watching her. "You have not an ounce of poetry or real feeling in you, but how you can dance! I may have to sweat blood to get you going, but it really is worth it."

She knew every step of the ballet and as they rehearsed the *pas de trois* she switched easily from the rôle of Kay to that of Gerda until Johnnie came running into the room.

"Here you are!" he said in his soft lilting Welsh voice.

"I want to go through our second bit again, the *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt.* You were all wrong last time, Phyllis."

"Oh, was I?" she snapped, bridling. "Let me tell you you're lucky to get me to create your beastly ballet at all."

"Oh, please be quiet," said Catherine wearily. "Johnnie's perfectly entitled to his own ideas on interpretation."

"He's got no right to insult me. Let him give it to Nini if he likes," said Phyllis contemptuously.

"You've got a lot to learn," began Johnnie furiously.

"Nothing that you can teach me!"

"That'll do," said Catherine decisively. "Tell me what you want, Johnnie."

"I'll show you," he said eagerly. "You know the bit I mean."

"Considering she invented the steps," put in Phyllis, pulling herself on to the bar and swinging her legs.

"Don't take any notice of her," said Catherine exasperatedly. She rose to her toes in her old scuffed pink cotton ballet shoes. "Show me what you mean."

They danced the sequence together, not for the first time, for Catherine had long ago discovered that she could never teach a dance which she had not first studied herself.

"So," said Johnnie. "Half yielding and a little sinister—withheld and yet inviting."

"What effer!" mocked Phyllis from her perch.

He turned on her and his thin face was almost green with fury. Catherine had to run between them to prevent a hand to hand fight. She lost her own temper as the quickest and most effective way of dealing with them, and ended by stopping the rehearsal and sending them both out of the room.

"Don't forget we're going over 'Carnaval' at three," she said. "That doesn't affect you, Phyllis, you can rest till six, but don't be late at the theatre. We start limbering at seven-thirty sharp."

"I'm going out to tea," said Phyllis, pausing at the door. "I've got a date—with the Honourable Patrick Fielding-Ashe. We're having it at the Ritz."

"Have you asked M. Verrier's permission?"

"No, I needn't, need I?" She suddenly became a child pleading not to be deprived of her treat. "I only met him last night, you know, after the Spectre, and I haven't had a chance to see Monsieur since."

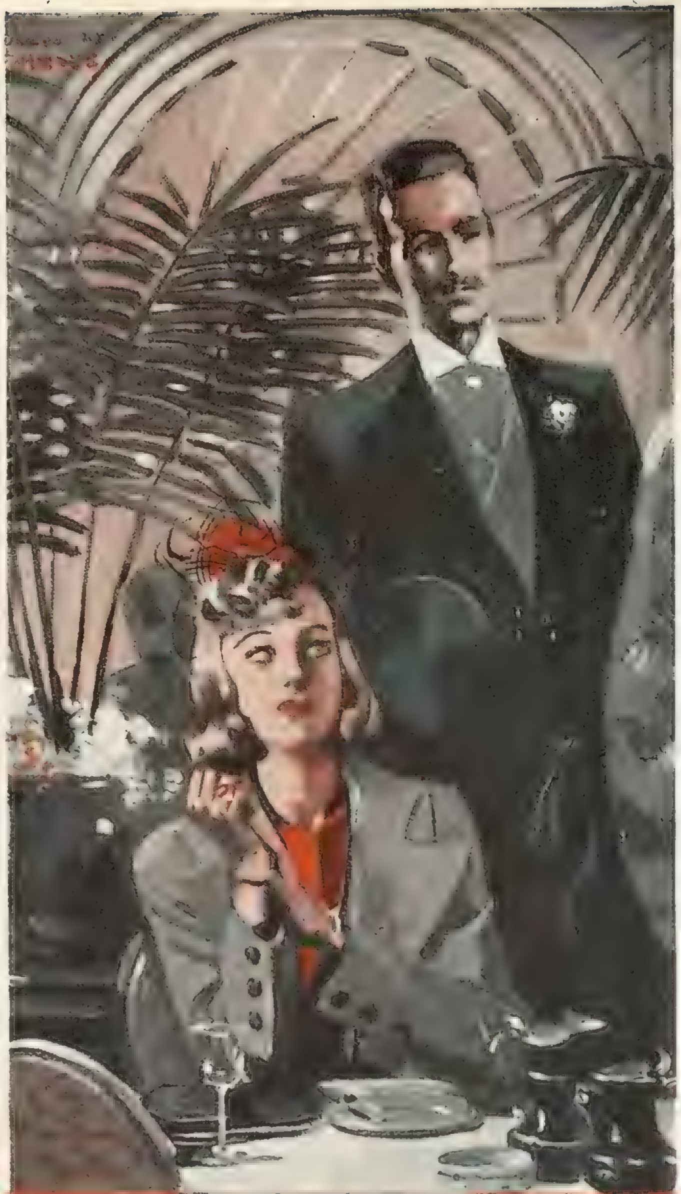
"But who is this Patrick Fielding-Ashe?"

"He's Lord Santing's son, only a second son though," said Phyllis superiorly. "He's at Oxford and crazy about ballet. He was at Monsieur's supper last night."

"Well, that doesn't sound very harmful. I suppose you can go so long as you're not late. You must be in by six, remember that."

"All right, Miss Colet." Phyllis skipped out of the room whither she had already been preceded by Johnnie and the permanently depressed Levis.

CATHERINE went over to the piano and played a few bars of the "Chanson Triste." Her mind was still running on the *Ice Maiden*, some improvement which might be made in the choreography or grouping of the *corps de ballet*, for though her name appeared on the programme in microscopic characters only as befitted a humble ballet mistress, yet she felt agonisingly responsible for every performance and this was a first night.



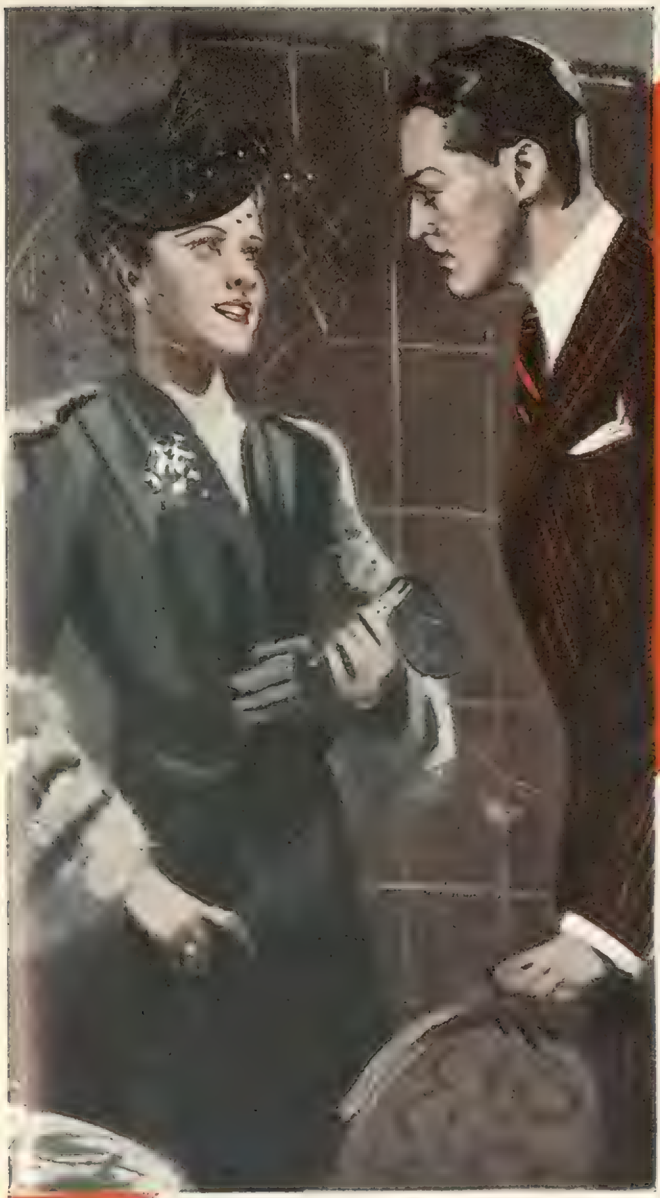
At last she jumped up and shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "I am a fool, what has it got to do with me?"

She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece and then with a little sigh she too left the practice-room.

That day Catherine Colet lunched with Ivo Bennet at the Ecu de France. She wore a small black hat perched precariously on her sleek dark head, and her pointed face had been enlivened with a touch of make-up.

"This is so nice," she said appreciatively. "You can't think how I enjoy coming to places like this with you, Ivo."

He said exasperatedly: "Why do you say things like that? You know you don't mean them."



"*HALLO, Pat,*" *said a gay voice above their heads.* "*What are you doing in this gay place?*"

"Oh, but I do. They are bright specks in my drab workaday existence. And this prawn cocktail is a positive milky way of brightness."

"When you know it's all yours for the asking, Catherine. How many times have I proposed to you?"

"Three, I think. Don't do it again now, dear, I do so hate saying no."

"Then why say it? You can't really like that awful life of yours. It isn't even as if you were a dancer yourself."

A cloud passed over her face. "I know. That is what is so bitterly unfair. I can dance as well as any of those girls; there's only that scrap of physical strength, stamina, which prevents me from ever being a ballerina. Carridos told me from the first, when I had to work or starve. I had never realised it all those years while I was studying with him as a more or less gilded amateur. I got so many compliments for my class work and I never minded an occasional fainting fit. I'm not afraid of hard work, after all, teaching dancing's pretty tough at times, but it's rather sickening to know that I can't be relied on to hold out for one evening's ballet."

"Did you so terribly want to become a star?" asked Ivo gently.

She shook her head. "No, not so desperately. I'm not a frightfully ambitious person—I never have been—only when father died I had my hopes—for about a week. I do love my present job."

"More than you do me, in fact."

"Oh, Ivo darling, how can I make you understand? I sound so conceited when I say that I feel indispensable to the Verrier Ballet."

"You could be very indispensable to me."

"But I don't feel that. You're a successful, rather social barrister, whereas ever since I grew up I've been a working woman—working in exactly the kind of milieu which you most detest."

"But you love it?"

"Just at present," said Catherine evasively, "I feel that I can't get away from it. I really have tried to—there are times, Ivo, when I long to get back to the world which used to be mine."

"Am I the stumbling block?"

"It's difficult to talk here," she said. "I know it sounds silly for me to tell you that I love you when I've just refused to marry you, but can't you try to understand? I owe a great deal to Verrier—he pays me well, and until he has really established his company I don't think it would be fair of me to walk out on him."

"He'd chuck you if he could lay hands on anyone better," said Ivo brutally. "You know quite well that you're worth twice your pay to him. To begin with, you're the only person who can do anything with that wretched little Scattergood."

"Felise." Catherine corrected him with a smile. "Yes, she is a little horror, but I can keep her up to scratch, and though she is a heaven-born dancer I do feel that I have taught her all she knows. I don't like the child, nobody could, but I don't feel as if I could desert her either. Really, I think that if I left her to another teacher she'd just slip back and become a second-rate virtuoso."

"Well, why not?" demanded Ivo.

"It's unthinkable," she said simply. "I just couldn't do it."

He said patiently, "Catherine, can you give me any idea of how long you are going to cherish these idiotic notions of yours? What exactly are you aiming at? Turning Verrier into a Diaghileff and Felise into a Karsavina? And yet you say you have no ambition?"

She blinked and swallowed a mouthful of her neglected prawn cocktail. "I know I'm treating you abominably, Ivo, and I've no right to. You'd much better go away and forget all about me. I'm not the right type for you, in spite of everything."

"Don't be silly," he said temperately. "I refuse to go away. You're a sensible girl with a few bees in her bonnet, but they may fly away any day. I've stood by now for six months, so a little longer won't hurt me."

She smiled at him with quivering lips. "And I do so hate women who shilly and shally—Ivo, I'm so sorry."

"Pull yourself together," he replied, "and have some partridge. And don't tell me you've forgotten or lost my telephone number."

"Mayfair 04832," she whispered, as the waiter proffered the plump bird and poured Haut Brion into their glasses.

Ivo raised his and looked into her eyes. "To that telephone call," he said.

"Yes, yes," said Catherine, nearly spilling the wine as she spoke.

"CARNAVAL" was rehearsed on the stage under the eagle eye of M. Verrier himself, who though he had never been a dancer had his own very pronounced views concerning the Terpsichorean art. Fortunately, it went well in spite of Johnnie's preoccupation with his forthcoming *première*, and soon after four Catherine emerged from the theatre to find Phyllis at the stage door.

"Don't forget to be ready by seven-thirty," she said mechanically. Her thoughts were with Ivo, his kind eyes and his charming voice.

Phyllis tossed her head upon which was perched a miniature tricorne. "I've just been looking at the notice board. I must say I think it's a shame to make me dance in the *Blue Danube* when I've got the strain of a creation before me," she pouted. Apparently she had changed her opinion concerning Johnnie's masterpiece.

"Don't be late," reiterated Catherine, who never took any notice of Phyllis's moods when they were alone.

"I'm just off to tea with Pat Fielding-Ashe," giggled the girl. "I suppose I oughtn't to keep him waiting too long. I'm late already." (*Continued on page* 124)

YOUR PERFUME

Perfume is like wine, either you understand and revere it as a thing to be enjoyed habitually or you regard it as a pleasant but remote concoction to be indulged in on special occasions.

The French are connoisseurs of wine and of perfume too. French women of every class regard it as an integral part of their dress, of themselves. They use it regularly and with artistry.

It is only recently that English women generally have begun to acquire more interest in it. A lot of things have combined to put aside the impression that perfume is a pleasant luxury to be used occasionally, and among these is the increasing variety of fragrances available and the definite link-up between them and fashion.

Since some of the great dressmakers sponsored perfumes of their own; since, in this country, it has changed from something you dab on your handkerchief to a means of increasing your chic, of enhancing your individuality, women have taken trouble to learn more of its use.

It is fascinating to study the possibilities of new perfumes as a part of your build-up. Try it and see what it does for you.

Take a long look at yourself and decide what kind of perfume will suit you best.

You need a perfume that will give you a feeling of extra

SIMPLE

EXOTIC

SOPHISTICATED

OUTDOOR

FASTIDIOUS

well-being. There is a psychology to the use of perfume that you don't suspect. The right perfume in its effect upon the wearer, is like the right colour or the right gown. It is a mental stimulus. It encourages confidence.

If some man, heavily jocular, says, "What is that perfume you use? It maddens me," remember that he isn't being quite as jocular as he pretends, which is all very pleasant.

You need to consider how the character of a chosen perfume blends with your type. Are you a sophisticate, a gamine, the outdoor type, the débutante? What do you intend to wear with the perfume?

Do remember that your senses become inured to the perfume you are wearing, and that for this reason it is easy, unconsciously, to overdo it.

This is the reason that good perfume has so much to recommend it. It may be exotic but it is never overpowering. In the most congested atmosphere it retains its quality. It never stales and is economical because it lasts.

Take the exotic and now famous Zibeline. This perfume put the name of Weil in the very first rank as a perfumer. It has a rich, heavy and haunting fragrance. The greatest praise you can give it is to say that, for all its exotic character, it never palls. It has the restraint of the perfect aristocrat.

Other glorious fragrances made by this master are Noir, to be worn with your dead black gown. This perfume is made to express the simple elegance of the all-black ensemble—and it does.

Then there is Bambou, created to mingle its odour with cigarette smoke, to cling.

For each perfume Weil creates a special foundation bath oil.

A few drops of the highly-concentrated essence in the bath water gives to the skin a perfume which forms the basis for that which, later, you can spray upon the clothes.

This way, a small quantity goes a long way and the fragrance lasts until you bath the next day.

There was a time when it seemed a breach of good taste to use anything but lavender or Cologne with outdoor and sports clothes, but to-day, perfumes are specially blended to be used on these occasions. They are clean fragrances. The mood is energetic, refreshing, subtly opposed to the exotic.

Lenthéric produce some famous outdoor perfumes. One of the best known and most widely used is "Tweed." The name is so expressive of everything the perfume itself conveys that it needs no further description. Flower perfumes are, of course, perfect for all outdoor wear.

With a sophisticated costume, for smart afternoon

(*Continued on page* 116)

Floris: "Jasmine," "Tea Rose," "Rose Geranium."
Patou: "Vacances."

Millot: "Crêpe de Chine."
Coty: "Le Cyclamen."
Worth: "Dans la Nuit."

Schiaparelli: "Shocking."
Cyclax: "Le Cinquième Nuit." Elizabeth Arden: "Night and Day," "Cyclamen."

Elizabeth Arden: "Blue Grass." Gourlain: "Jicky."
Lenthéric: "Bouquet."

Atkinson: "Sweet Pea."
Chanel: "Cuir de Russie."
Floris: "Jasmine."
Coty: "Le Muguet."

Impudence *is* Art

CAPTAIN LARRY O'HARA swung into the saddle under the electric-lighted hotel portico. He laughed at his plunging horse, waved his hand to June Sedgely and rode away into the dark Peshawar night—shadows and mist and bugle-calls beneath a starlit, blue-black sky. June Sedgely ate dinner alone. After dinner she returned alone to the veranda, hoping that the chill Khyber wind would prevent the people in the dining-room from coming out to make conversation. She wanted solitude—wanted to think about Larry O'Hara. But as she settled into an easy chair and shrugged into her fur cape she was watched, from the shadow near the front door, by a big Bengali baboo. Seeing she had noticed him he approached. The veranda creaked under his weight. Flame-coloured turban. A big-headed, handsome man. Humorous brown eyes. Managing his huge weight as easily as elephants do. He was followed by a nondescript servant.

"Salaam, *sahibah*. Beautiful evening. This baboo proposes to ingratiate himself."

"Thanks. I'm not going out, so I don't need a guide. And I'm not buying anything."

"Ah! But lucky stars are not for sale. They——"

"Oh. You're an astrologer? Thanks, no, I don't want my fortune told."

"Beautiful *sahibah*, fortune is a mythological illusion. Self am realistic opportunist. May I have the key to your room?"

"Why? What on earth for?"

"Because otherwise I can't get in. The hotel manager won't let me."

Instinctively she tucked her purse between the cushion and the side of the chair: "What do you want in my room?"

"Nothing."

"Then why do you want to go in?"

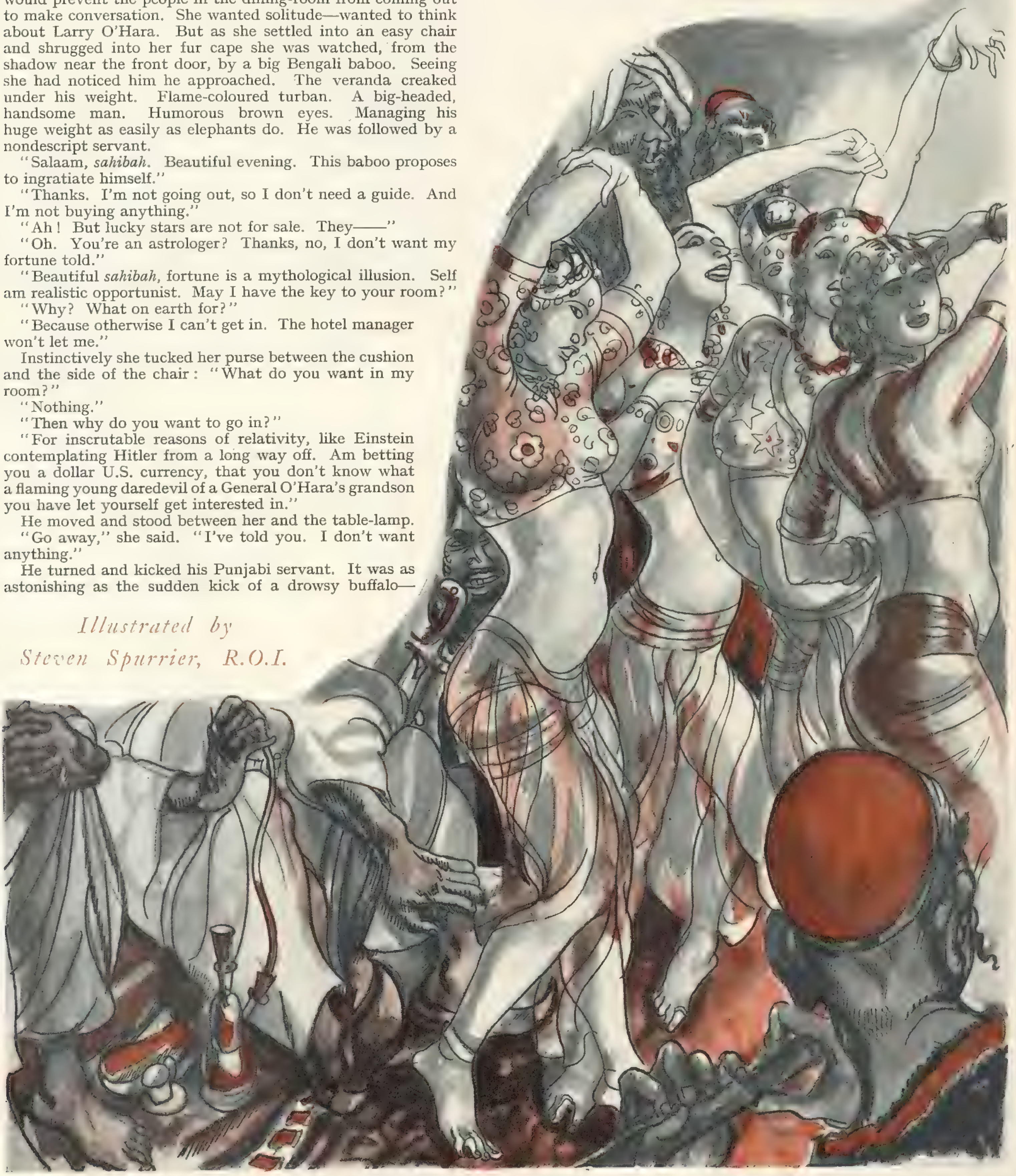
"For inscrutable reasons of relativity, like Einstein contemplating Hitler from a long way off. Am betting you a dollar U.S. currency, that you don't know what a flaming young daredevil of a General O'Hara's grandson you have let yourself get interested in."

He moved and stood between her and the table-lamp.

"Go away," she said. "I've told you. I don't want anything."

He turned and kicked his Punjabi servant. It was as astonishing as the sudden kick of a drowsy buffalo—unbelievably swift and powerful. It lifted the Punjabi off his feet; the disreputable looking menial ran from the veranda and vanished around the corner of the hotel. The huge Bengali spoke as if nothing had happened: "Passport clerk informs me you are twenty-three, unmarried, citizen of U.S.A., in India for purposes of travel."

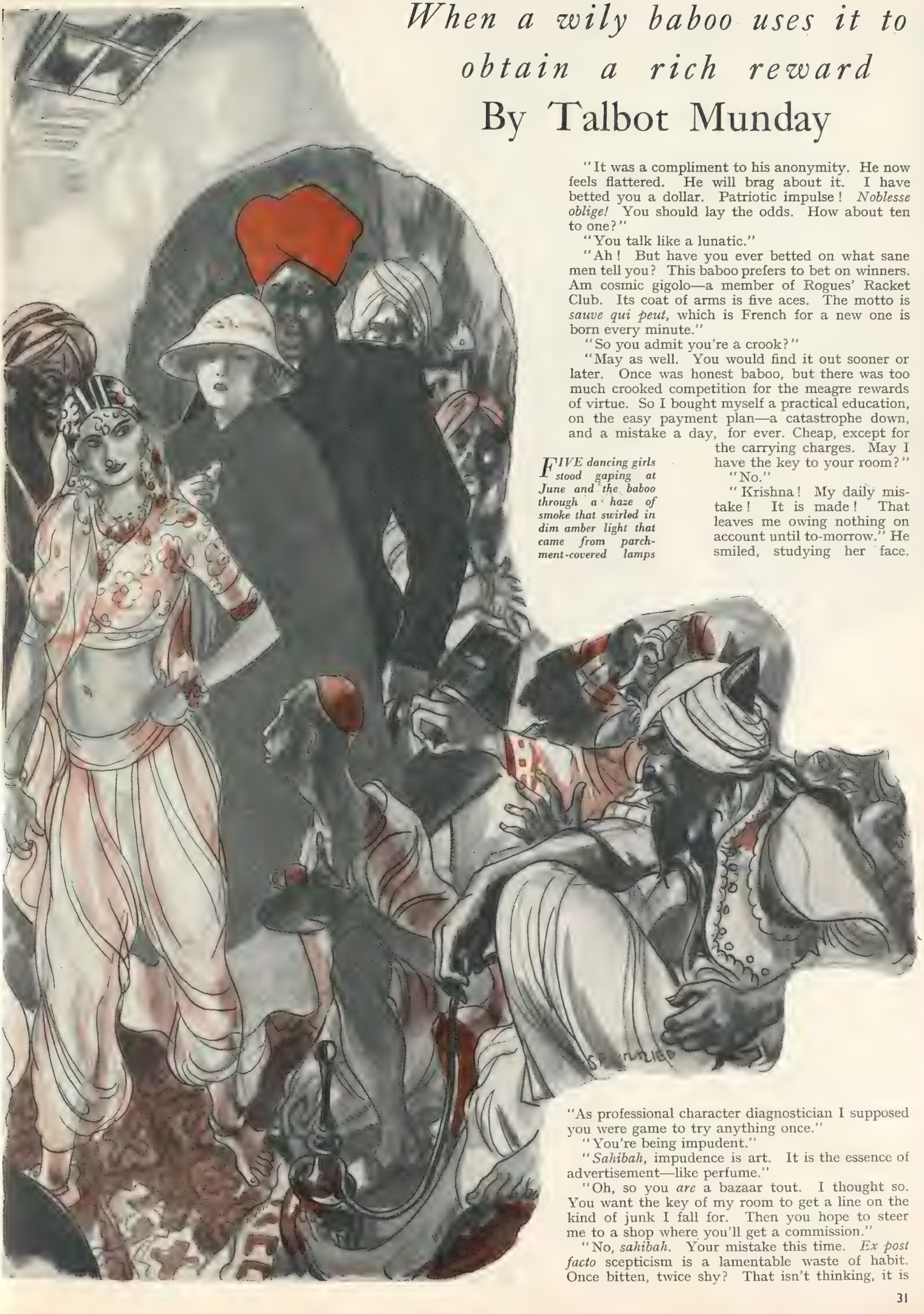
"Why did you kick that unfortunate person?"



Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.

When a wily baboo uses it to obtain a rich reward

By Talbot Munday



FIVE dancing girls stood gaping at June and the baboo through a haze of smoke that swirled in dim amber light that came from parchment-covered lamps

"It was a compliment to his anonymity. He now feels flattered. He will brag about it. I have betted you a dollar. Patriotic impulse! *Noblesse oblige!* You should lay the odds. How about ten to one?"

"You talk like a lunatic."

"Ah! But have you ever betted on what sane men tell you? This baboo prefers to bet on winners. Am cosmic gigolo—a member of Rogues' Racket Club. Its coat of arms is five aces. The motto is *sauve qui peut,* which is French for a new one is born every minute."

"So you admit you're a crook?"

"May as well. You would find it out sooner or later. Once was honest baboo, but there was too much crooked competition for the meagre rewards of virtue. So I bought myself a practical education, on the easy payment plan—a catastrophe down, and a mistake a day, for ever. Cheap, except for the carrying charges. May I have the key to your room?"

"No."

"Krishna! My daily mistake! It is made! That leaves me owing nothing on account until to-morrow." He smiled, studying her face.

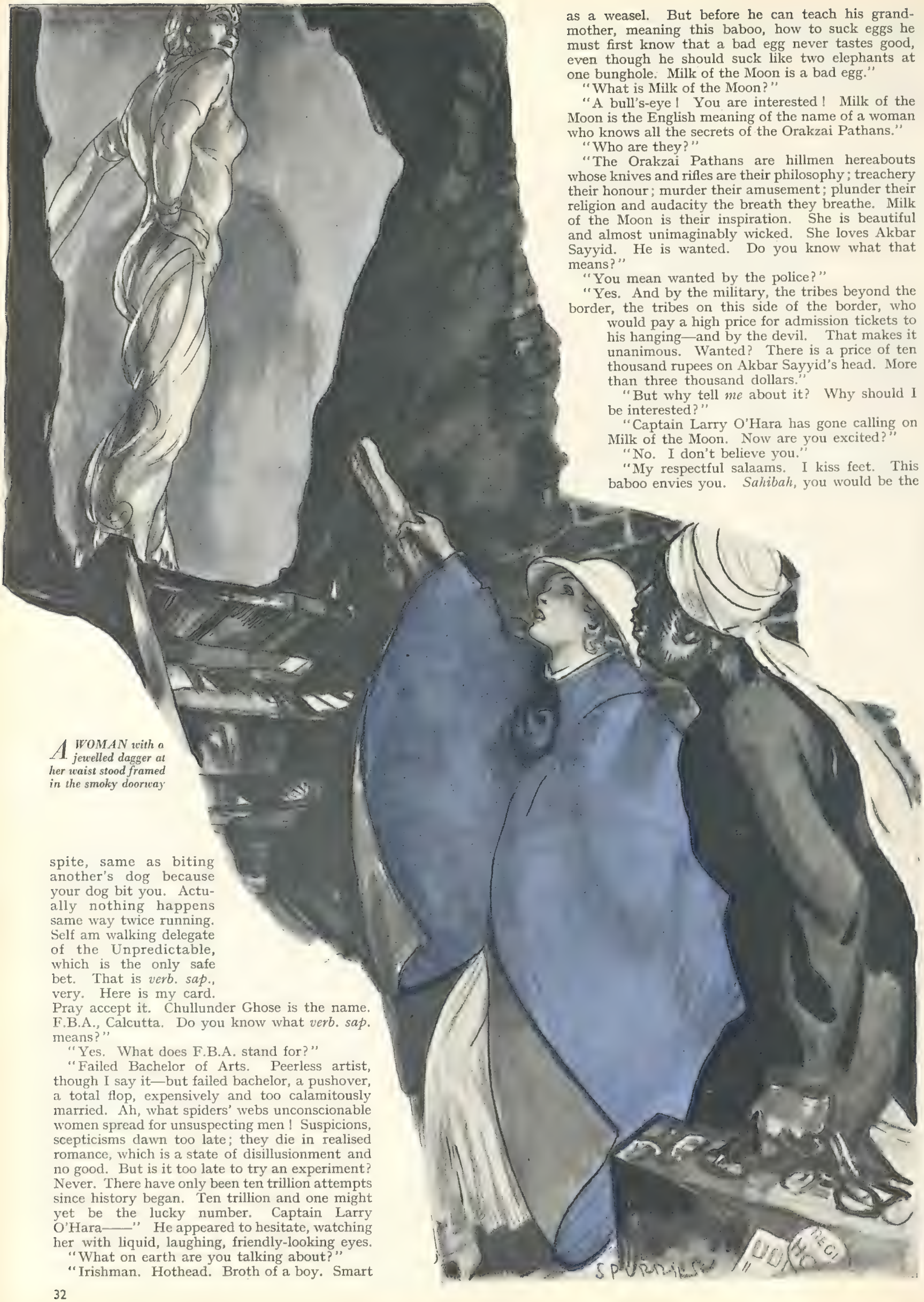
"As professional character diagnostician I supposed you were game to try anything once."

"You're being impudent."

"*Sahibah,* impudence is art. It is the essence of advertisement—like perfume."

"Oh, so you *are* a bazaar tout. I thought so. You want the key of my room to get a line on the kind of junk I fall for. Then you hope to steer me to a shop where you'll get a commission."

"No, *sahibah.* Your mistake this time. *Ex post facto* scepticism is a lamentable waste of habit. Once bitten, twice shy? That isn't thinking, it is



A WOMAN with a jewelled dagger at her waist stood framed in the smoky doorway

spite, same as biting another's dog because your dog bit you. Actually nothing happens same way twice running. Self am walking delegate of the Unpredictable, which is the only safe bet. That is *verb. sap.*, very. Here is my card. Pray accept it. Chullunder Ghose is the name. F.B.A., Calcutta. Do you know what *verb. sap.* means?"

"Yes. What does F.B.A. stand for?"

"Failed Bachelor of Arts. Peerless artist, though I say it—but failed bachelor, a pushover, a total flop, expensively and too calamitously married. Ah, what spiders' webs unconscionable women spread for unsuspecting men! Suspicions, scepticisms dawn too late; they die in realised romance, which is a state of disillusionment and no good. But is it too late to try an experiment? Never. There have only been ten trillion attempts since history began. Ten trillion and one might yet be the lucky number. Captain Larry O'Hara——" He appeared to hesitate, watching her with liquid, laughing, friendly-looking eyes.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Irishman. Hothead. Broth of a boy. Smart as a weasel. But before he can teach his grandmother, meaning this baboo, how to suck eggs he must first know that a bad egg never tastes good, even though he should suck like two elephants at one bunghole. Milk of the Moon is a bad egg."

"What is Milk of the Moon?"

"A bull's-eye! You are interested! Milk of the Moon is the English meaning of the name of a woman who knows all the secrets of the Orakzai Pathans."

"Who are they?"

"The Orakzai Pathans are hillmen hereabouts whose knives and rifles are their philosophy; treachery their honour; murder their amusement; plunder their religion and audacity the breath they breathe. Milk of the Moon is their inspiration. She is beautiful and almost unimaginably wicked. She loves Akbar Sayyid. He is wanted. Do you know what that means?"

"You mean wanted by the police?"

"Yes. And by the military, the tribes beyond the border, the tribes on this side of the border, who would pay a high price for admission tickets to his hanging—and by the devil. That makes it unanimous. Wanted? There is a price of ten thousand rupees on Akbar Sayyid's head. More than three thousand dollars."

"But why tell *me* about it? Why should I be interested?"

"Captain Larry O'Hara has gone calling on Milk of the Moon. Now are you excited?"

"No. I don't believe you."

"My respectful salaams. I kiss feet. This baboo envies you. *Sahibah,* you would be the backbone of a profitable lawsuit. But I bet your pulse has gone up ten beats."

JUNE SEDGELY unconsciously moved her wrist out of the baboo's reach. He noticed it, smiling, rather resembling an image of Ganesha, the pot-bellied, jovial God of Good Luck. She liked his smile but resented the air of familiar jocosity.

"I wish you'd go away."

"*Sahibah!* Listen! You wouldn't turn down chance of flying into unknown empyreans on the wings of opportunity?"

"Heavens, are you an aeroplane ticket agent?"

"No, *sahibah*. There is too much fun to be had on the ground. But ground is for keeping an ear on. I know more about you than perhaps you think."

"Tell it then. What do you know?"

"Well, for instance: your friends, with whom you are travelling round the world, have left you flat for a couple of days while they go sightseeing. So you are unencumbered—free to——"

"Tell something about me that you think I don't know."

"You don't know where the key of your room is."

"You're wrong. It's in my purse."

"You know that? You are sure?"

"Yes. Positive" She looked into her purse. The key was missing.

"Knowledge," said the baboo, "is a temporary trust in what is not so. Here is your key. Take it. Next time, don't put it where a thief could steal it."

"How did *you* steal it?"

"Miss *Sahibah*, theft is a stupid substitute for talent. Prestidigitation is a fine art."

"But I've been watching you. You didn't touch my purse."

"*Sahibah*, that is twice you have exaggerated. The other time was when you dignified the creature I kicked by calling him a person. He is an anonymous biped. You permitted sympathy to distract your attention from what I was doing. But even sympathy has uses. Would you know that animal again if you should meet him?"

"I think so—yes—probably. Why?"

"He is important, like a nail in a wall—lots of tenacity—no brains—so he thinks Captain O'Hara can't do wrong. Follows him like a shadow. Sticks like a leech. Tell me: why didn t you go touring with your friends? Why stay behind in Peshawar?"

"Is that your business?"

"Beautiful *Sahibah*, this baboo is a romantic analyst of motives." He took a wild aster from the vase on the table and began plucking its petals, murmuring: "He loves me—loves me not—I love him—I do—I don't—I do—I—it comes out even—Moon—spoon—boon—June—Larry O'Hara and Milk of the Moon—June in Peshawar—Peshawar in June—isn't your name June Sedgely?—June—moon—but this is February—month of perplexing mist and——"

"What in the world are you talking about?"

"Akbar Sayyid. He has one hundred per cent record. So far he has murdered every single one of Milk of the Moon's lovers. He will be spiteful with her, too, when he learns about Larry O'Hara. Orakzai Pathans are saucy sentimentalists. They call it pride. They make it personal and pointed—aiming at the liver as a rule. Milk of the Moon is a beautiful she-devil, to whom cruelty and treachery are an end in itself, and her charms are a means to an end. Captain Larry O'Hara is on the spot, I tell you!"

"If you mean he's in danger from—what was the name?"

"Akbar Sayyid. He is laying for Larry O'Hara."

"If you know that, why don't you tell the police?"

"Because the dilemma is as sharp as Akbar Sayyid's knife. Milk of the Moon's establishment is out of bounds. If the police should find Larry O'Hara in there—they are jealous of the military."

"You mean he'd be disgraced, if——"

"Yes—*if* the police should get there soon enough to save him from Akbar Sayyid! But *would* they? Why should they? Think of it! Ten thousand rupees on the head of Akbar Sayyid! What would the police not risk for that much money! They would treat O'Hara like bait in a rat-trap—just another dead Irishman. But how about you? *Sahibah*, a busted illusion alive is better than a dead romance."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"You have not yet engaged yourself to marry that reckless Irishman. You hesitate."

"How do you know?"

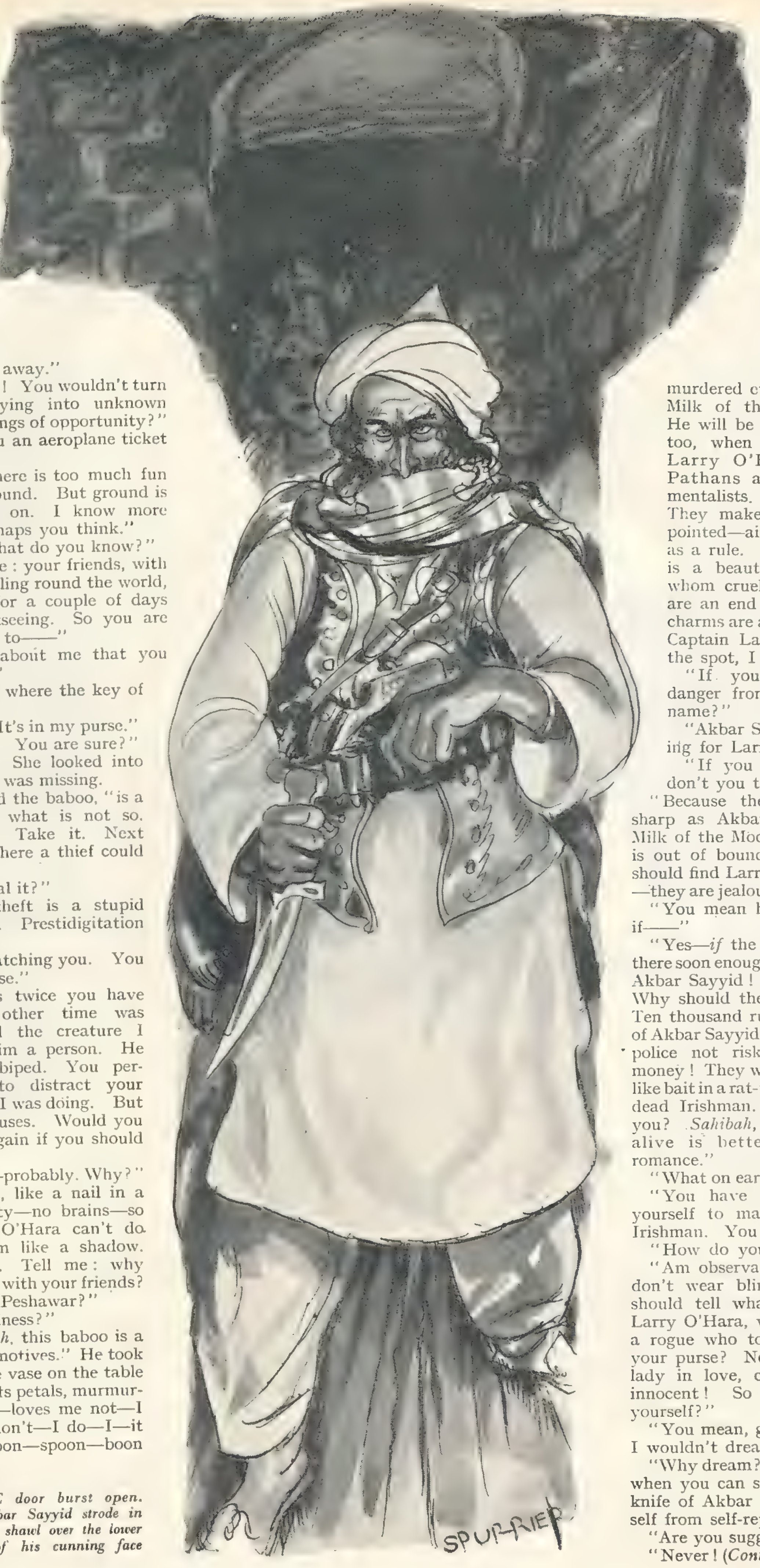
"Am observant intuitionist. I don't wear blinkers. But if I should tell what I know about Larry O'Hara, would you believe a rogue who took a key out of your purse? No one, not even a lady in love, could be all that innocent! So why not see for yourself?"

"You mean, go spying on him? I wouldn't dream of it!"

"Why dream? Why speculate—when you can save him from the knife of Akbar Sayyid and yourself from self-reproach?"

"Are you suggesting——"

"Never! (*Continued on page* 104)



THE door burst open. Akbar Sayyid strode in with a shawl over the lower half of his cunning face

THE FLAT
The Life of James Ramsay MACDONALD
by Lord Elton
THE HORSE AND BUGGY DOCTOR
The SAGA of FRANK DOVER
JOHANNES BUCH
OTHO I KING of GREECE
MAURICE HEALY
The Old Munster Circuit
EVERYMAN'S ASTRONOMY
MARY PROC
THE WRONG WORLD
LOUIS PAUL
on the night of the fire
F. L. GREEN
JOAN KENNEDY
TOMORROW
Grandma called it Carnal
BERTHA DAMON
Illustrations by JULIAN BRAZELTON
You Can't Have It Back

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

"The Life of James Ramsay MacDonald," by Lord Elton (Collins, 18s.)

REGULAR listeners to the popular B.B.C. feature, "The World Goes By," are familiar with the intimate style and high interest value of Lord Elton's comments on the lesser things of life.

As is to be expected, when Lord Elton turns his attention to the biography of so dynamic a personality as the late Ramsay MacDonald, the result is a book which not only interests and grips from first to last, but contributes many flashes of personal insight into the motives and characteristics which made the subject of this biography so great a man.

At one time or another during the career of Ramsay MacDonald, almost everyone with whom he came in contact must have disagreed with him profoundly and yet, such was his constancy of purpose and such his sincerity of ideal, that at the time of his death he was universally revered.

Lord Elton was a personal friend of Mr. MacDonald and his biography is not only a personal chronicle but an authoritative record of the life of one who rose from nothing to be the chief founder and first leader of the Labour Party, and who survived a campaign of detraction and abuse such as has rarely pursued the vilest criminal, to become three times Prime Minister of Great Britain.

It is fashionable to suppose—and I must say I find myself subscribing to the supposition—that we live to-day in the most difficult times the world has ever known.

There are moments, however, in which I cannot help wondering whether this supposition is not a perennial fallacy.

Surely the great post-war slump, with all the criticism it evoked from Mr. MacDonald's Parliamentary Opposition, must have confronted even that great man with seemingly insurmountable difficulties.

Lord Elton shows us the way in which Ramsay MacDonald, the man, weathered these storms as well as the way in which Ramsay MacDonald, the politician, battled his way through. Lord Elton's book is a historical document of great value, but more even than this as a very human document it is an inspiration.

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

FOR me, one of the major mysteries of modern life, is where all the people come from who pay the extortionate rents asked for the flats which are hustled up in huge blocks in ever-increasing numbers.

I agree that with local rates going up as they are doing, and with private property depreciating in value through indiscriminate road-widening schemes, there is every incentive to-day for people to live in flats.

If you are a flat dweller, or if you are contemplating becoming one, I sincerely recommend you to go straight out and buy a copy of "The Flat Book," by J. L. Martin and Sadie Speight (Heinemann and Company, 5s.).

This excellent and practical book illustrates the latest developments in flat and small house design, with some four hundred photographs.

The newest furniture, decoration, plans and domestic articles are shown and discussed, and—this is a novel and invaluable feature—in all cases prices and manufacturers' names are given.

It must not be assumed from this that the book is a glorified catalogue; it is, in fact, an excellently produced and logically compiled work dealing with every aspect of the furnishing and equipment of the type of dwelling referred to and at the same time it presents in the simplest way possible many ingenious hints on the combination of appearance and utility.

In England to-day it is commonly supposed that the motor car and the highly efficient railway systems with which we are blessed, have knocked the last vestige of romance out of wayfaring.

When, last Christmas, Mr. Citizen found himself running into snow-drifts, it came as quite a rude (*Continued on page* 85)

THE VOICE OF THE BRIDGES

"We are tall, and see many things you would never suspect . . ."

Ralph Stock

with his camera makes a tour of London's Bridges, and tells you of the things they see and hear, the triumphs and tragedies of this great City

WE, the Thames bridges, wish to speak.

We are tall, and see many things—love, hate, hope, despair, life and death. We want to tell you something of what we see; what it's like to be a bridge. For we, like ships, have a personality all our own.

We tremble and resound to your feet and your wheels as you pass over us in your thousands every day, from one world to another—from the south side of the river to the north, from north to south—all very intent on your own affairs, whatever they may be.

I AM London Bridge, the oldest of all the Thames bridges, and I speak for the rest.

Time was when I was of supreme importance, the only bridge across the Thames. Above me was "up river," below me was "down river," and still is for that matter. I had a chapel in my midst, with services daily, and shops and houses on either side; and stocks and cages where malefactors were imprisoned, and traitors' heads were impaled on my span as a warning to others.

The tide raced through my twenty narrow arches at such speed that my constitution was undermined. Again and again I fell sick, until it became an adage that "London Bridge is falling down," and some wit of the period remarked that women and bridges need constant mending.

Then came the fire, and I was swept from end to end, and reborn—a squat affair of strength rather than beauty—which you cross to-day afoot, in your cars and your omnibuses from one world to another. . . .

TOWER BRIDGE to-day sees other things than her two arms upflung for the passage of ships into the Pool. She sees—and *hears*—wild argument on Tower Hill, where freer speech is allowed than anywhere in the world.

Religion, political beliefs and endless "isms" are expounded and torn to shreds by rival orators, while a fickle, sensation-loving crowd drifts from one to another in search of the most blatant.

Tower Bridge looks on and laughs.

Whether she will laugh when the bombs of one of these "isms" blast her to fragments, is another matter.

BLACKFRIARS is the busiest bridge of all.

Named after the peaceful monastery of the Black Friars, she now echoes to the passage of over sixty thousand pedestrians and forty-one thousand vehicles

Left at the post. Tower Bridge sees and hears wild arguments on Tower Hill, where the fickle crowd drifts from one orator to another. Here is one who has lost his audience

A bridge re-born. To-day Waterloo Bridge presents a vista of hundred-year-old piles dragged up from the former foundations of the old bridge

The art of the bar-bender. The modern bridge pier resembles nothing more closely than a vast concrete boat, double-ended, and ribbed with iron

The dread of the river thief—patrolling river police motor boats guard property on the water, just as their colleagues do on land

each working day. Her low parapet, too, is perpetually lined with a mixed audience watching enthralled the free, non-stop performance of ships in the Pool continually loading and unloading anything from split-peas to traction engines.

Yes, Blackfriars probably sees a greater variety of life than any of us. She could tell tales of river thieves with muffled oars waiting in the deeper shadows of her arches until a patrolling police launch has passed by, then sheering alongside one of the moored barges and making off with coal, sugar, tinned goods and even heavy car parts . . . of a furtive fraternity that is suddenly seized with an unknown fear, disgorges stolen goods, and drops them over the parapet into the Thames mud, which hides such a multitude of sins . . . of narcotic smugglers on foreign ships who hide their wares deep down in the oil-fuel

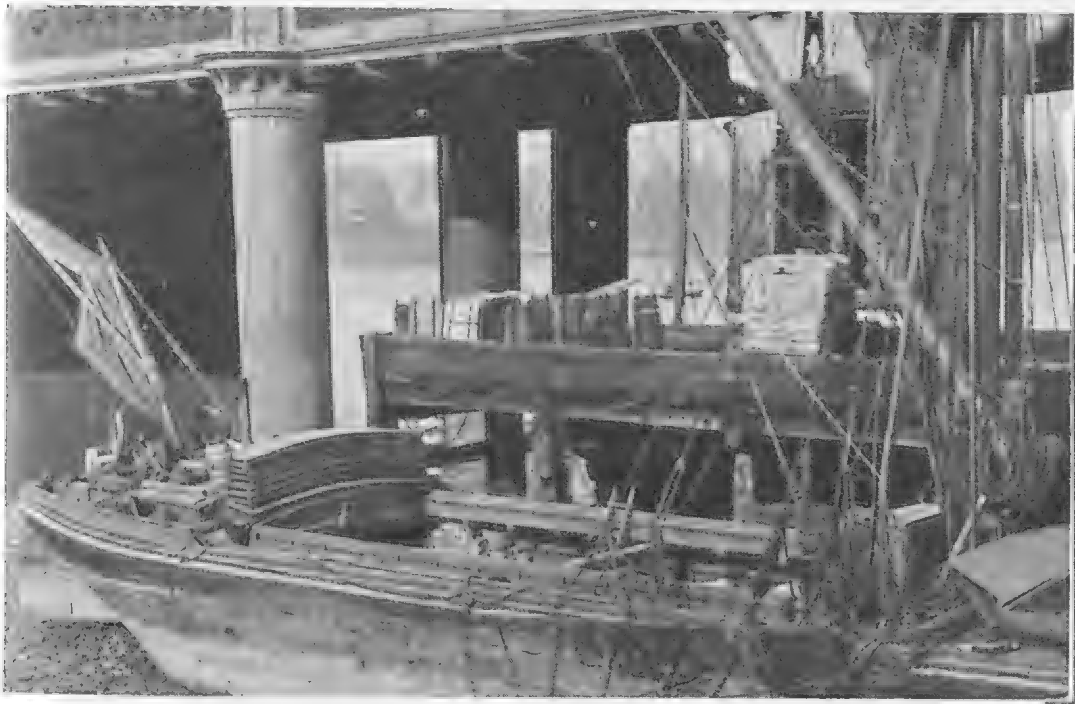
(*Continued on page* 38)

The long climb back to work. After dinner it is a slow process

A breath of the Seven Seas. The *Seven Seas*, a fine old schooner which is moored in the shelter of Charing Cross Bridge, sports a genuine figure-head, and a snug club-room below for those who love the sea. (*Left*) The *Seven Seas* also sports a parrot of unknown antiquity

Free accommodation. Charing Cross Bridge sees a lot of this in her own nooks and on the Embankment. The Sphinx has no objection

Art of the pavement. Under the arches of Charing Cross Bridge, safe from the rain, pavement artists strive to attract attention of hurrying humanity with studies of still life



Craft of the old school. On the south side of the river, Hungerford Bridge sees the old Thames barges—soon to be extinct—unloading bricks from Kent and Essex, in competition with Diesel-engined craft from Holland carrying similar cargo from across the North Sea

A mystery solved. Hungerford Bridge also knows where all the old. used telephone books go

Haunts of the river-comber. Like the South Seas beachcomber, he combs the mud flats for what they may disgorge

tanks, and transfer them to wharf-piles below the waterline, where they are collected later by shore confederates, unless discovered by alert customs officials . . . of young lovers gazing down over her parapet at the swirling waters below, and thinking their own thoughts of a hopeful future . . . of those who *have* no future, and sometimes follow their thoughts over the parapet. . . .

Waterloo Bridge is best known to-day for her mysterious subsidence and lengthy reconstruction. Architects may indeed be eminently successful as far as the birth of a bridge is concerned, but her future welfare—as with humans—seems to depend very much on herself. An army of skilled, semi-skilled and unskilled labour has been let loose on Waterloo Bridge for years now, and the end of its restoration is not yet within sight.

Bar-benders, in keeping with their name, bend bars of iron and sink them into pits of cement to make this bridge's piers—which are nothing more or less than vast, double-ended concrete ships resting in the river bed, resisting tide and weather, and supporting a weight that would sink a battle cruiser.

The entire scene of activity is a vista of hundred-year-old elm piles dragged up from the foundations of the old bridge, and looking as sound to-day as when they were driven; of ant-like workmen crawling through forests of timber supports; climbing to perilous heights up sixty-foot ladders; plunging to unknown depths of the river bed; precariously traversing foot-wide planks over rushing currents.

The bridge with advantages. No grimy tugs lower their funnels and belch smoke under Barnes Bridge. (*Circle*) The way to the park. Albert Suspension Bridge carries more children to play than any other — dogs and guardians, too

A whistle blows, and the ants forgather under an arch of the old bridge to eat and drink, and fill up their football coupons, and talk of the girls they are pursuing —or who are pursuing *them*—at the moment. Then the whistle blows again, and the ants slowly climb back to their job like Shakespeare's boy "unwillingly to school."

Waterloo Bridge is in great travail.

AT Charing Cross the West End, the City, and the south side meet.

Here we have the Embankment down-and-out at his and her best—or worst, as you happen to look upon them. We, the bridges, are entirely impartial. We only know that they often come to our various nooks and corners for free accommodation.

On the south side of the river there are shelters, excellently run by the Church Army, where we glimpse corpse-like figures outstretched on plank beds under a pall of brown blanket, sleeping the sleep of those (*Continued on page* 96)

"Where every prospect pleases . ." Barnes Bridge has still another advantage. She looks down upon spartan athletes who bear any weather to satisfy their "rowing bug"

The Women I Meet

A Month to Month Commentary

By Princess Paul Troubetzkoy

When the private view of the Royal Academy has taken place, we know that so far as social events in London are concerned everything has really commenced. It is a little like the starter's pistol on the racecourse, which releases not only the horses from the tape but from the accumulated, waiting crowd, the gasp "They're off!" The whirl of formal entertaining and acceptance of entertainment seems to be timed from that moment when the select number of the "invited"—whose cards of invitation have been so prominently displayed on fireplace mirrors lately—consider the pictures hung upon the "line," discuss and "discover" among those not upon the "line," to their own great glory and the assistance of drawing-room conversation later.

The Countess of Birkenhead

Mrs. Cowan Dobson

To have her first personal invitation this year to the private view is KATHLEEN NEVINSON, whose husband, C. R. W. Nevinson (author of *Paint and Prejudice*, his autobiography, which was published last year), has just been elected an A.R.A.; and she will in consequence have that coveted card with her own name inscribed upon it.

She will have the thrill of seeing six pictures, her husband's work, hung on the "line"; six pictures which she herself has seen through the process of creation, which have been, completed, upon the walls of her own home in these last few weeks.

Which to Kathleen Nevinson must mean much, for she is one of the women who really shares her husband's life in its so many varied phases, and to her his success must mean much.

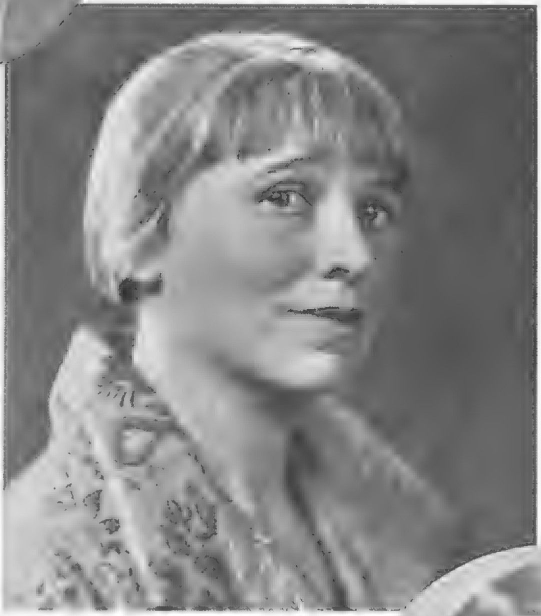
She is tall and blonde and conveys always an impression of radiant health and a personality which, though determined, is disguised by the sweetness of her manner. There is little that her big blue eyes do not note, and she has a wit which could be biting in its shrewdness but which she does not use, for she is one of the rare people who never loses her temper and is incapable of unkindness.

That may be due to experience as well as self control, for travel, adventure, the meeting with almost all who count in the worlds of Art and Literature, Science and Society she has known, and in the sharing of the serious side of her husband's life she has gained a wide vision—and as well she has known fun!

For the Nevinsons do have fun.

They were perhaps the first of the non-gipsies to own and live in a caravan, and they still do—winter and summer! It is painted, by themselves, in the brightest and gayest of colours (Kathleen Nevinson must have colour, whether it is in her surroundings or her clothes); it is astonishingly cleverly equipped for really comfortable living, with deep sleeping bunks under fur rugs, electric light and heating, bookshelves and clothes cupboards and almost every luxurious convenience planned and fitted. They live in it for weeks at a stretch, and if they offer you a meal in it, since Richard Nevinson can not only cook but can invent the most perfect and unusual dishes, it will be one that you will not easily forget; it certainly adds an amusing touch to their popularity as week-end guests, for it is more than likely if accepting such invitations they not only bring their own house along with them, but also entertain their hosts into the bargain.

Mrs. Camilla Sykes


Mrs. C. R. W. Nevinson

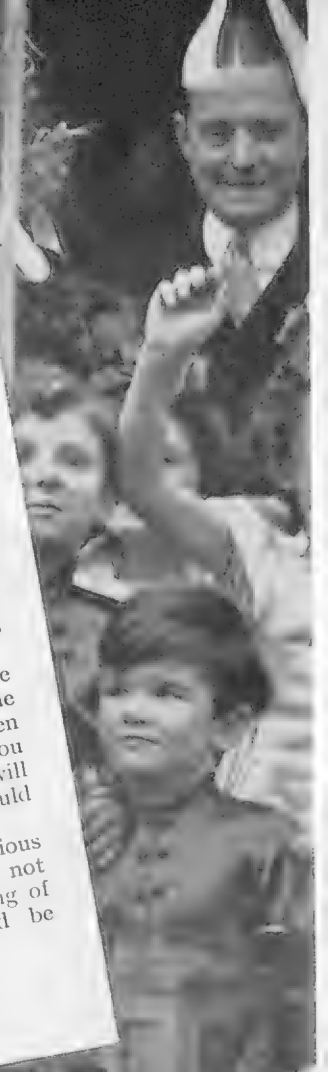
Then they go off on camping tours, from which they return with a stack of canvases—Nevinson landscapes—glimpses of hills, sea, or windswept sky which bring the freshness of heath-blown air to city nostalgia. For such expeditions they use a motor car designed by themselves to suit their unusual requirements. It is a plain saloon car, but the front seats can be removed to make room for sleeping-bags, mounted on air mattresses which have their sheets, blankets and pillows tacked into place inside. The car door swings open with a canvas sheet like a sail pegged to the ground, and in a minute there is a triangular dressing-room, while the light of the car gives illumination for reading at night. At the back of the car is a specially constructed trunk which, opening in compartments, holds a travelling kitchen, washing equipment, water and stores in complete self sufficiency. And out of this car will step Kathleen Nevinson, not one of her blonde hairs ruffled, not a crease in her frock, her nose perfectly powdered, ready for any one's luncheon party in whatever country house.

In London, Kathleen Nevinson lives in a studio which has been thrown into the one which is her husband's. It opens on to a garden which is filled with lilies of the valley and

(*Continued on page* 74)

Lady Iris Mountbatten

Lady Foley



COUNTRY

Nothing is more delightful than a country wedding, providing all the arrangements are carried out without a hitch.

The church fees will be lower, but these are controlled by the vicar, and you can only find out about them by consulting him. If it is a small country church, probably they will not have either an outside carpet or an awning, but these can be hired from a local caterer or from a London firm.

If it is to be a summer wedding and you have a reasonably large garden, let them erect a wedding marquee. With their modern lighting, their sprung maple floors, and their decorative colour schemes, they make a perfect setting.

Catering can be simplified to such an extent that it can be managed at home, for few people will complain if you provide cold salmon and crisp salads, a collation of cold meats, and bowls of fresh strawberries and cream. See that there are lots of drinks.

When you send out the wedding invitations, enclose a map so that those people who will be driving down will have no difficulty in finding their way, and give the times of the trains that you can arrange to meet. If your house is too small to accommodate guests who must be asked to stay, board them out at the local hotels and make all the arrangements beforehand.

Be quite definite about the clothes that you expect people to wear. Garden party dresses solve the problem for the women guests, but do not leave the men hovering between grey toppers and club blazers. Unless you definitely make any other request, they will turn up in the morning suits they would wear for a town wedding.

The bride's dress should be unpretentious and charming, and, though one need not be too conventional about the colouring of the bridesmaid's frocks, they should be fresh and simple.

SMART

If you have made up your mind to have a big wedding you might as well do the thing well, for there is very little difference between the cost of the second-best and the best.

At any of the fashionable London churches they quote a comprehensive figure for a full choral service. If you are content with a choir of boys it will be approximately £14, but if you must have men as well, it will be nearer twenty guineas.

In addition to the choir, this sum includes the clergyman's and the organist's fees, the hire of the carpet and an awning, the services of a qualified car attendant, and even a police sergeant to control the traffic.

If you do not want a full choral service, the fee for the organist, without the choir, is five guineas, the usual fee for the clergyman is one guinea (there is no fixed sum), the awning and the carpet cost one guinea each, the car attendant gets 5s., and the police sergeant the odd sum of 11s. 3d.

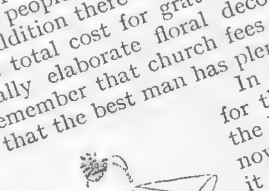
The cost of a reception at a big hotel like the Dorchester is usually 6s. 6d. a head for the first hundred guests, and 5s. 6d. a head for each subsequent hundred.

Non-vintage champagne is served at wedding receptions, and the price is 22s. 6d. a bottle, which is considered sufficient for four people.

In addition there is three guineas for the band, ten per cent of the total cost for gratuities, and nothing else, unless any specially elaborate floral decorations are required.

Remember that church fees are payable before the service. See that the best man has plenty of spare cash.

In more spacious days it was usual for the father of the bride to present the bridesmaids with their dresses, but now the most they usually get out of it is a present from the groom and maybe a supper party with the ushers.



REGISTRY OFFICE

This is the quickest and simplest of all ways of getting married. But there is no reason why it should be bleak.

Certain registry offices have acquired a fashionable aura, and in these there is some suggestion of comfort about the room in which the marriage takes place.

Local offices are apt to be cheerless. In almost all of them, however, it is easy to get permission to send along a florist to arrange flowers, and in some cases furniture and carpets can also be installed temporarily.

The marriage may take place at any time between 8 a.m. and 6 p.m., and if the bridegroom is a man of substance he can, and often does, present the registrar with a commemorative present.

The actual fees are seven shillings if both the bride and groom live in the district, and nine shillings if they live in different districts.

The total fees for a marriage by licence are £2 - 12s. If the two people live in different registration districts notice need only be given in one of them, but either the man or the woman must have lived for fifteen days in that one district and the other person must be resident in England or Wales when the notice is given. One weekday must elapse after the entry of the notice, and the marriage can then take place any day within the next three calendar months.

Two witnesses are necessary and, as a rule, only the most intimate friends and relatives go to the registry office. The others go straight to the reception and there await the arrival of the wedding-party.

Somebody should be definitely in charge of things during this time—a deputy host or hostess. There should be no shortage of cocktails and little foods.

QUIET

The important thing about a quiet wedding is that only one's nicest friends are asked to it, and so everything is simple.

A mid-day service is a good idea, because it can be followed by an informal lunch at an hotel or at a friend's house, but there is now an increasingly popular alternative, and that is the five-o'clock service, immediately followed by a cocktail-party.

However brief the ceremony, and however few the people attending it, do have an organist, for there is a chilling atmosphere about a completely silent church that can become positively embarrassing. Have flowers, too. They need not cost a fabulous sum.

If you want to, you can buy them and arrange them yourself, but if this is not practicable, it is cheaper to go to a florist whose shop is near the church. Do not let them persuade you to go in for over-formal schemes, but instead make them mass huge bunches of delphiniums and garden flowers against the grey stonework.

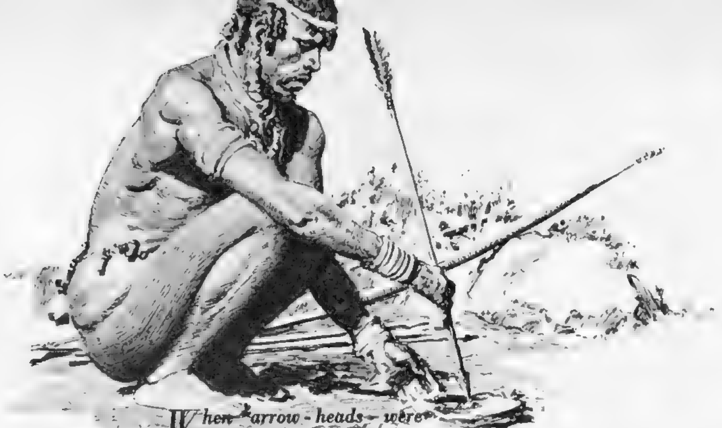
Never have a very early-morning wedding unless you are leaving at once on a long journey.

A quiet wedding is not necessarily an informal one, and you will save your guests much worry if you tell them at the beginning what clothes you expect them to come in. Naturally, the women will put on their nicest things, because it is a deeply-rooted instinct to honour so important an occasion, but, since the bride will probably not be wearing white and a veil, the men may come either in morning coats or in lounge suits.

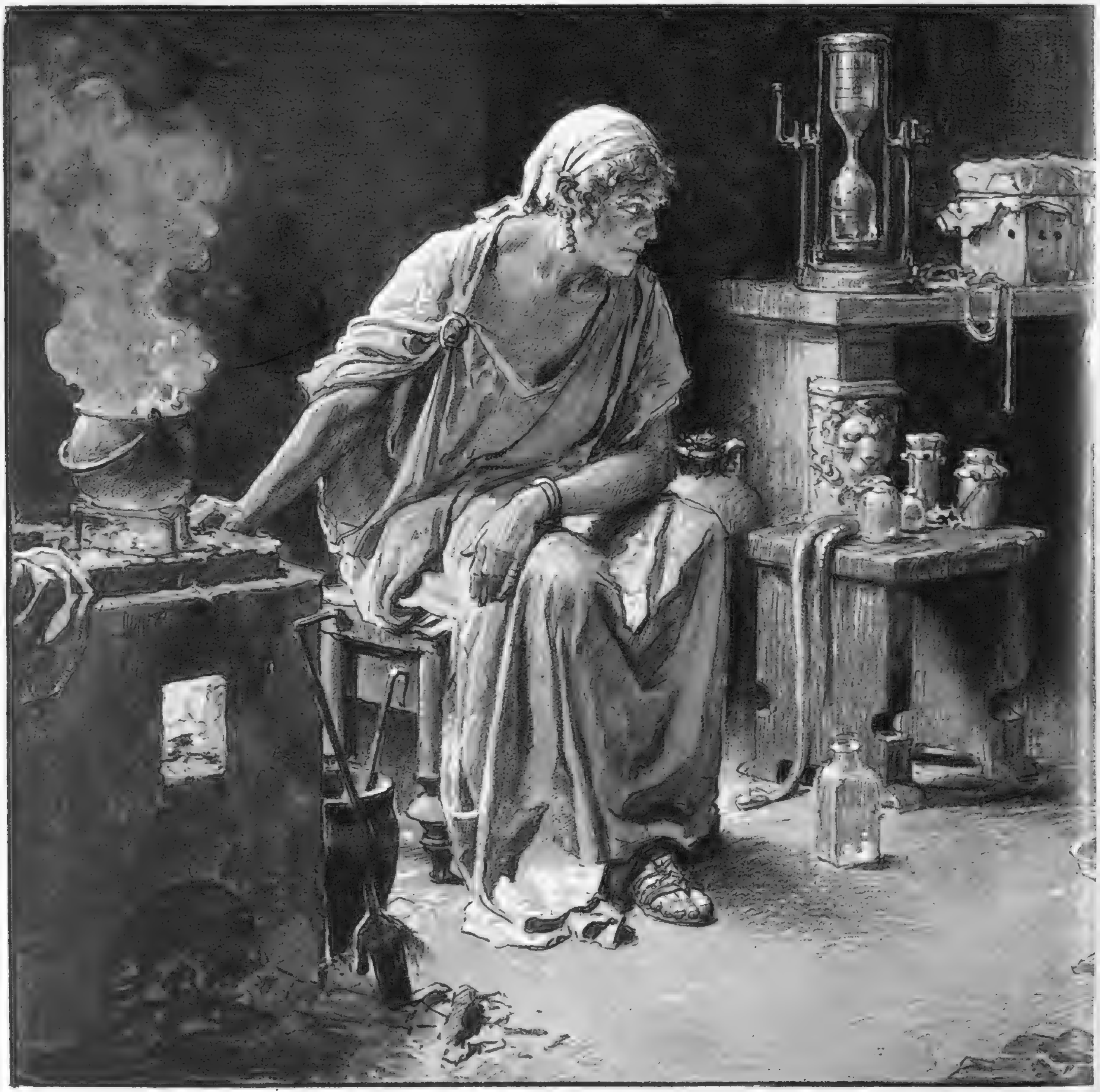
It is usual for the bride to choose her closest friend as Maid or Matron of Honour, and as there are no other bridesmaids she has to assume full responsibility for looking after the bride, in much the same way that the Best Man looks after the groom.

By Olive Randall

Old Tales



When arrow-heads were dipped in the poison from the fangs of snakes



SINCE the son of Adam first learnt to kill, mankind has taken a dread interest in the concoction of poisons.

The Greeks were fully acquainted with such matters, but they never used their knowledge against a foe in war time. Their sense of dignity did not allow them to resort to foul means.

The Romans gave poisons their special attention and, as happens in every sphere of life, there evolved many a specialist in that science. Perhaps the most notorious of those specialists was Locusta. Towards the end of the year 54 A.D. Locusta's vile ability was employed against no less a person than the Roman Emperor—Claudius. This repeatedly betrayed husband had, in a moment of fear, given his consent to the destruction of his insatiable wife, the Empress Messalina.

His next wife, Agrippina, mother of Nero, wishing to push forward her worthy son into favour with Claudius, but seeing that he showed a marked preference for Britannicus, resolved to liquidate the Emperor by means of poison, and accordingly she took advantage of a slight indisposition that compelled Claudius to leave Rome for a milder climate. In Rome too many eyes were centred upon him to allow her to accomplish her murderous design without arousing suspicion. Agrippina realised that a quick-acting poison might be detected, and yet a slow corrosive might be discovered during the lingering death. Unable to decide the means herself, she applied to the unrivalled authority, Locusta.

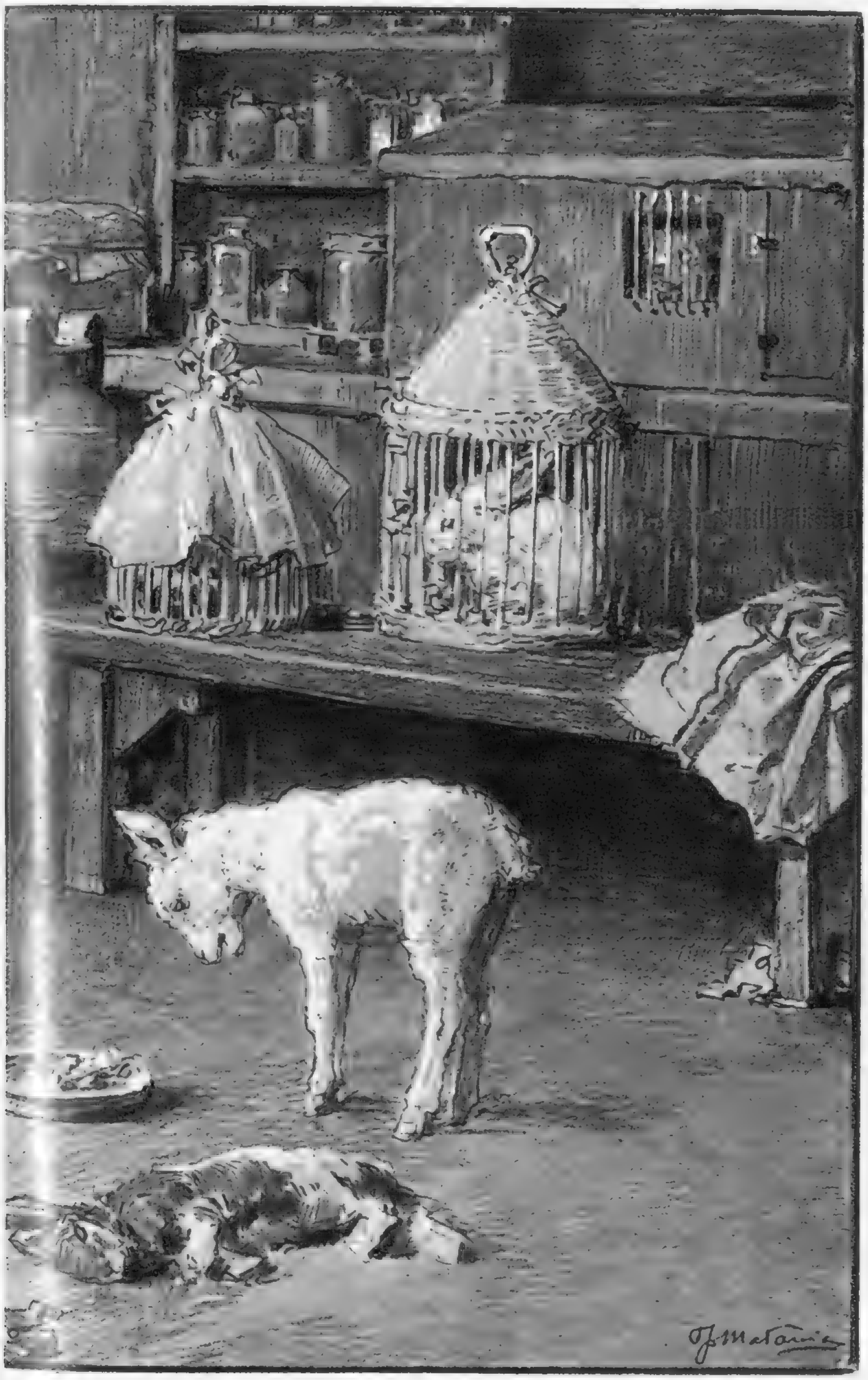
Re-told

The Way of the Poisoner

Written and Illustrated
by F. Matania, R.I.

This notorious woman had devoted her life to diligent experiments in toxicology, and she could actually produce an effective delayed-action poison.

Realising that Claudius was a glutton, Locusta gave Claudius a dish of poisoned mushrooms, and shortly after eating them the Emperor had a fit of vomiting, thus emitting the poison; a circumstance that upset Agrippina to such an extent that she could hardly control her emotions Before the Emperor's indisposition could be observed more closely, Locusta's skill was once again brought into play. The physician, Xenophon, was called, and in order to encourage further sickness, he took up a feather, with which he probed the throat of Claudius; but the imperial patient died almost in his arms, for the feather had been secretly dipped in some liquid substance provided by Locusta.



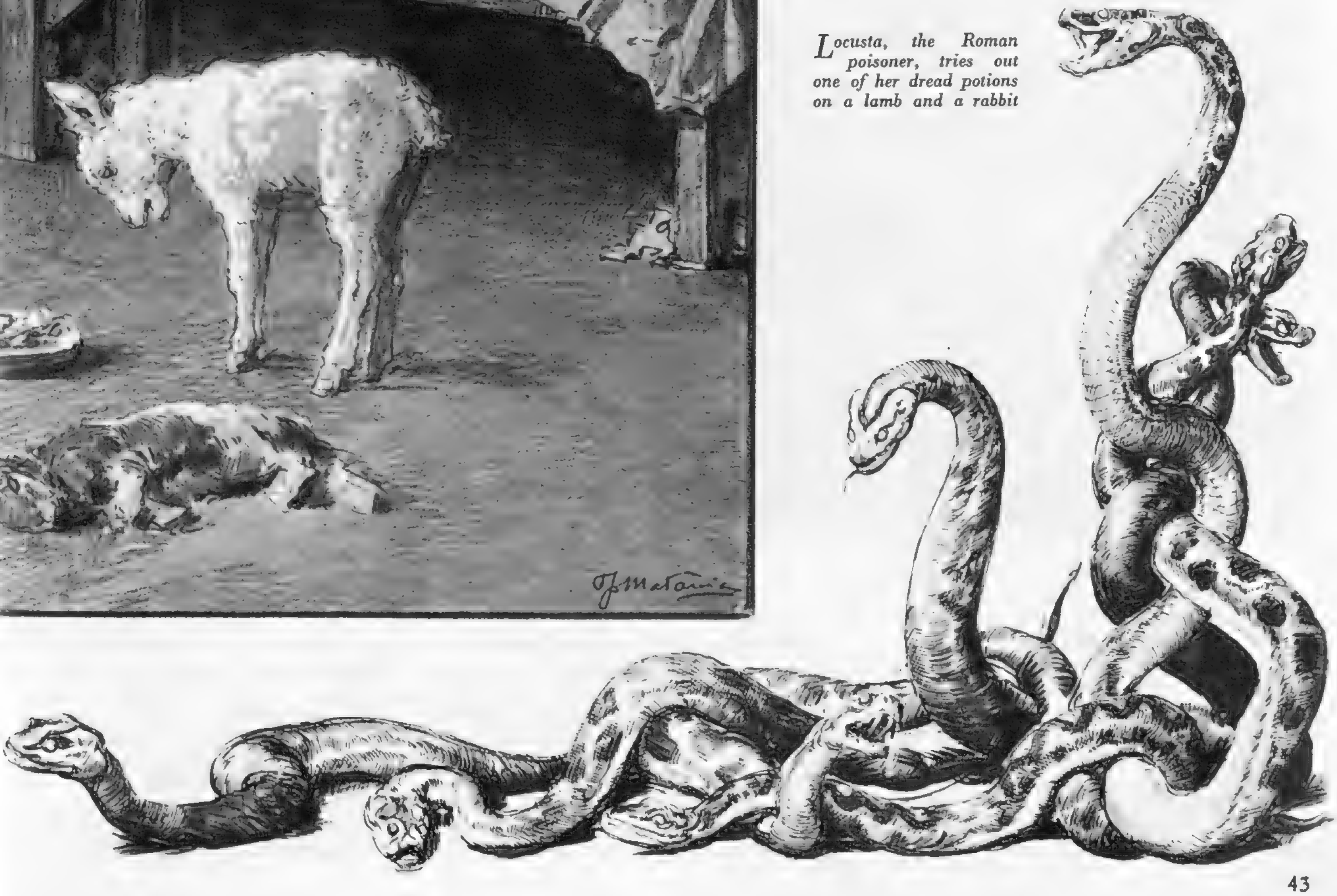
A YEAR later we find the famous sorceress in trouble. Evidently the protection of her imperial patron had slackened, for she was in custody on the charge of supplying poison to rich but obviously not influential people. The tribune, Julius Pollio, was responsible for her detention.

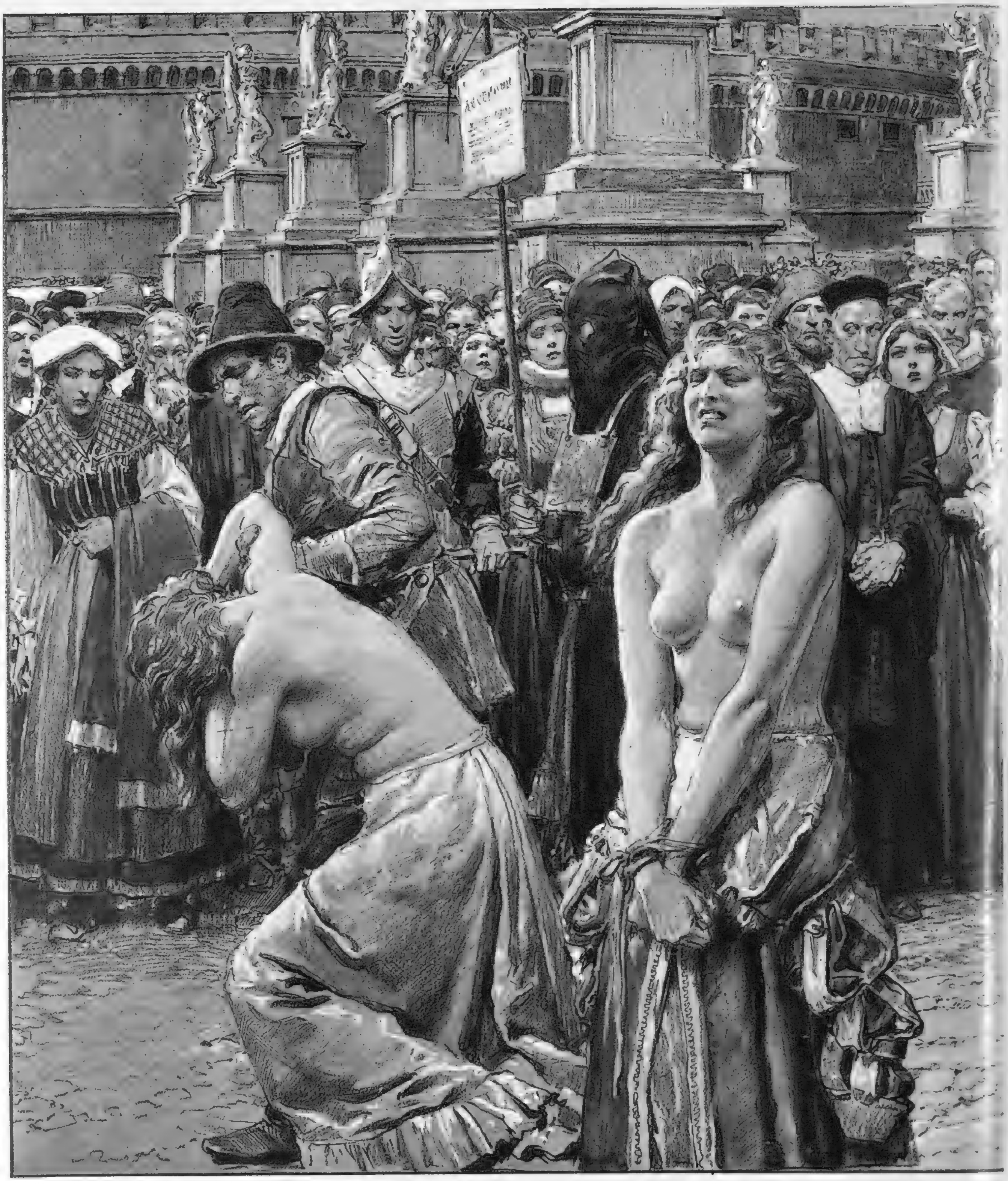
Nero, then in the first year of his supreme power, did not feel so secure as he wished, for his half-brother, Britannicus, was still alive. Then he thought of Locusta, but he realised it was impossible to free her without the complicity of the tribune. Julius Pollio was summoned to his presence and a few friendly words were spoken by the eighteen-year-old Emperor to the tribune, who proved more rigid in his position at attention than in his principles, for the charges against Locusta were at once quashed and forgotten.

THE first attempt on the innocent Britannicus, not then fifteen years old, did not succeed, causing Nero to give vent to a fury that, for the first time, showed his true nature only too clearly. He stormed at the tribune and Locusta, calling them treacherous cowards and threatening to have the woman put to death unless a further potion, tasteless, and capable of killing almost before it was fully drunk, was at once forthcoming.

When the potion was made, Nero himself witnessed its fatal effects when administered to a lamb and a pig.

Locusta, the Roman poisoner, tries out one of her dread potions on a lamb and a rabbit





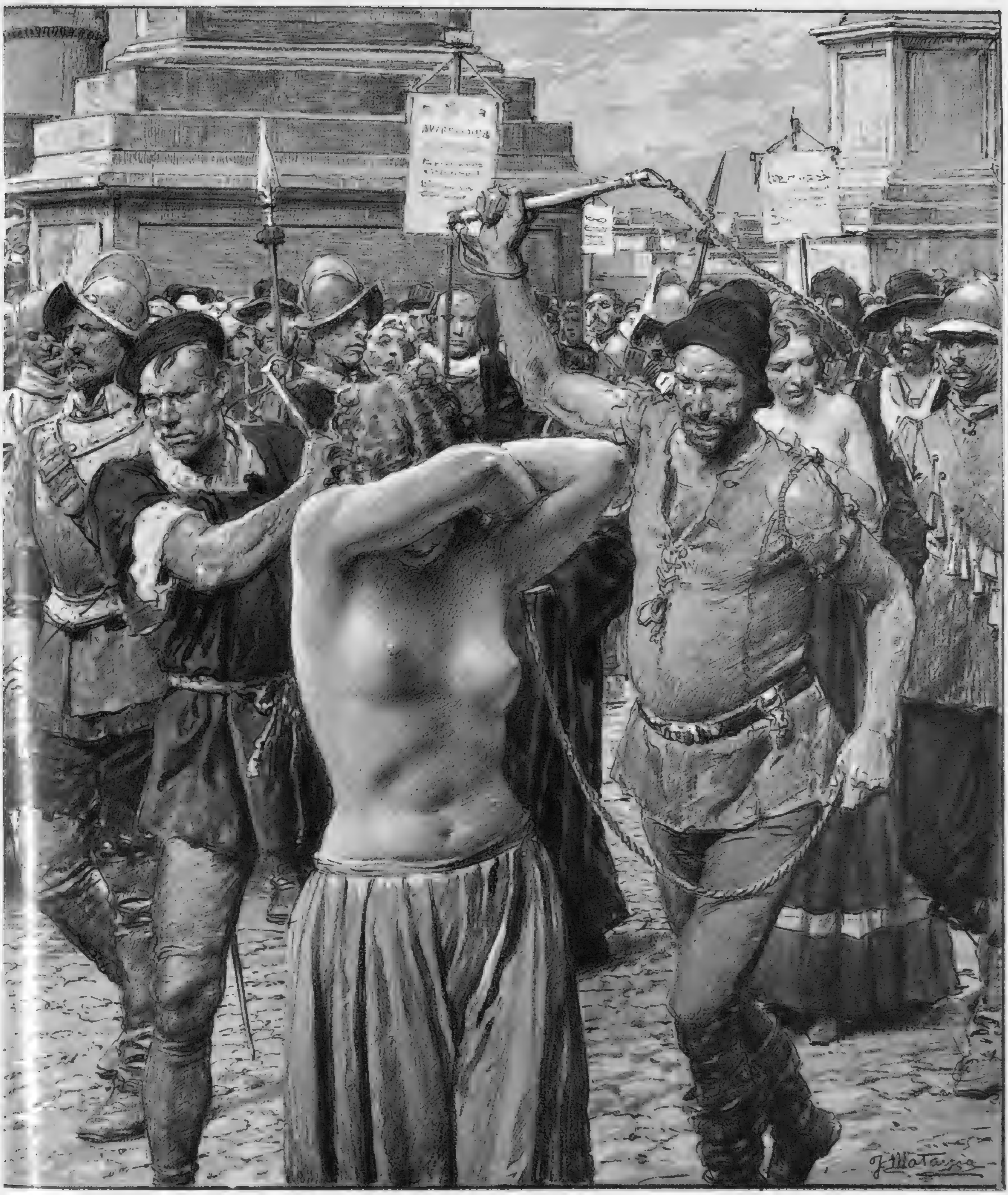
The punishment of the wives who had poisoned their through the streets of Rome. Stripped to the whip, and at every few steps a slashing blow was

Britannicus availed himself of his right as a Prince to have at his table a food- and wine-taster. It was therefore necessary to devise a way of hoodwinking this official, as to bribe him might prove dangerous.

While at table one day, amongst other things a hot beverage was offered to Britannicus. In accordance with custom the taster drank some of it, and having waited a minute, passed it to the young Prince. Being too hot, some fresh water was added, and Britannicus drank, only to rise from the table, stagger a step or two, and fall crashing to the floor. The food-taster was petrified, but he himself did not show any ill effects, for the fresh water had been the means of insinuating the dread compound.

Thus Locusta saved herself from death, re-established her reputation, and secured her future. She was set free, regaled with large estates, and was also given pupils so that her black art should be perpetuated and her secrets should not be lost.

Many and most ingenious have been the ways of administering poison to a victim without harming the food-taster, whose survival was such an excellent alibi. We read of some cases where poison was put on one side only of a



husbands. They were sentenced to be publicly whipped waist each one of them was followed by a man with a given, leaving a red stripe on the white, delicate skin

knife, so that when an apple was cut in two one half would be perfectly innocuous, and the other fatal.

Flowers, too, have been sprinkled with powder so that anyone who smelt them would die a speedy death.

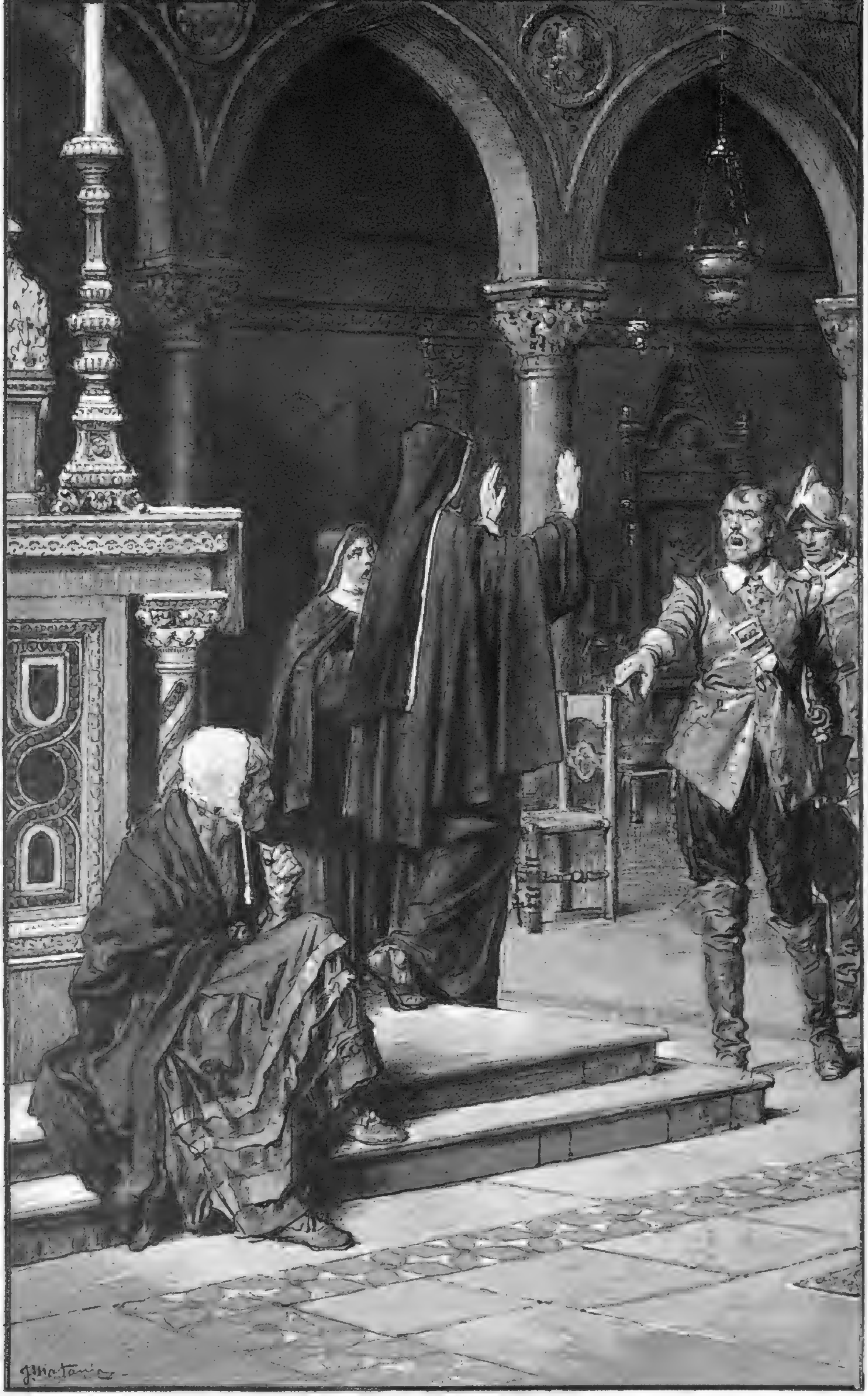
All down the ages makers of poisons have always received a large measure of protection, powerful personages in every State being willing to subsidise the sorcerer, provided the sorcerer had no knowledge of the patron's identity.

Cleopatra was intensely interested in the effects of poison and made no secret of the fact.

In France there was not an aristocrat who did not hide among his jewels a phial of deadly poison.

It is quite probable that the same compound that killed Britannicus was, fifteen centuries later, in possession of the Borgias—that cursed family that made such extensive use of poisons in order to rid themselves of any human obstacle. Fate, however, reserved for the Borgia, Pope Alexander, a just retaliation, for by an accidental misplacement of goblets he drank the poison he had prepared for a certain cardinal.

Another means of poisoning in mediæval



The arrest of Teophania. In spite of the fact that the poisoner sought refuge in a church, the Viceroy of Naples had no compunctions about arresting her. She confessed to having supplied a deadly poison to six hundred people

days was the poison ring—an invention of Venetian origin. Its stone was a little globe of glass containing the poison; on the opposite side was a minute spring which, with slight pressure by the next finger, released a small point. A handshake was sufficient to cause an imperceptible wound through which the venomous liquid could carry its destruction into the blood of the victim, whose demise at the time was usually attributed to other reasons.

Let us, however, return to our survey of the individual poisoners whose activities were so pronounced in the reputedly civilised centres of Europe.

Towards the middle of the seventeenth century Rome was the scene of an astonishing wave of poisoning.

In spite of the fact that all the happenings in the aristocratic sphere were almost above discussion, it gradually became more than remarkable that so many rich husbands, both old and young, died soon after marriage.

In the meantime, those responsible for their deaths did not hesitate to enter the magnificent churches of Rome and confess their crimes to the confessors—the men who were bound by the laws of the Church to absolute secrecy.

So many and so similar were those confessions that at last the clergy deemed it a duty to justice to warn the Government. By not mentioning names they at least salved their consciences.

The authorities, glad of the hint, did not press for more information, and forthwith began their investigations.

Suspicion fell on a gathering of people who met regularly at the house of a fortune-teller called Jeromina Spara. The majority of the guests were young married women. With the help of a beautiful girl, gorgeously dressed and acquainted with the modes and manners of high life, the authorities at length discovered that the real traffic was the sale of the most varied kinds of poison. They knew also that many ladies of rank were in Spara's confidence, patronising most generously her grim business. Spara was arrested, but only under torture did she reveal the particulars of her activities and the names of her accomplices.

The upheaval amongst the Roman aristocracy was indescribable, for many a mighty name was implicated.

Arrest followed arrest; the case was tried without delay and it seemed that Rome had no other interest beyond following the court proceedings.

Never had so many important names appeared together on a list of "*accusati*": women who had once appeared in public like so many queens, with their retinues of servants, ballistrada, postillions, officials, etc., were now on the defendants' bench, watched over by armed guards.

The sentences were a crushing blow. Spara and a few of her accomplices who had shared the profits were condemned to die by the rope; others were compelled to forfeit almost all their fortunes in fines; while some were banished from Rome, and the rest were submitted to the humiliating punishment of being whipped publicly through the streets. Many hours before the carrying-out of the last-named sentence the streets were thronged with people.

Guards were sent to open a way through the press, and the slow progress they made evidenced the immensity of their task. The tragic procession soon followed. Stripped to the waist, each one of the accused was followed by a man with a whip, and at every few steps a slashing blow marked with a red stripe the white skin, until then used only to the perfumed bath, soothing creams, and the gentle coolness of linen. Some of the women remained erect, bearing the scourging with amazing fortitude, while others were hysterical and had to be held up along their severe but well-deserved "*via crucis.*"

So far as Rome was concerned that lesson was not quickly forgotten. The Vatican and clergy had succeeded by this act of justice in obliterating at least partially the stains of the Borgia period.

On another occasion it was within the sacred precincts of a convent that a skilled poisoner carried on her diabolical calling. Her name was Teophania, and her aim was the exploitation of the rich elements in Naples and Palermo, the two great centres in the kingdom of the two Sicilies.

For over fifty years this woman escaped arrest by taking refuge in churches and convents.

She produced a colourless and tasteless poison of which a few drops could kill a man instantaneously; or, such was her cunning, she could delay the action for days, weeks, or months, according to the wishes of her clientele.

In order to circulate the poison with freedom, the crafty witch exploited a religious belief in connection with the tomb of S. Nicolas of Bari. This tomb was supposed to exude an oil of miraculous powers. The phials of poison therefore bore the image of S. Nicolas, and were labelled "Manna of S. Nicolas of Bari." No one ever dared to question the genuineness of the contents, and the death-dealing liquid passed from hand to hand, under the very nose of the authorities, without being discovered.

It seemed, however, that the drastic steps taken in Rome against Spara had set a good example, and, in spite of the sacred refuge of a church or convent, the Viceroy of Naples ordered the most ruthless measures so that the arrest of the old woman could be achieved. Under torture, she confessed to having supplied poison to about six hundred people. At first the desecration of the holy precincts aroused public indignation against the Viceroy, and this in spite of the service he was rendering to the citizens. Only when the rumour spread that Teophania had poisoned the public wells did the outcry against the authorities change to a "*Crucifige*" against the sorceress. After the dark sentence had been carried out, her body was returned to the same convent so that her protectors might give her a Christian burial.

Meanwhile, similar episodes were taking place in France, where the practise of poisoning was so rampant that a special tribunal had to be set up for dealing with this particular form of crime. It was called "*la Chambre ardente,*" and had a secret service of investigation entrusted to highly skilled detectives. This tribunal dated from 1679. At this time, the French aristocracy was more powerful than that in Italy, for whenever crimes came to public knowledge they invariably ended in the imposition of fines or in a brief imprisonment for those of high rank, while the sentence of burning alive was passed on those of lower birth.

A French officer named Sainte Croix was imprisoned in the Bastille for reasons quite irrelevant to our story, but during the time that he was detained there he received from a fellow prisoner complete tuition in the manufacture of poisons.

As soon as the officer was free he got in touch with the Marchioness of Brenvillier, a young and profligate woman whose interest in the knowledge acquired by the young officer was so great that she put at his disposal every means to instal a proper laboratory that he might carry on experiments and the production of poisons.

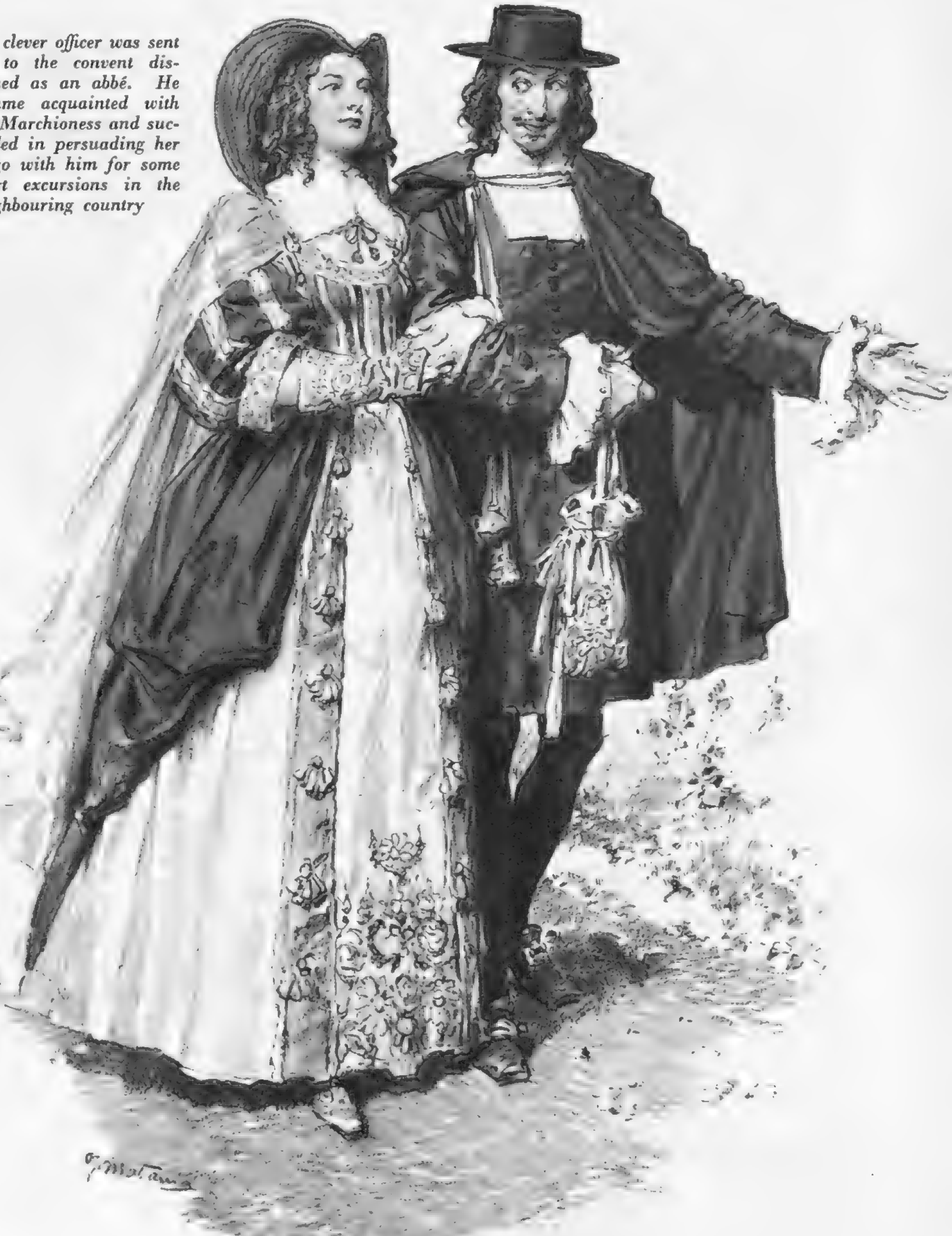
The Marchioness herself soon became skilled in the deadly science, and, not content with proving the effects of their preparations on animals, she did not hesitate to administer them on patients in hospitals, which she frequently visited and where she was reputed to be a great and charitable lady.

Later she accomplished the destruction of her paternal family, her father and brothers dying in quick succession and leaving her their estates and wealth.

Then, turning her diabolical attention to her husband, the Marchioness would have accomplished another murder had not Sainte Croix, desiring to preserve the man's life, provided him with an antidote that saved him in the nick of time. No one had the slightest suspicion of the Marchioness's activities, and her crimes might have remained undiscovered had not an unexpected circumstance put the authorities on the *qui vive.*

Sainte Croix was found in his secret laboratory, and the ensuing investigations brought to light the grimmest details. He had been working on a compound that gave off deadly fumes and had protected himself by means of a mask over his face. For some reasons unknown, the mask fell from his face, and before he could protect himself the fumes had entered his lungs and he fell suffocated and lifeless to the floor.

A box was found addressed to the Marchioness of Brenvillier. It contained a collection of (*Continued on page* 102)



A clever officer was sent to the convent disguised as an abbé. He became acquainted with the Marchioness and succeeded in persuading her to go with him for some short excursions in the neighbouring country

OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

I AM not a Victorian parent. I am not even a parent. So I obviously possess the ideal qualification for discussing children critically. As a sort of Universal Uncle to the offspring of my friends, I have got to know a fairly representative pack of ragamuffins of the day.

I have known them in their homes and on holiday. I have ridden camels with them at the Zoo, been half-drowned teaching them to swim, suffered the more loathsome mineral waters with them. Presently I shall steel myself to share with them the most sickening terrors of the modern seaside fun fairs.

It is as a result of these varied and fairly conscientious researches that I dare to comment on that stickiest of subjects, to-day's children and their mothers. And, try as I will, I cannot persuade myself that motherhood has gained from becoming an arm-chair science, instead of an instinct.

The outstanding characteristic of to-day's children is their total lack of respect for anybody and anything. This can only be due to lack of discipline.

A little psychological learning has proved the devil of a dangerous thing to the ever-slimming matrons of 1939.

They have come by a few half-truths about repressions and inhibitions—much as they come by a new shade of lipstick. This superficial knowledge has convinced them that the gentlest chiding may turn their little precious into a seething bundle of frustrations in later life.

The nanny who takes a more practical view, and the back of a hairbrush, is as likely as not to find herself in a court of law being sued for assault. In nine homes out of ten you find

By Fred Majdalany

this divided command. The mother won't allow the nurse full disciplinary powers, yet declines to assume them herself. The child soon learns to play off one against the other, since all children are born cunning.

I give you two examples of children's lack of respect.

First, the affected habit of addressing adults (including their parents), by their Christian names.

This is the fault of the kittenish vanity of women who, in the words of Oscar Wilde, "have been thirty-five ever since they arrived at the age of forty which was many years ago."

Such women have one horror, the idea of being considered matronly. So they take refuge behind more make-up and the coy thrill of being called Margaret instead of Mummie or Auntie.

Nothing, for some reason, seems to flatter a middle-aged woman quite so much as being treated as an equal by a child.

It is a false sense of equality, and undermines the proper relationship of parent and child at its very roots.

You cannot blame the child for it.

Second, there is the child's over-critical, sophisticated, and often openly contemptuous attitude to things in general.

Sated with wireless that is as constant as hot water, perpetual visits to the cinema, and a general surfeit of organised amusement, the chicks have come to take everything for granted. They have no sense of values or appreciation. Saddest of all, they lose their capacity for enthusiasm. The joy of discovering new delights, which is the joy of growing up, is being methodically suffocated by premature excess.

When we were young, outings were judiciously spaced out. A show or a picnic was a rare glimpse of heaven, anticipated with uncontainable mouth-watering for weeks ahead, gloated over for months afterwards.

Now after their third treat in the same week, the kids just say coldly, "That comedian's frightfully silly." Or "Can we have smoked salmon next time?"

They are being brought up bored.

There ought to be a wholesale tightening up of domestic discipline.

This doesn't mean a reversion to the days when mamma was a full-rigged gorgon and papa a whiskered sadist. But it must be remembered that discipline is, in the last resort, founded on fear.

The average healthy kid doesn't much bother about being "understood"; he is a normal little animal who will go just as far as he dares. If he is allowed to get away with everything, he quickly learns to despise authority.

Parents who are over-lenient in order to spare their children the severity of their own upbringing might reflect occasionally that in most cases this severity

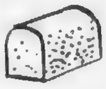
(Continued on page 76)

MARY YOUNG'S GUIDE TO A PLEASANTER LIFE

1 I don't know why it is, but people who are inclined to put on weight always prize the humble crust and the homely potato above all the caviare and truffles in the world. But, as their regime says no starch, they go miserably without either.

Yet, actually, a slimming regime without the roughage that bread alone can give, is by no means a perfect regime. Neither is it necessary, in order to slim, to go without bread. There is a splendid de-starched bread available which contains high nutritive value, with the smallest possible bulk.

The inventors also market a delicious wholemeal bread which contains all the vitamins of the grain, and which provides roughage and yet will never make you fat. Both breads can be eaten freely without fear of digestive disturbance while slimming.



2 There is nothing like milk for keeping a young complexion. Cleopatra knew all about that; so great a milk fan was she that she travelled about with she-asses to ensure a fresh supply at all times of the day and night. With such an example of what it can do for a girl, it is surprising that milk is not used more in modern beauty treatments.

Milk is coming back into favour with modern beauties, however. This is shown by the introduction of a face pack made from specially-prepared dried milk. The contents of the pack have merely to be mixed to a smooth paste with water, spread over the skin and left to dry. The effect on a cloudy skin and minor spring blemishes is unequalled. Price, one and threepence.

3 A lovely head of hair is the exception rather than the rule. And isn't the answer for this sad state of affairs to be found in the fact that the average head is not, despite regular washing, as clean as it might be—or the scalp, despite regular brushing, as healthy as it might be? And isn't most of the trouble traceable to the use of the wrong type of brush? Most experts will agree that it is.

A hair brush should be washed every day. And this is an easy matter when it has a detachable bristle cushion that can be cleansed through simply by holding it under running water. The brush I have in mind is built this way, and the bristles being scientifically graduated get right down to the roots of the matter. They cleanse and tone up the scalp without dragging the hair.

4 You can neglect a husband, but you can't, without regretting it, neglect the moth. What a to-do this de-mothing business is! Even after you've done your darndest, you are just as likely as not to find that the little beast's nesting place was passed over and that your best fur piece is ruined.

The only way to deal with moth and their elusive progeny is to spray them out of existence.

I had never heard of spraying moth until this easy, logical method of destruction was shown me. All you have to do is to spray inside the wardrobe or storage space with a liquid that penetrates the wood, destroys eggs and gives off a constant vapour that annoys the moth, but in no way annoys you. One application lasts for years. The liquid being stainless, clothes as well as furniture can be sprayed with it.

5 An enterprising young artist over here will design and hand-block fabrics for you that will make the neighbours sit up and take notice, for they will be unlike anything anyone else can possibly have.

She will, if you wish, design you curtains with your favourite dog's-paw splashes, making an amusing and reminiscent pattern; or you can have the dog himself trotting over the curtain's surface.

She may make a fascinating design out of your and your husband's initials, boldly splashed or tricked up in such a way that you don't see they are initials until you look pretty close.

You may choose any fabric you please from linen or satin to airy muslin, and you will be agreeably surprised, I think, at the modest price charged for this very personal service.

6 When, quite recently, I was laid low with 'flu and a feverish desire overcame me to spray the room with exotic scents, it was discovered that I had no less than four sprays and that not one of them worked.

Mostly, they had gone wrong through constant screwing and unscrewing of the tops, for this is a trouble which attacks all but the most expensive type of spray. I was, therefore, much intrigued to receive from a sympathiser, a new kind of spray that fits into any kind of bottle and which can be used equally well for perfume, brilliantine or hair lotion. It is compact, practically unbreakable, and should commend itself especially to travellers. It costs two and sixpence.

7 When I hear of the firm which made every housewife floor-conscious stepping out to prove to the world that what it really needs is yet another domestic cleansing agent, I say to myself that there must be something worth investigating here. And I am right.

These new cleansing crystals are not only terrific with the crocks, and have a pretty vanishing trick with dirt and grease, but I have discovered that they are a beauty treatment as well.

I use them in my bath and find they soften the water and leave my skin satin smooth. What is more, they do away with bath-rim shame. Free samples await "Britannia and Eve" readers.

8 When I am doing my hair or doing up my face, I often think how satisfactory it would be to have a swivel neck like a parrot, and to be able to see all around myself instead of struggling with mirrors.

As Nature is not likely to oblige, I think I have discovered the next best thing—that is, a mirror which can be clipped round the neck and immediately adjusted to any angle and to any light conditions. For jobs like eyebrow-plucking or fixing back curls, where two hands and a close mirror are necessary, it is an absolute boon.

Men will like it for shaving, too. It packs flat for travelling, and if you don't want to drape it round your neck it can be hooked up in a convenient spot on the wall.

9 Not so many months ago, a clever woman said to herself: "If a foundation is necessary in order to achieve a good make-up, why has no one applied the theory to the nails? Surely, varnishes would look better and last longer if they were painted over a suitable foundation instead of on to the nail itself?"

What is needed, she thought, is a surface which varnish can grip; something that will enhance the lustre and prolong the life of expensive varnishes. Above all, something that will protect and nourish the nail itself.

After months of experimenting, she finally marketed a colourless liquid to paint over the nail before varnishing. Ever since it has been a riot with America's smartest women. Now it is available here.

10 How many times have you reconsidered the idea of popping a flacon of your favourite perfume in your handbag, for fear of breakage, and how often have you regretted that decision? For the unexpected moment will crop up when a drop of perfume in the hand is worth a dozen bottles on the dressing-table. An idea is a new perfume put up in tiny sachets. To liberate the perfume, you just crush a sachet between your finger and thumb. With this method there is no waste, and the broken sachet can be left to distil its sweetness among the contents of your handbag.

If any of the subjects discussed on these pages answer your own problems, write me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, giving the numbers in which you are interested.

11 A treatment for open pores on entirely new lines has just come on to the market. Instead of being confined to the watches of the night, this treatment can be given with extremely flattering effect during the day.

A contracting and refining cream has been tinted to a soft ivory shade and forms a perfect base for the make-up. It should be thinly applied and must be well worked in at any area where the pores are enlarged or where there are blemishes.

The pore cream gives a charming ivory-matt finish and will hold powder for many hours.

THEY'RE GOOD

You shake off the superfluous pounds with this vibratory apparatus after exercises at the Figure Fitness School

9st 9lbs
11"
8"
12"

A class at Lillywhites Figure Fitness School, limbering up for sport and acquiring the correct balance

Bad circulation is the nigger in the wood pile when it comes to lowered vitality, localised fat, acidity and a lot more disasters that make a list as long as your arm.

This so-called civilisation of ours slows down the natural functions of the body. Without the necessary stimulus that constant physical activity gives, the whole tempo of the system is retarded. Instead of beating through your veins the blood meanders.

If your blood crawls instead of moving freely it accumulates poisons. You're like an ageing machine that works heavily, growing daily more corroded. Elimination grows faulty, you develop an erupting skin, lack-lustre eyes, dull hair and that general lassitude which makes you look and feel a wreck.

And what happens to your flesh and muscles? It's not a pretty story. They grow flabby. They cease to perform the vital functions for which they were created.

Soon, relaxed stomach muscles withhold their support from internal organs. You get trouble inside. In fact, you are in a pretty good mess and there is nothing definite but your general fed-upness and your fading looks to give you warning of the cause.

You need something to pep up your circulation, to get it beating strongly, healthily through your veins, throwing off poisons, nourishing muscles and tissue.

It won't do merely to throw yourself headlong into

Miss Wallace-Smith, the principal of the Figure Fitness School, is dealing here with bulging stomachs and hips

AT FIGURES

Nearly every muscle gets a tweak when Mrs. Daysh, of the Cyclax Salon, puts you through this motion in her treatment

A course of massage that works miracles in pepping up the circulation and toning flabby tissues

A client at the Cyclax Salon correcting waist, posture and breathing

an orgy of massage or exercises. Those neglected muscles must be coaxed. You must get your wind slowly.

Above all, you must correct your posture.

Unlikely as it sounds, it is true that holding your body badly may account for those superfluous pounds.

The correction of bad posture works miracles to health and beauty. It dissolves protuberant stomachs and straightens hollow backs. It strengthens certain muscles so that constipation vanishes, and I needn't tell you what that means to your health.

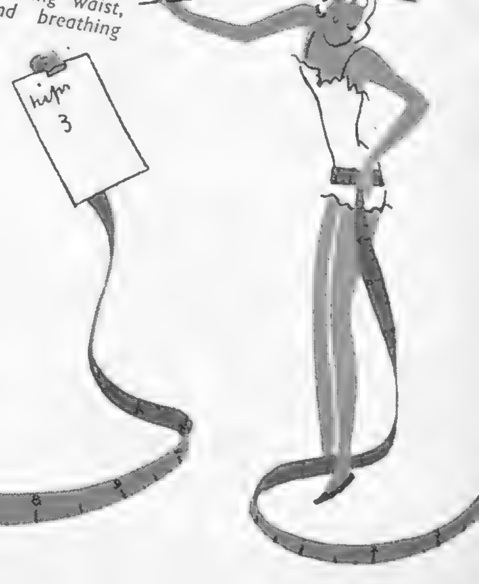
But these measures must be taken under skilled guidance. I'd love to tell you that ten minutes home exercise every morning will make a beauty of you. It will, but they must be the right exercises and only an expert can put you right about them.

A thoroughly scientific understanding of the laws which govern the functions of the body, in fact, a skilled, scientific knowledge of bone structure and muscle formation is essential to whoever undertakes to correct the conditions we have been discussing.

The need to know *why* an overweight or underweight condition arises is the obvious forerunner of effective measures to correct it. No doctor worth his salt will attempt a cure until he has found a case, and the same applies to the science of figure control.

At the Cyclax Beauty Salon in London there is a

(*Continued on page* 115)



By Winifred Lewis

OPEN AIR LOOKS

It is best to be restrained and simple with your make-up in the sunlight. Don't put on too much. And put on the right kind.

So back we go with all confidence to Pond's Cold Cream, that popular, long-tried, skin-conditioning, every-kind-of-light-and-weather miracle of a cream that never fails. The cream that is to be found on women in parched Arabia, in cool, dry Iceland, in the steam baths of the Amazon.

It really does penetrate through the outer skin down to the second skin and renew the under tissues. This cream now contains Vitamin F, which stimulates the skin cells to rebuild themselves. Smooth it generously on your skin at night to release all dirt, wipe it off, pat in some more briskly, wipe this off and leave a film to act as skin food during the night.

(During the day Pond's Liquefying Cream acts as a quicker cleanser than the Cold Cream, for it melts on contacting the warmth of the skin, giving the face a delicious washed feeling. It also contains the famous skin Vitamin F. A final wipe over with Pond's Skin-Freshener lotion will invigorate.)

Vanishing Cream is the powder base, again containing Vitamin F. It melts the dry skin particles and provides a petal foundation.

The powders are superfine and scientifically blended. Research revealed that *bright blue* created the transparency of a beautiful blonde skin, and *brilliant green* the radiance belonging to brunettes. Bright blue is to be found in Natural, and brilliant green in Peach and Rachel 2, while a blending of blue and green is in Rachel 1. These colours, of course, are only to be seen through the colourscope. But their presence makes all the difference. In the box, the powder may look the same as the shades you've been using. But on the skin there is just that difference that brings quality and glow.

Finger-nails

Your nails crack? Your blood may lack calcium or iron. Your doctor will prescribe tablets, or, it may be that you are guilty of applying nail varnish without the safeguard of an under-coating. Never do that. For the liquids that hold the colour in these varnishes dry out the shielding oil layer with which nature has covered the nail.

Use Peggy Sage's satinbase foundation. The polish will flow on more smoothly; all the while the foundation will be protecting and nourishing the nail.

The Peggy Sage shades in nail-polish this season are especially flattering. Clover and Wistaria give a liquid tip to the fingers, a more slender, whiter look to the hand. They are both blue-reds. Thistle and Nasturtium are gold-reds, which have come into being to harmonise with the new yellows.

Eyelashes

Your lashes are mean, short and scrubby, instead of being thick, up-curving fringes lending mystery to the eye.

Apply a drop of herbal oil containing a special preparation to tone the cells which will unshrivel the lids and make them young and full and smooth. Then brush in a highly-feeding darkening lash-grower which will immediately lengthen the appearance of the lashes and make them silky-looking; this can be left on day and night, act as make-up and yet promote good work.

Hair

Perms are so drying for all of us, that an occasional vitality treatment to recondition the hair is really most essential.

Here is the best I know. The head is soaked in thick herbal oil massaged in by circular movements to restore circulation.

A cellophane case next goes over the head which is baked in the dryer for twenty minutes—to drive the oil in and completely loosen dandruff. A friction then removes the dandruff, after which the hair is given a long beauty-brushing with a round bristly hair-rake.

Follows a shampoo with a freshly shaken mixture of seven herbal essences—one of them being nettle-juice which grows the hair—another beauty-brushing, and a set.

By CHRYSIS

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

EYE WISE

May again, the month to dream-gaze on newly green distances to restore mind and eye. How closely the mind is associated with the eye is a psychologist's field on which I shall only touch in a practical way. At any rate, this is the time to give fresh life to your eye, and re-vitalise your sight whether it is strong or weak.

Consider for a moment that if one thing is more marked than another, it is the increase in short- or weak-sightedness among the middle and younger generations. You can count the people you know who don't wear glasses on the fingers of one hand.

Not that there is anything wrong in wearing glasses either for reading or for anything else, but so few of our grandfathers did, and the present ever-swelling wave of short-sightedness must be checked, if anything like good sight is to remain.

You can do it for yourself by observing certain rules. These apply whether you wear glasses or not.

Shut your eyes when thinking. Many people do, but when *worrying*, most people fall into an open-eyed stare. Now this immediately produces eye strain, because normal sight is continually *shifting*. A stare induces errors of refraction, that is, errors of focus, and will inevitably stretch an eye muscle. The overstretching of certain eye muscles results in short sight.

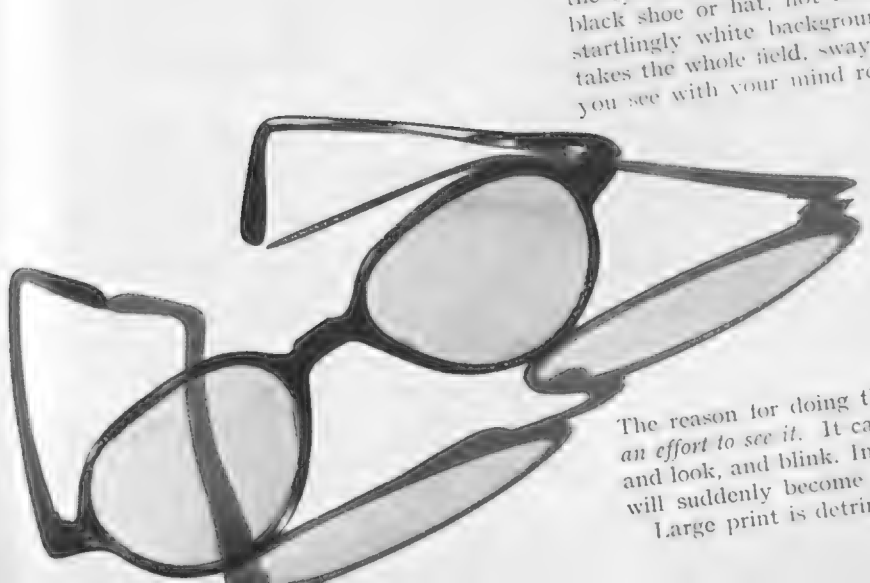
The faculty of sight is passive, you cannot see if you *try* to see. Images have to float in front of the mirror of vision. To-day, people concentrate so hard on their studies that the mental strain of *trying to see* is reflected adversely in their eyes. To counteract this whenever you look up from reading or work, *blink* hard. Go to a window and let your eyes rove over distance, eyes were made to function on distance, it rests them.

When sitting, never look up without raising your chin. Always turn your head in the direction in which you look. And—this sounds absurd, but is very important—you should learn how to imagine stationary objects to be moving, without moving your head or your body. This exercise rests the eye nerves when they have been jarred by noise.

If your eyes are weak, watery, or inflamed, cross the palms of your hands over your eyes and sink your head on to a cushion. Think of nothing. If the field of vision in the eye is black, excellent; if grey, or running with rainbow streaks, call to mind a black shoe or hat, not intensively, *imagine* it and place it imaginatively against a startlingly white background. Gradually let the black gain on the white until it takes the whole field, sway the head a little from side to side, it helps. The blacker you see with your mind relaxed, that is by letting it come black and not trying to make it, the better for your sight it will be.

Eye injuries varying from inflammation of the eyeball to that of the eyelid, and even intense neuralgia, can be entirely relieved of pain by seeing black. But you have to keep on seeing it.

Hold the forefinger of one hand six inches from the right eye and about the same distance to the right, look straight ahead and move the head a short distance from side to side. The finger appears to move. This induces normal sight-shifting to return to strained eyes.



Read very small print—without glasses, of course. The reason for doing this is that it is impossible to read very fine print by *making an effort to see it*. It can only be read when mind and eyes are relaxed. Blink often, and look, and blink. Imagine the white spaces between lines very white and the print will suddenly become visible. You will have brought your eyes back to true focus.

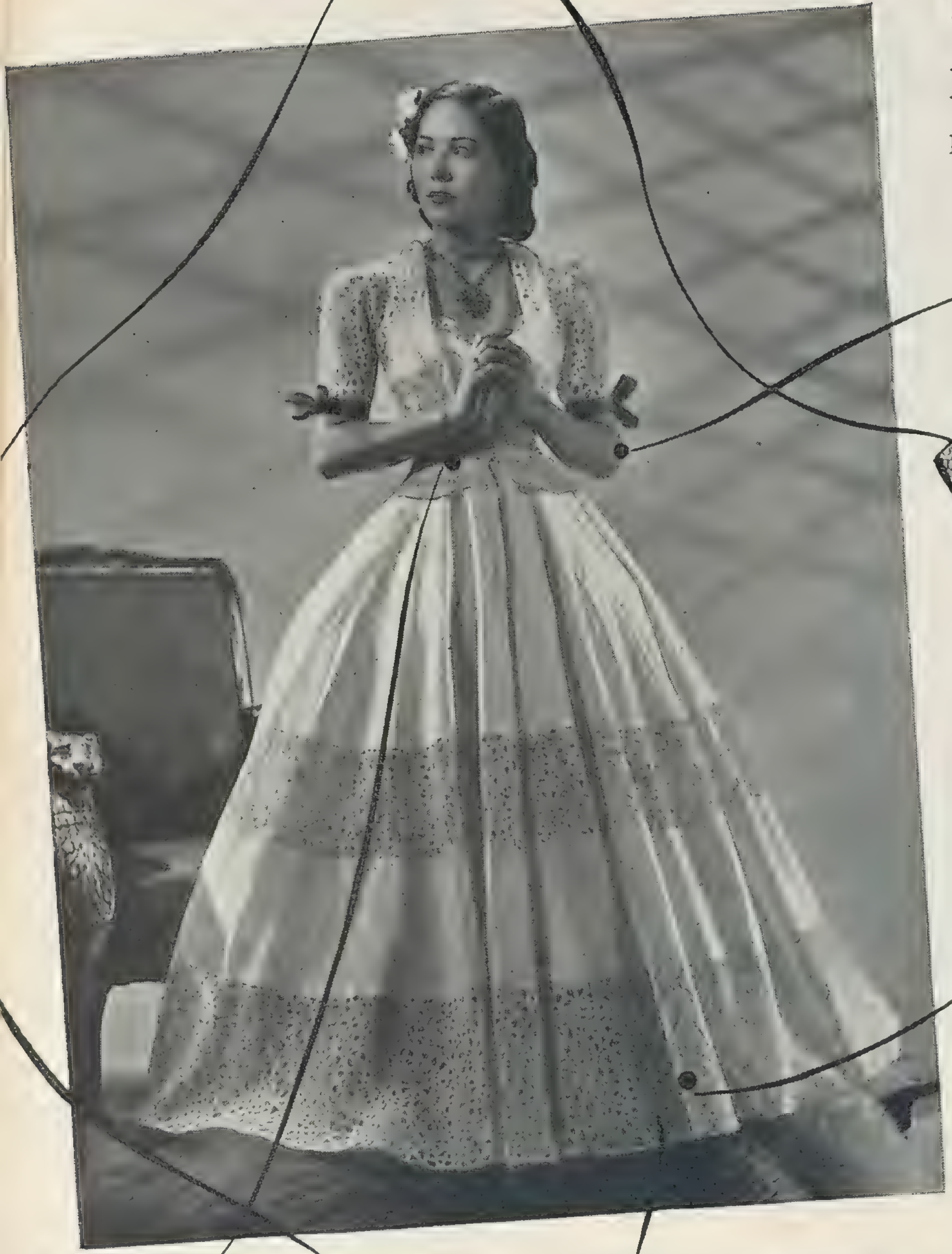
Large print is detrimental to perfect sight because the eye tries to see the whole

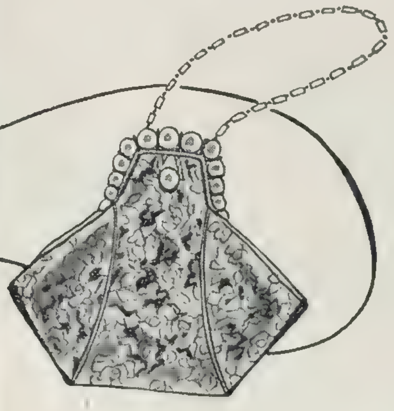
(Continued on page 138)

FASHIONS

By Jean Burnup

Editor, Women's Department



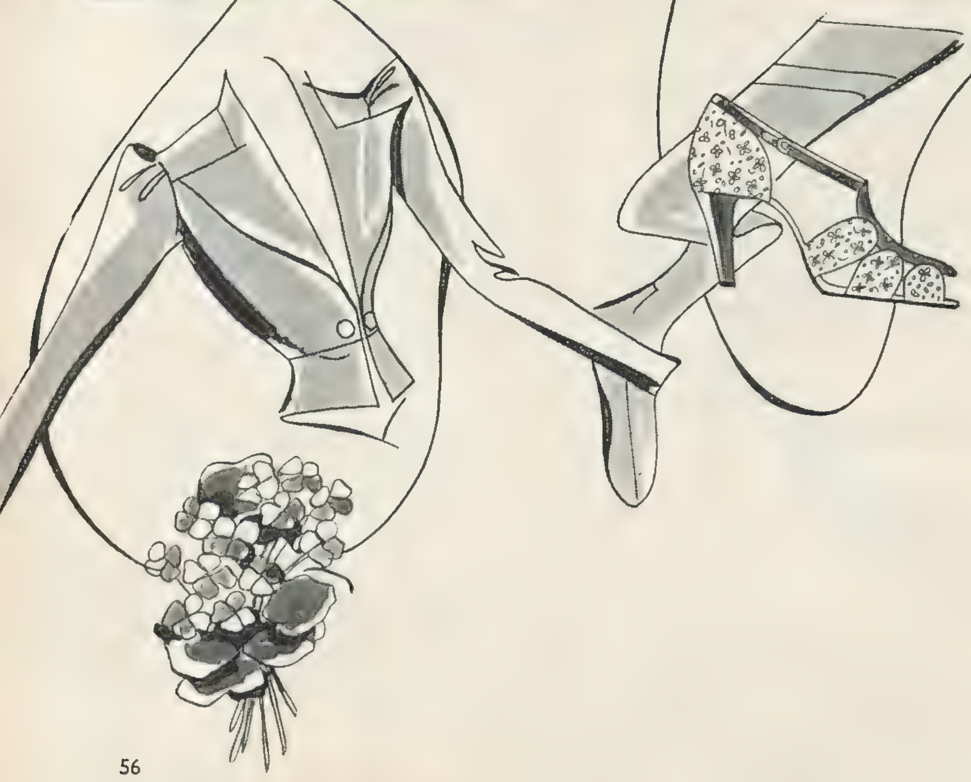


The Dress is white handkerchief linen, gold and pink thread running through the lace embroidery, pink velvet bows on the cuffs of the little basqued jacket. *Spectator Model.*

The Bag is pink and gold brocade in a white ground, with a heavy pearl clasp, a thin gold chain. *Rivoli*, 21s.

The Sandals have five tiny multicoloured flowers lacquered on white satin, gold kid trims and heels. *Gooch's*, 30s.

The Jacket is cyclamen pink poult, link-buttoned, dipping to a point at back. *Roundpoint*, 35s. 9d.



Full short skirts are no longer tentative fashion. They are general fashion, and pleated, flared, gored, gathered, with the waist pulled in, bust and hips rounded, they look young and gorgeous in movement.

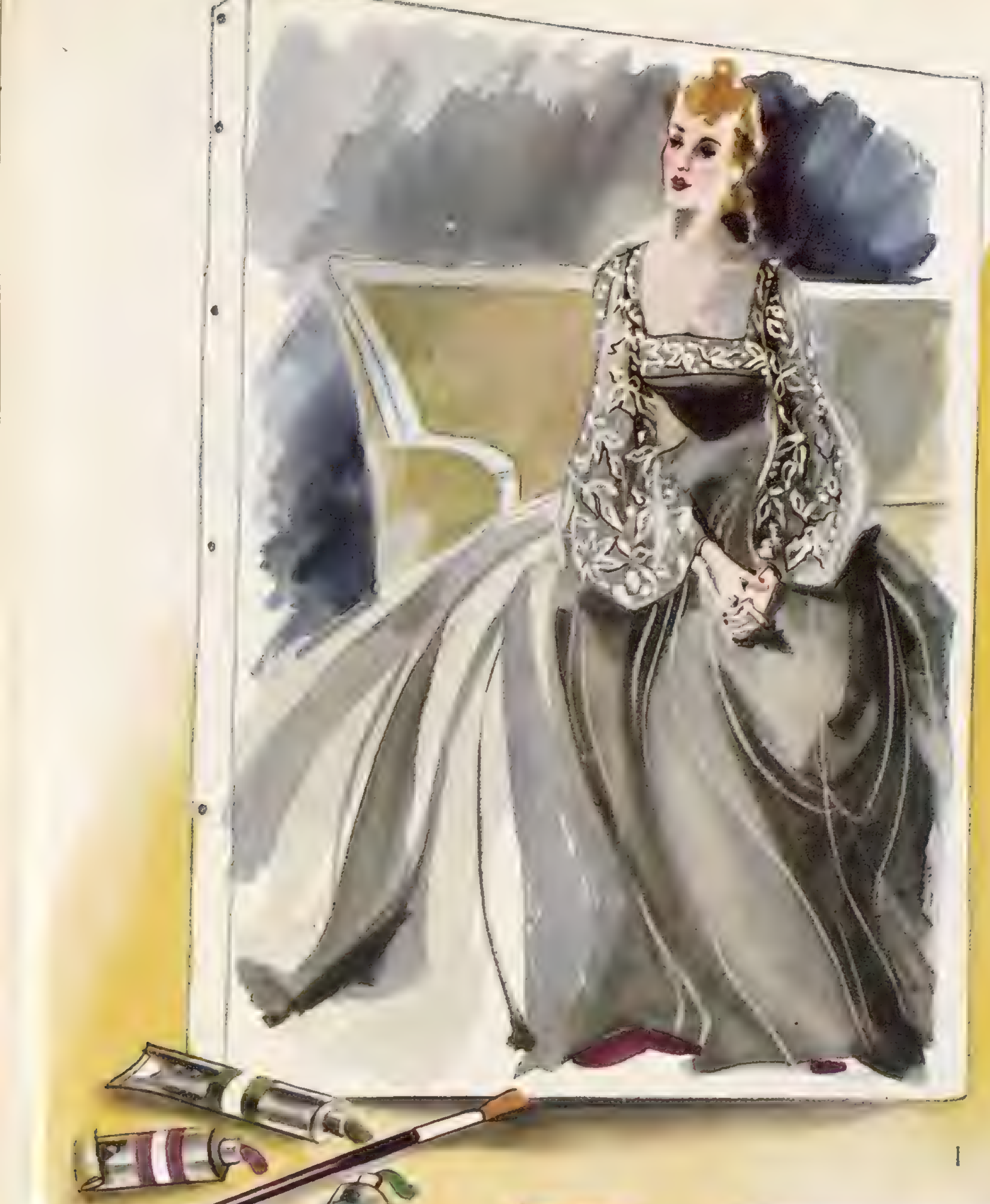
In all this flurry and swing, the straight-and-narrow voice mulishly persists, making itself heard in afternoon suits of alpaca and printed silk, in tailored suits, in two-piece evening dresses—Motley's, page 59—in the siren type of follow-the-figure evening dress which is classic and eternal as a traditionally-tailored suit.

Eight out of ten evening dresses still have wide billowing skirts beneath trim tight bodices. The other two will have symmetrical drapery, or the back swathed up into a bustle.

There are lots of prim, pure two-piece dinner frocks, little tight basqued jackets buttoning high to the neck over spreading skirts.

Cyclamens, pinks, fuchsias, yellows, blues, greens, lady-like pastels, upstart violets, cross swords for elegance with the hundred-percent chic of dead-black, intensified, when it is an afternoon dress worn with a pale satin or a striped or spotted surah jacket. Full-skirted tight-waisted dress-length woollen coats go

(*Continued on page 76*)



1 **Restrained Romanticism,** eloquent in all the London collections, expressed in grey organza, tight-waisted, full-skirted. The yoke and billowing sleeves are exquisitely embroidered with silver sequins. *Barbara Blenn.*

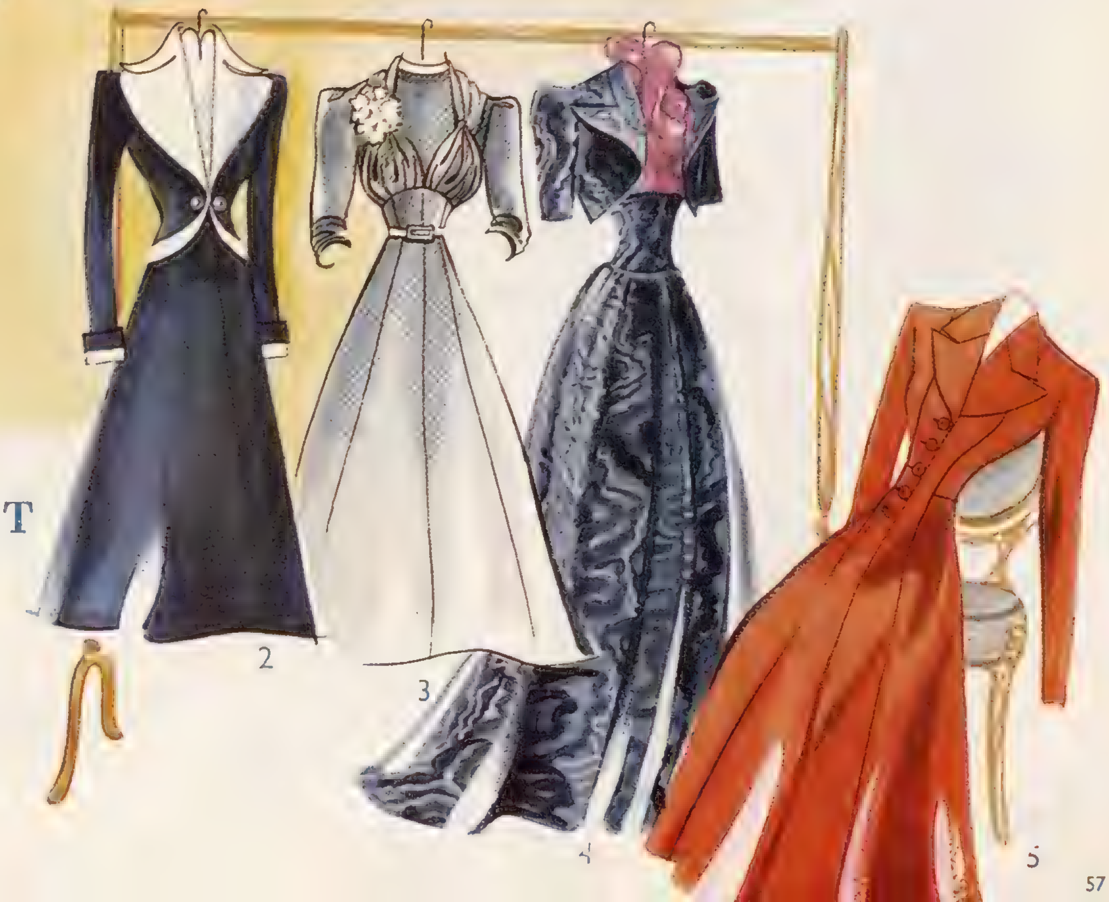
2 **Navy And White,** ace-high this season. All-wool dress with a white piqué dicky front, a little basqued jacket with white piqué revers and cuffs is typical of the new line, nipped-in waist, flared skirt. *Barbara Blenn.*

3 **Afternoon Dresses** show high-breasted drapery, gored skirts, pushed-up, three-quarter sleeves. This one, in black and white check surah, has a white neckband, a white violet bouttonière. *Stiebel.*

4 **Evening Blouse-And-Skirt** in midnight blue moiré with cyclamen ruffled chiffon. The very short bolero, the deep corseleted waist-band, the important full skirt, are all significant fashion points. *Neil Roger.*

5 **All-Occasion Coat** in bright salmon pink lightweight tweed. The cut follows, with faithful accuracy, the newest silhouette, flared skirt, tight waist. *Jaeger.*

ELEGANT LADY



WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

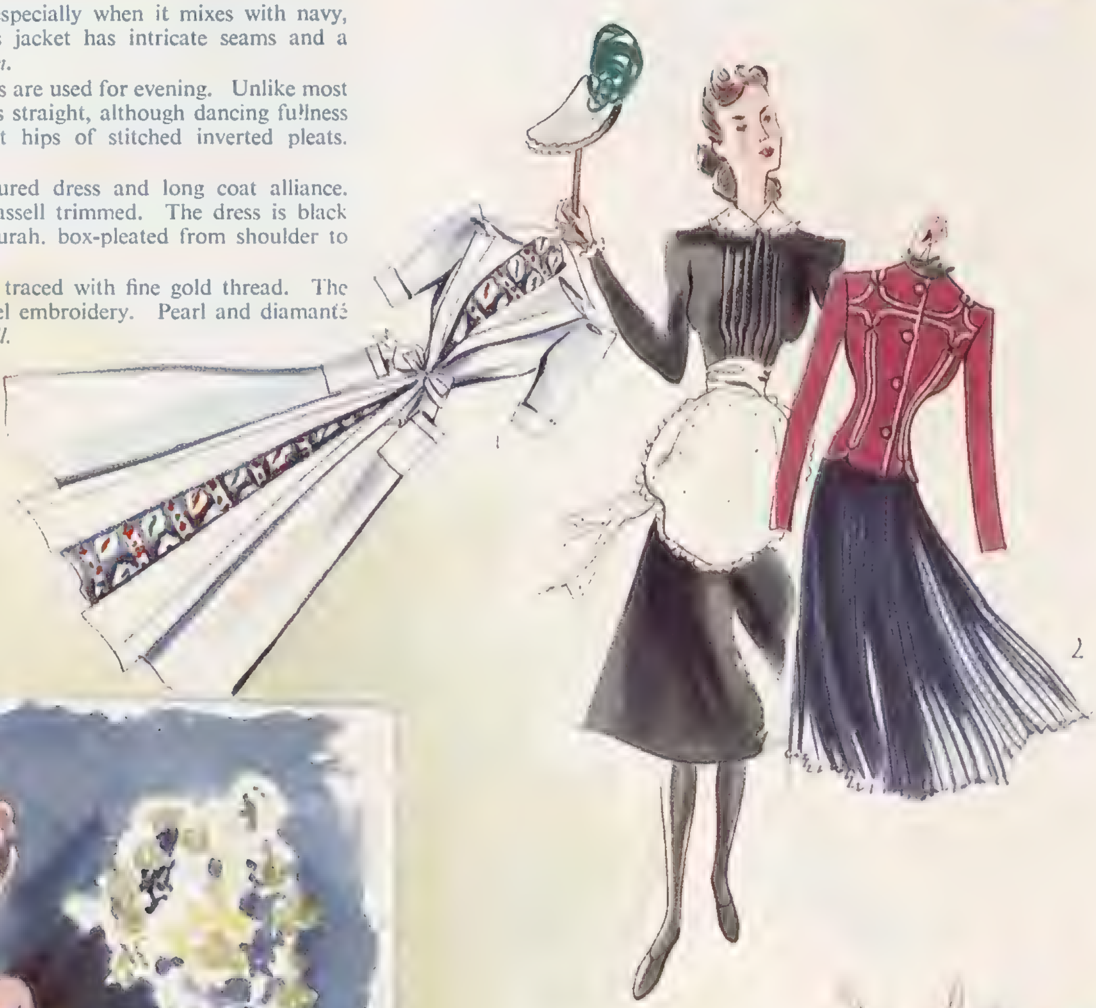
1 **Tailored, But Dressy,** a white taffeta coat over a crêpe frock printed in a leaf-stripe pattern, the stripes used both horizontally and vertically. *Worth.*

2 **Cyclamen Is Here To Stay,** especially when it mixes with navy, jade or grey. This collarless jacket has intricate seams and a scalloped hem. *Barbara Blenn.*

3 **Exotic Prints** in blazing colours are used for evening. Unlike most off-shoulder dresses, this hangs straight, although dancing fullness is achieved by the release at hips of stitched inverted pleats. *Stiebel.*

4 **Wool And Surah** are a favoured dress and long coat alliance. The coat is scarlet velours, tassell trimmed. The dress is black and white and red checked surah, box-pleated from shoulder to hem. *Worth.*

5 **Siren Dress** in sky pink lace, traced with fine gold thread. The bodice is heavy with rich jewel embroidery. Pearl and diamanté shoulder-straps. *Peter Russell.*



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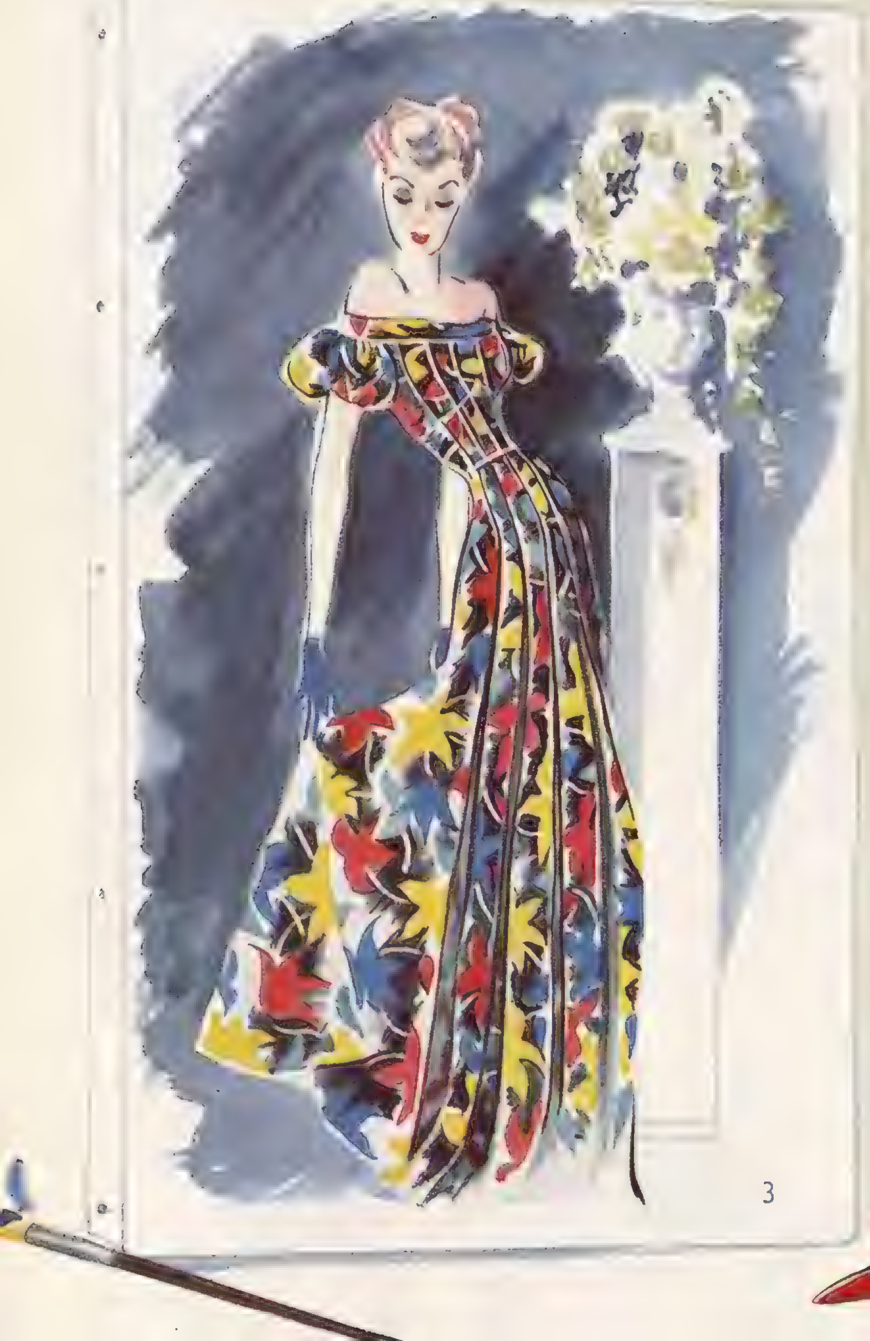

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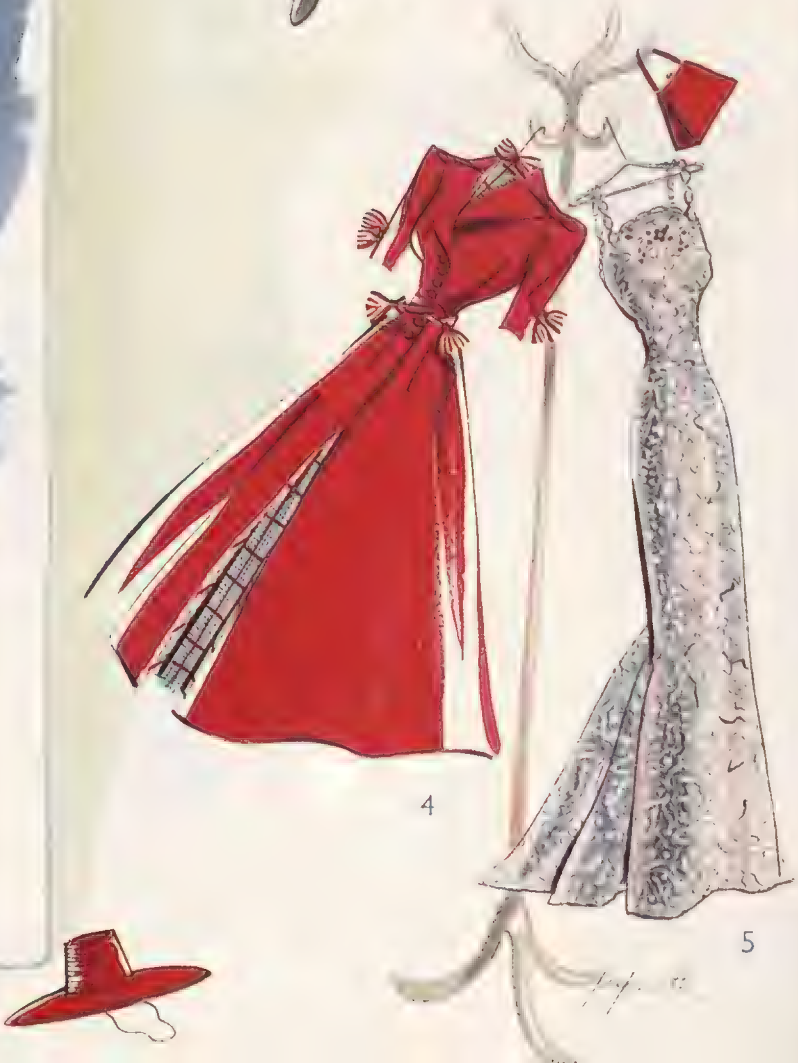

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TAILORED TYPE

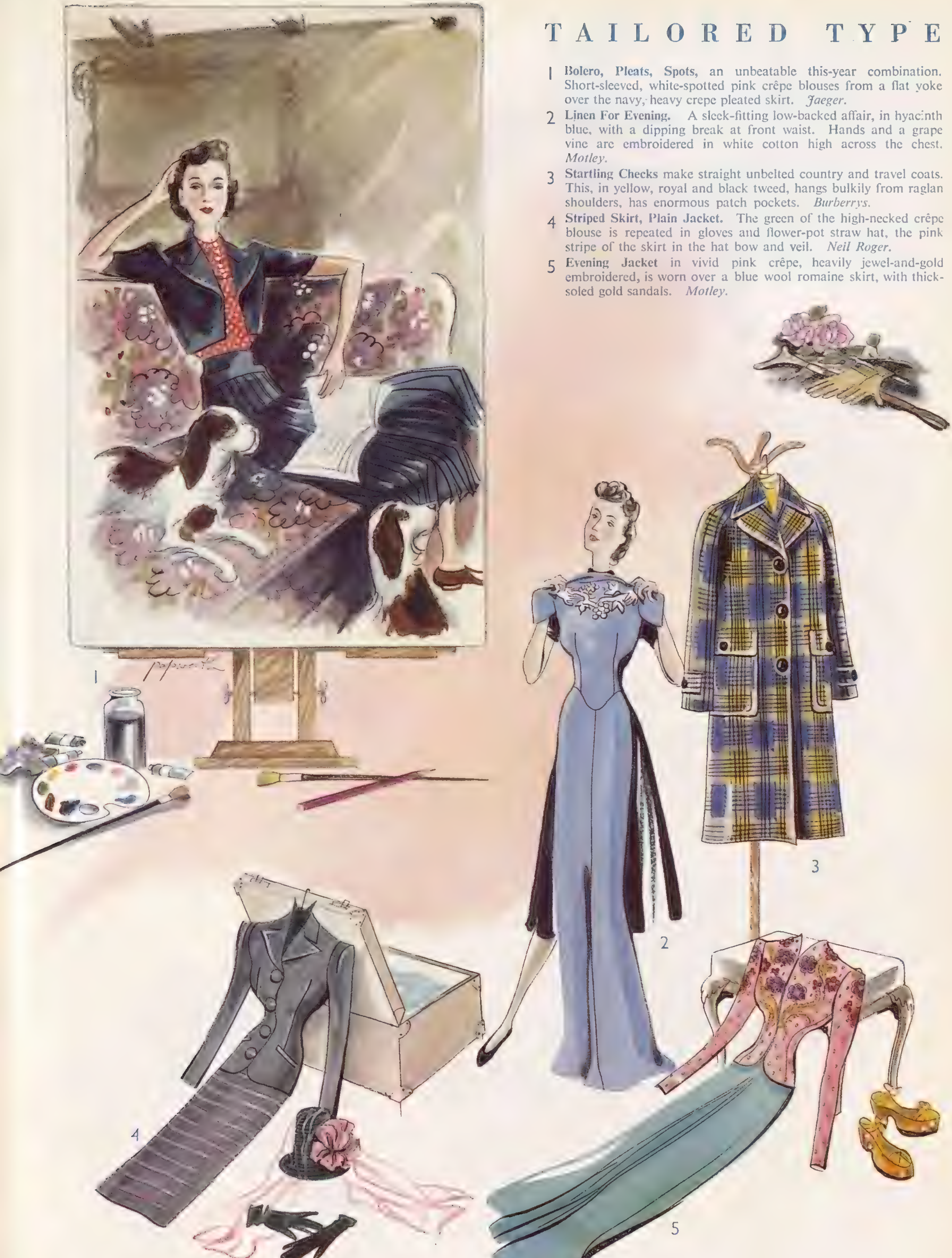
1 **Bolero, Pleats, Spots,** an unbeatable this-year combination. Short-sleeved, white-spotted pink crêpe blouses from a flat yoke over the navy, heavy crepe pleated skirt. *Jaeger.*

2 **Linen For Evening.** A sleek-fitting low-backed affair, in hyacinth blue, with a dipping break at front waist. Hands and a grape vine are embroidered in white cotton high across the chest. *Motley.*

3 **Startling Checks** make straight unbelted country and travel coats. This, in yellow, royal and black tweed, hangs bulkily from raglan shoulders, has enormous patch pockets. *Burberrys.*

4 **Striped Skirt, Plain Jacket.** The green of the high-necked crêpe blouse is repeated in gloves and flower-pot straw hat, the pink stripe of the skirt in the hat bow and veil. *Neil Roger.*

5 **Evening Jacket** in vivid pink crêpe, heavily jewel-and-gold embroidered, is worn over a blue wool romaine skirt, with thick-soled gold sandals. *Motley.*



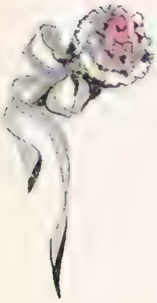
1 **Spots, Ruching, Cyclamen**—you can't get away from them. A white-spotted cyclamen voile crinoline is hooped around the hips just beneath the ruching. *Heim-Jeunes-Filles.*

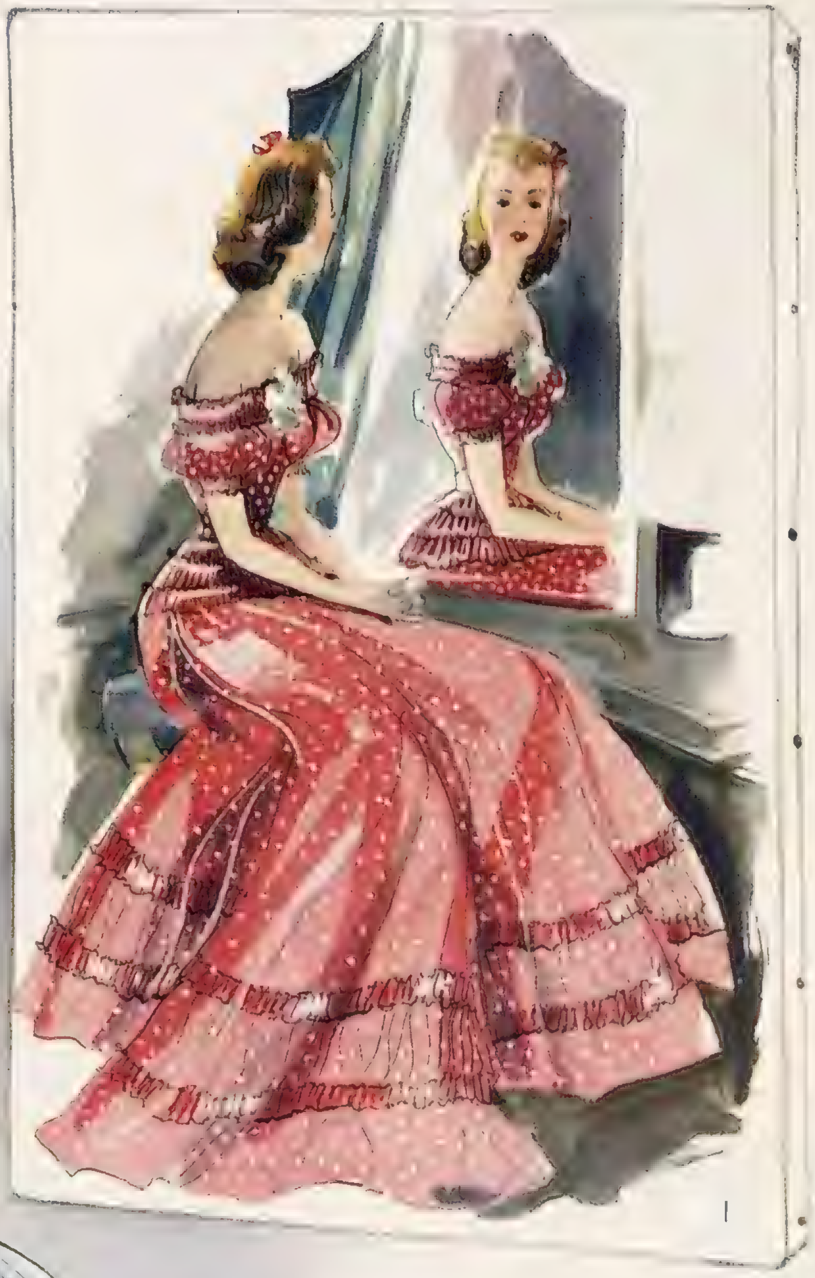
2 **Dotted Foulard** is more than a trend, it is an institution. This perfect summer dress has a gored skirt, a draped, frilled neck, and is worn with a large corn yellow straw hat, trimmed cylamen flowers and turquoise ribbons. *Motley.*

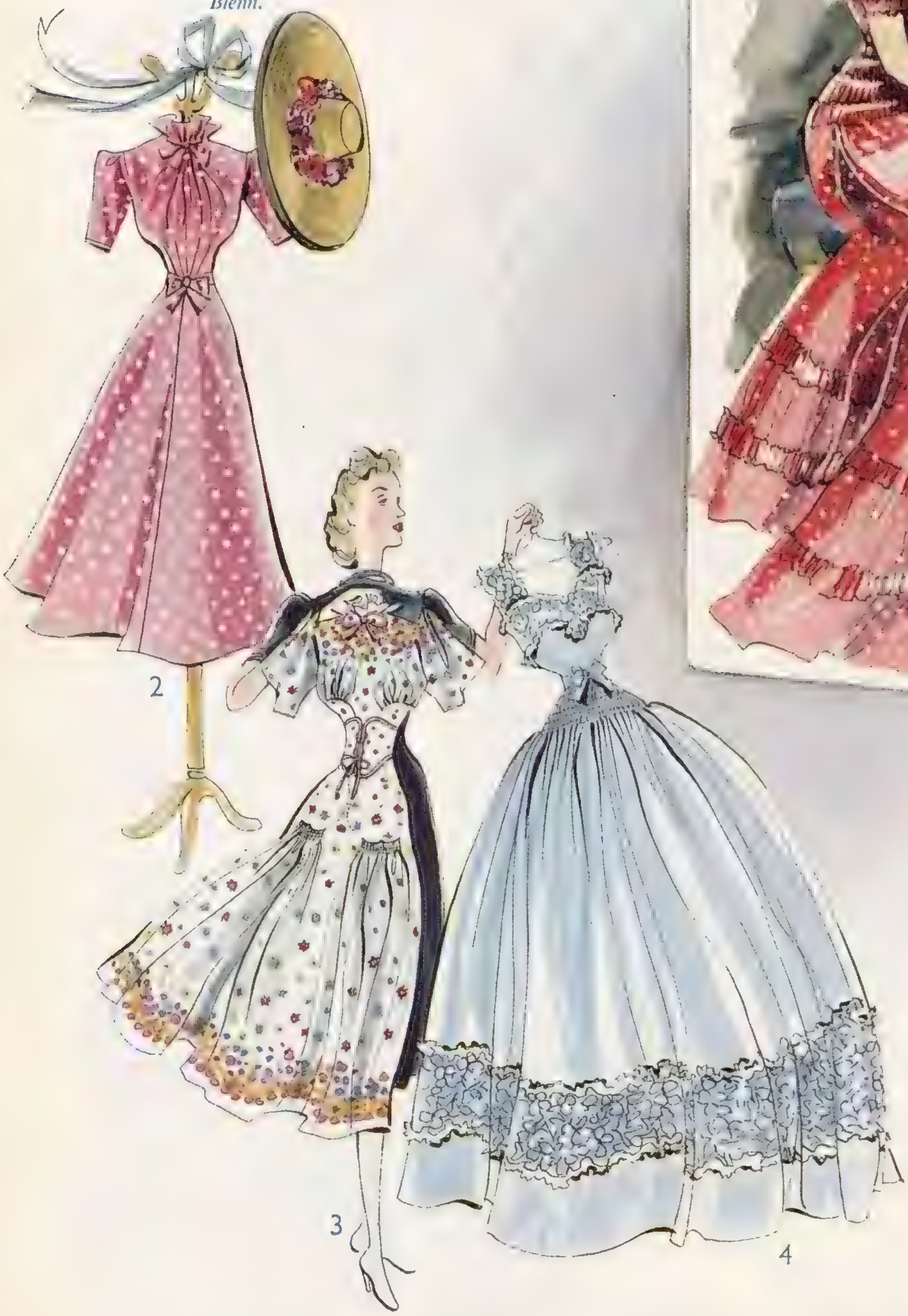
3 **Bordered Flower Prints** are everywhere. This one makes a dressy little frock with a corselet belt, and skirt fullness springing from gathers, low at each side. *Alexedis.*

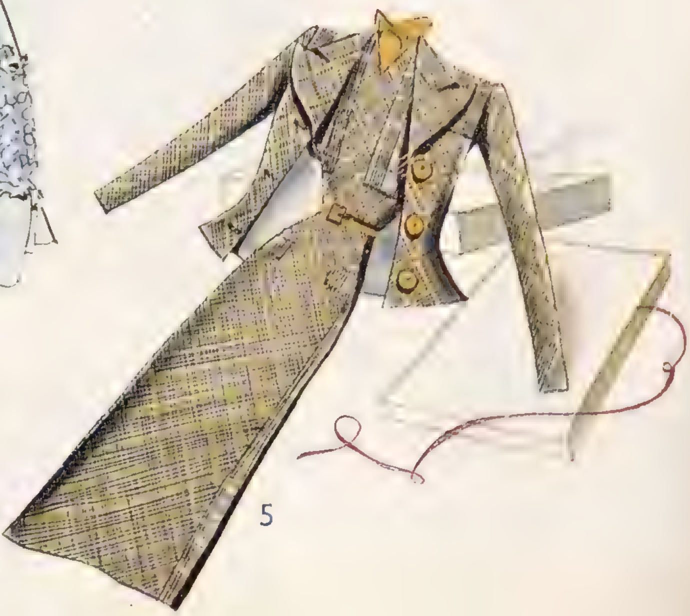
4 **Broderie Anglaise** appears on everything. Here it occurs piquantly on a pale blue organza crinoline, making yoke wide shoulder-straps, skirt insertion. *Heim-Jeune-Filles.*

5 **Dress And Jacket,** of all outfits the most useful, in fine grey and yellow check wool with one of the narrow skirts that still challenge the universality of flare and swing. *Barbara Blenn.*









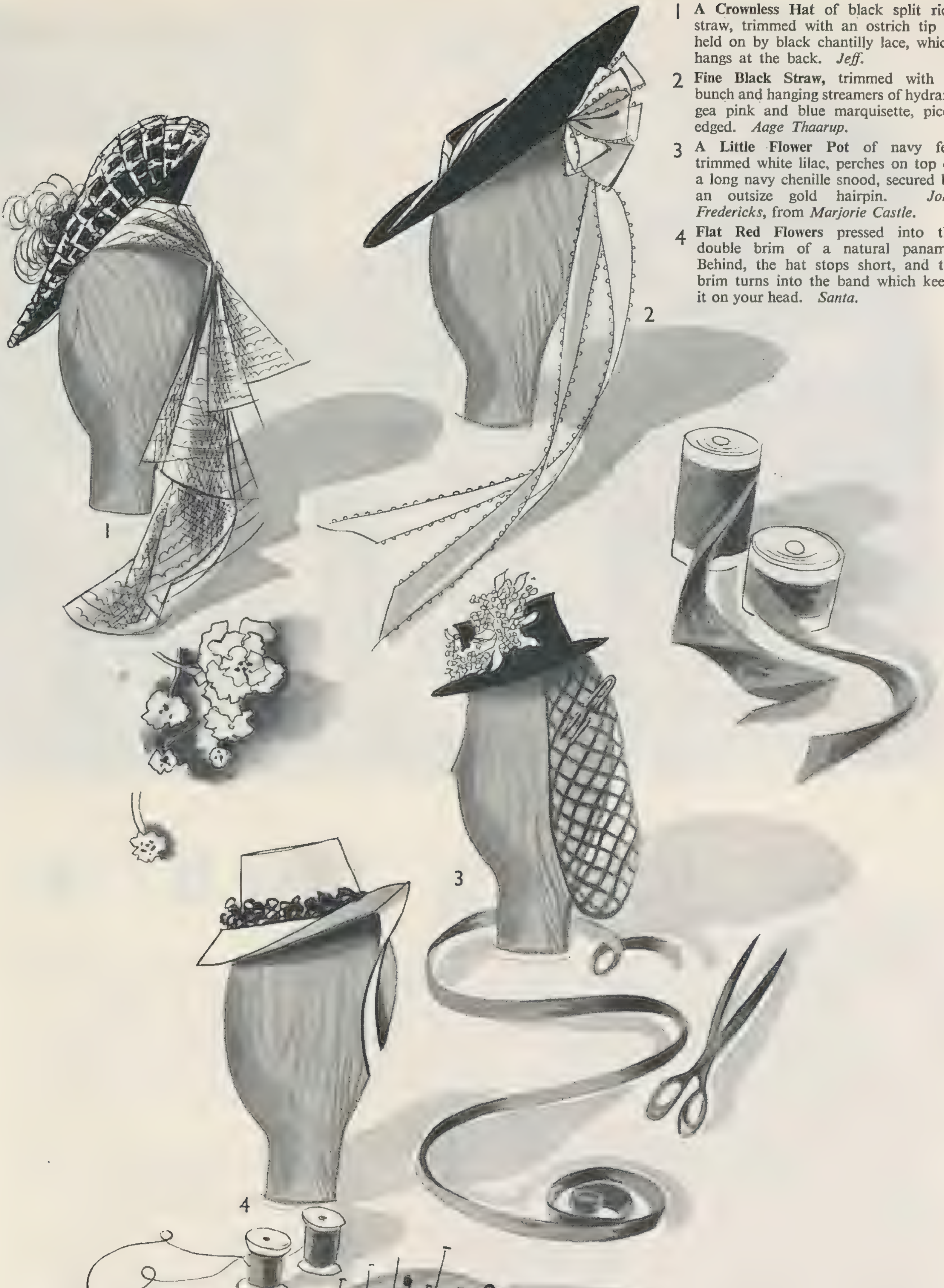
YOUNG GIRL

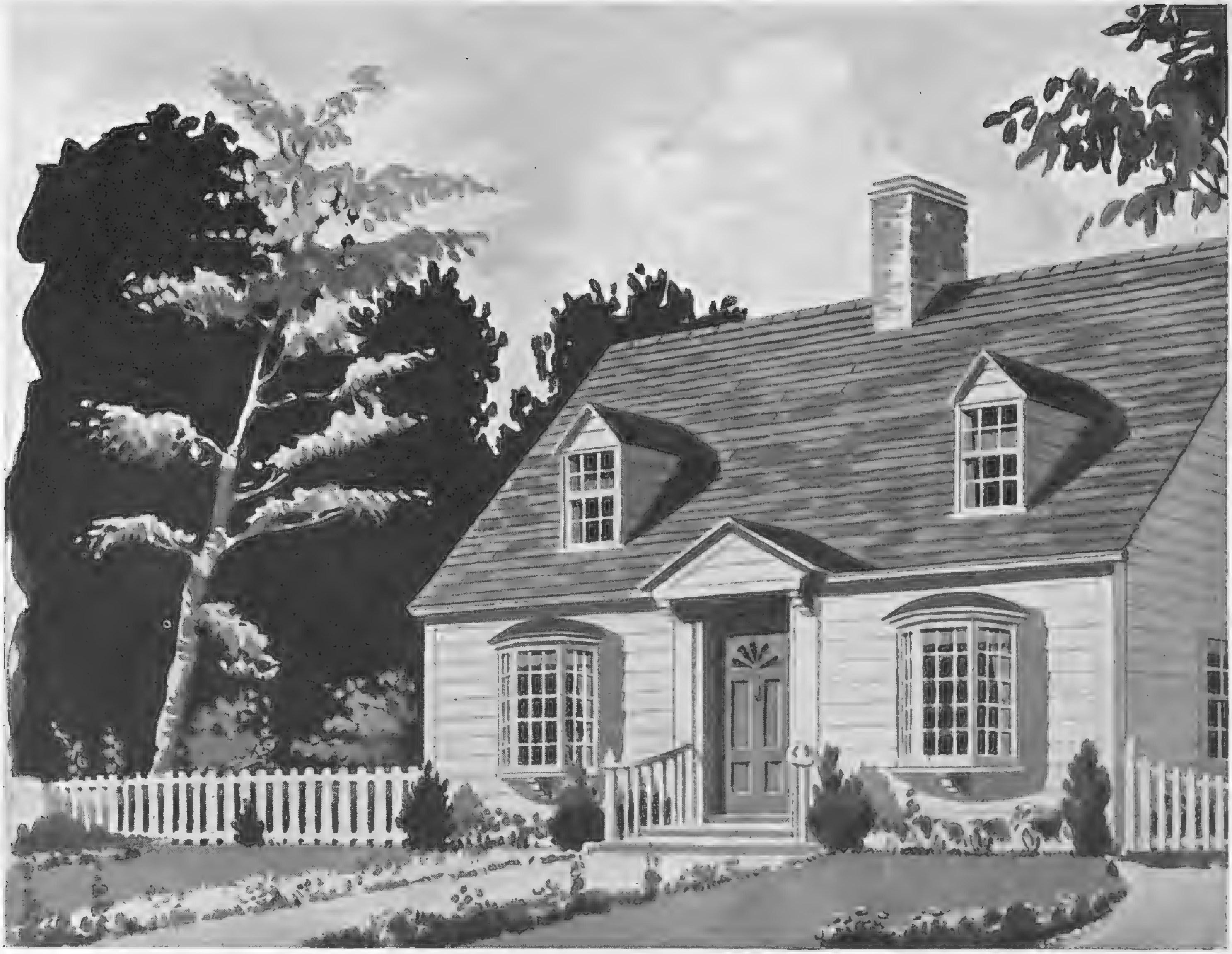
1 **A Crownless Hat** of black split rice straw, trimmed with an ostrich tip is held on by black chantilly lace, which hangs at the back. *Jeff.*

2 **Fine Black Straw,** trimmed with a bunch and hanging streamers of hydrangea pink and blue marquisette, picot edged. *Aage Thaarup.*

3 **A Little Flower Pot** of navy felt trimmed white lilac, perches on top of a long navy chenille snood, secured by an outsize gold hairpin. *John Fredericks*, from *Marjorie Castle.*

4 **Flat Red Flowers** pressed into the double brim of a natural panama. Behind, the hat stops short, and the brim turns into the band which keeps it on your head. *Santa.*





PLAN FOR A

This is your house. It is simple, small, compact and easy to take care of, and of its type we think rather endearing. This is how it came to be designed.

In a recent issue we presented a pictured series of small timber houses. We pointed out that besides being æsthetically satisfying the wooden house is safe, durable and economical.

We recalled, among other things, the many examples of the ancient timber dwelling which stand around this country to-day as tributes to the durability and beauty of wood as a medium for building. We emphasised, too, the fact that the wooden house is not, as many suppose, penalised for purposes of insurance and that recent statistics disprove absolutely the belief that fire risks in connexion with them are greater than in the case of brick or concrete.

These reassuring facts—together, perhaps, with the appeal of the houses themselves that were illustrated—brought to us a flood of interested inquiries from readers.

So much so, in fact, that the idea occurred to plan a little timber house that might suit the needs of those in search of a design capable of fulfilling the requirements of originality, simplicity and economy.

We chose the story-and-one-half style in the interests of economy. If you must cut down on expense it is better to cut down on a house of this type than on one of full two-story type.

We have left it to detail to give interest to the simple basic design. Bright shutters against white weatherboard. A charming porch and the nicely proportioned balustrade to give it importance. A white picket fence on each side of the house.

There is no wasted space inside. The long living-room is well lighted with a bay at one end and a french casement at the other opening on to the garden. Almost every inch of available space goes into the rooms. It is a *little* house but not a strait-jacket.

In most localities this house should come under the £900 class, but it must be fully understood that one's choice of fittings and the local facilities for transport have much to do with the ultimate cost of building in any medium.

This house is designed for the country. Somehow the timber house belongs in a rural setting. There is a tenderness about the exterior of it and, inside, a sweet elusive fragrance. Have you ever caught the scent of it in a Swiss chalet, or in a Sussex weatherboard cottage? One is the sweet fresh fragrance of waxed pine, the other is an ancient, warm scent of gnarled beams and oak staircases, old-world charm blended with modern neatness.

Well, this little house will be much older before its timbers develop their fragrance, but from the very day of its completion it will be companionable; it

HOUSE

will be warm as no other sort of building is warm and it will be beautiful.

Now to the more practical side of the matter.

There are one or two questions which the average person contemplating the building of a timber house will ask. The first is this: Shall I, by engaging an ordinary builder inexperienced in the construction of timber houses, confront him with any special difficulty?

The answer is, yes.

The construction of the timber house is a different process entirely from that of brick and concrete. The average builder familiar with this type of construction, though possibly not unable to undertake the erection of a timber dwelling, will almost certainly be unlikely to do it at as economic a rate as the craftsman who has specialised in such work.

Throughout the country to-day there are firms who specialise in the erection of timber houses. Their skill and experience in the work is an important factor in connexion with the cost. The average five or six-room timber house takes six or seven weeks to erect. It may well be much longer in the hands of a builder not familiar with the ways of timber.

Most firms who specialise in this type of construction are ready to erect houses in any given locality. The general procedure is to send a foreman to the district and to enlist labour in the neighbourhood.

The next inquiry will be on the subject of insurance. The reassuring answer to this is that Lloyd's underwriters quote a rate of two and sixpence per cent for timber-constructed buildings, and the council of the Building Societies' Association now consider applications in connexion with timber dwellings on the same basis as for those of brick and other materials.

On the subject of economy in first costs, wood is markedly lower in price.

By-laws in connexion with the timber dwelling need not, in the country site, afford any special inconvenience.

Subject to certain conditions, timber houses can be built in all districts unless their erection is specifically prohibited in a particular area by local Act of Parliament.

The Model By-Laws issued by the Ministry of Health state under By-law 5 that the By-laws with regard to the structure of walls, except numbers twenty-two and thirty, do *not* apply:

Provided the building is not more than two stories high.

Provided it does not exceed 36,000 cubic feet.

Provided each external wall is constructed of good and suitable material so as to be of sufficient stability and reasonably waterproof.

Provided that normal foundations and damp courses are used.

The House at a Glance

Three bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, bathroom.

The following woods are suggested for the construction:

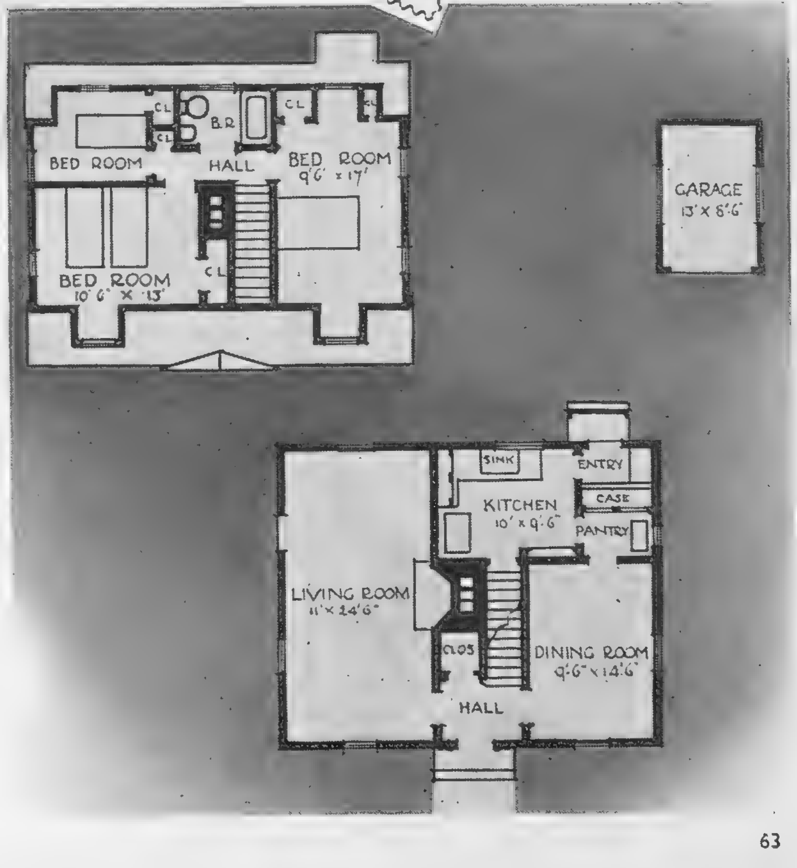
External weatherboarding: Red cedar.

Roof: Red cedar shingles (wood tiles).

Windows, door frames and linings: European redwood.

Floorboards: British Columbia pine.

Special features: Brick core carrying chimney and fireplaces to minimise risk of fire.



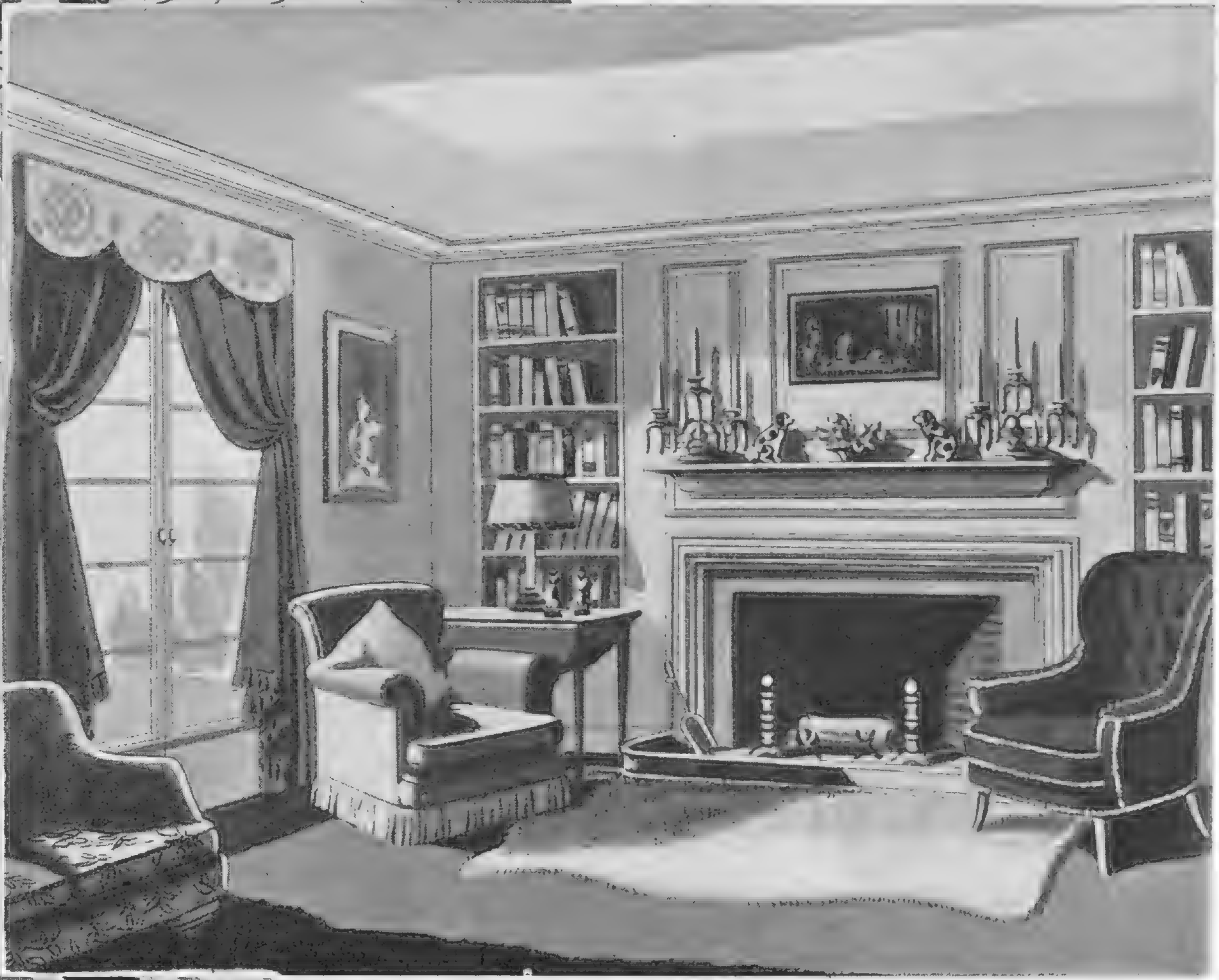
Plan for a House

Inside

This is how we picture two of the rooms inside the little house on the preceding page. We have chosen the lounge living-room and one of the bedrooms for the subjects of our sketches.

The style of furnishing is simple, yet it has a character in harmony with a small country house of this type. The style of it cannot be definitely attached to any period, yet there is an old-world feeling about the general ensemble.

Inside a wooden house nothing could be more suitable nor yet more characteristic than panelling. This we have chosen to show in the living room, but the bedroom is papered and distempered, though,



We imagine the completed living-room looking like this. Pine panelling is our choice for a background. This can be genuine or one of the excellent reproduction types such as are now obtainable. The softly draped curtains are tomato red with a contrasting pelmet of chintz. One easy chair is of natural linen tweed and the other red to match the curtains

Suitable for a cottage style scheme of furnishing is this colourful Indian Numah rug which has a white ground. The size of it is four feet by three feet and the price 10s. 6d. Other sizes available

For curtains and bedspread this furnishing satin printed with a charming shell design, makes a striking medium. The shells are blue-green on an ivory ground. The width is fifty inches and the price 6s. 11d. yard

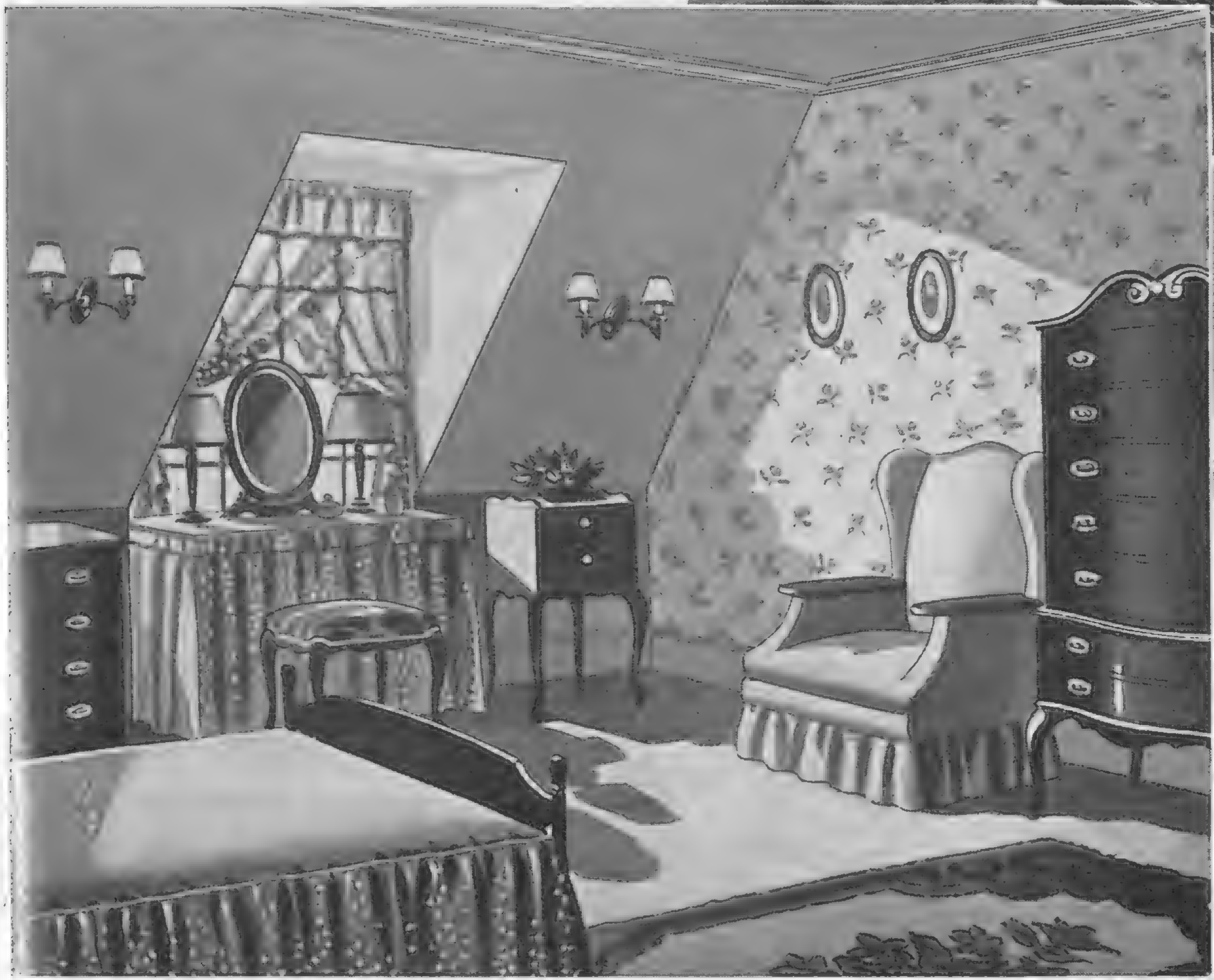
For those who like the more conventional type of rug this reproduction of a Chinese design is a very good buy. It is a good cotton pile and costs only 20s. The size is six feet by four feet

Story

for those that like it, plain white panelling or stripped pine would make a very charming background for the type of furniture depicted.

Around the page some details of furnishing and decoration are shown. All are suitable to take their place in schemes of furnishing such as we have shown in the sketches. Nothing is costly yet each detail has practical qualities as well as charm.

We shall be happy to give you more particulars of the objects photographed or to advise you in the matter of colour schemes and furnishing problems. Direct your inquiries to the Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.



The bedroom ceiling and the sloping wall are distempered or dapered a plain turquoise. The remaining three walls are papered with an old-world sprig design of shaded pink and turquoise on a cream ground. Curtains, dressing-table drape and the softly shirred bedspread are of cream-spotted muslin, and the glazed chintz chair cover is of plain turquoise with a white piping. Cream matting covers the floor

The grouping of this lovely Queen Anne chest and the graceful period chairs suggest the type of arrangement particularly suitable to the house in mind. Perfect reproductions of such furniture as this are obtainable at reasonable cost

An electric clock has practical qualities which are well enough known, but it is not often that a design is found so eminently adaptable to a period scheme of furnishing. This Smith Sectric clock is a fine example of the beauty of design now obtainable

Reproduction china suggests itself at once for use in either of the schemes shown on this page. Here is a charming reproduction in pink and cream of a set of Royal Albert Crown china. The price is 33s. 9d.

Meals

Oeufs Princesse

Hard-boiled eggs.
Béchamel sauce.
Asparagus tips.
Salt, pepper.
A little cream.

The hard-boiled eggs are shelled, cut in two lengthways and kept hot. While this is being done you can have started the *bèchamel.* You know, of course, that this is flour and butter cooked smooth and made into a sauce with hot milk and seasoned with nutmeg as well as salt and pepper. Have it specially smooth, so pass it through a strainer into a clean saucepan to keep hot.

The asparagus tips are tied in small bunches and cooked in boiling salted water. Drain well and chop the tips lightly, stopping when you come to the hard white parts.

Remove the yolks from the eggs and place the white shells flat in a serving dish; pass the yolks through a sieve.

Now add a little cream to your sauce—sixpennyworth of cream would be enough for a dish for four to six people—also the asparagus tips—make this thoroughly hot, stirring well and pour the sauce all over, completely hiding the eggs. Sprinkle the top with the *purée* obtained by sieving the yolks or you could make a border or design with this on top.

Maquereaux Marinés

Fresh mackerel (one for two persons). Water, wine vinegar, shallots. Bay leaves, peppercorns, salt. Nutmeg.

Remove heads and tails from the fish and slit them down their middles with a sharp, pointed knife. Remove the bones, lay out flat on a board and scrape them clean with a blunt knife or the back of a knife. Dry well with a cloth.

Have a large fireproof dish and lay the fish flat in this, sprinkling each with a little salt. Now sprinkle with coarsely-ground peppercorns—a mixture of black and white—a few broken-up bay leaves, grated nutmeg and two or three shallots cut up.

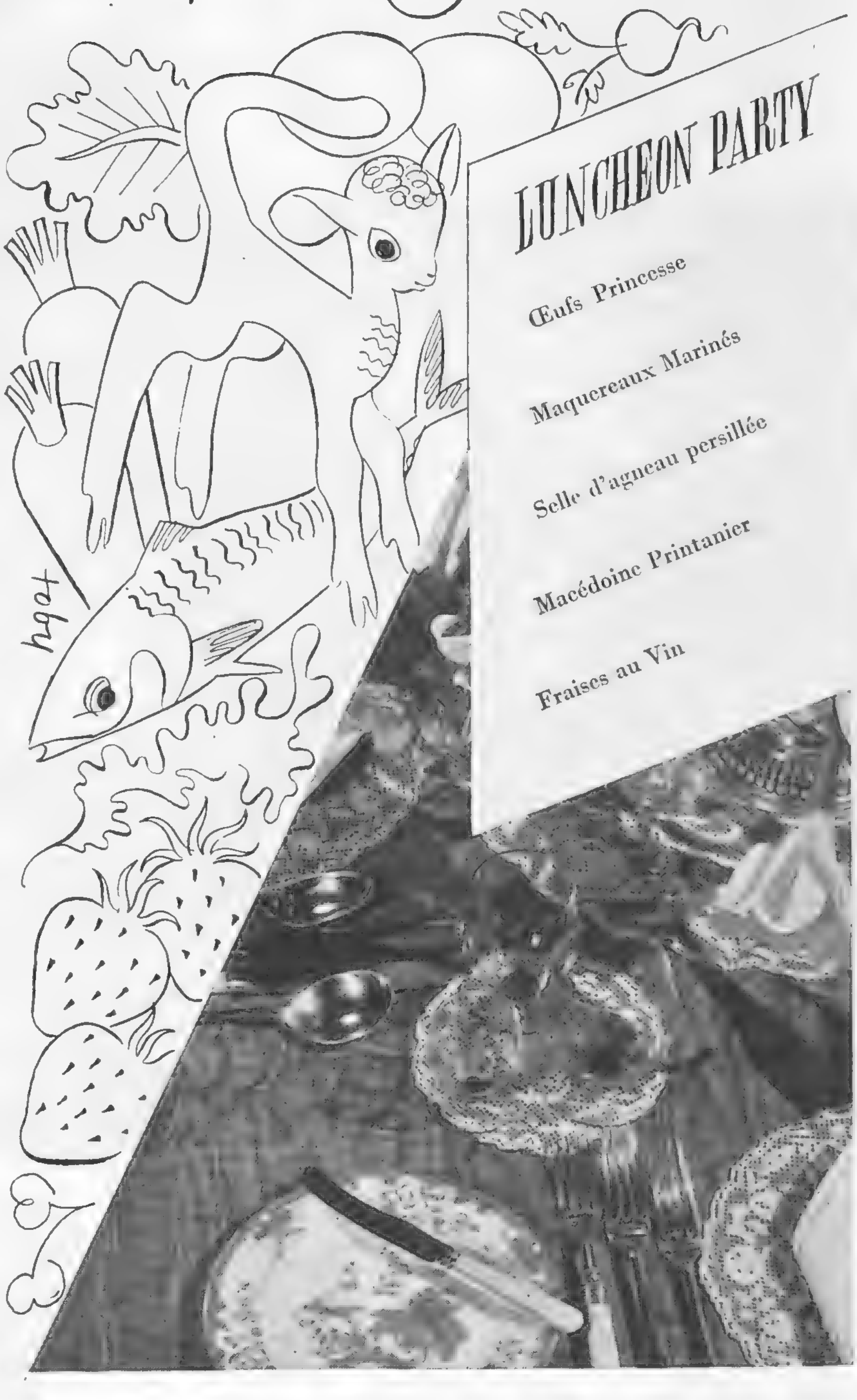
Prepare a liquid made of three-quarters wine vinegar and one-quarter water or, better still, half vinegar, a quarter dry white wine, a quarter water. Pour enough of this to cover the mackerel. Put into a very slow oven and leave for about three to four hours. You can tell if the mackerel are done by piercing gently with a skewer. If the flesh is quite soft, yet remains firm, it is done. But the cooking must be really slow and the liquid must on no account reach boiling point.

Remove the dish from the oven, and let the contents cool. Serve in the same dish if possible. If not, put enough fish for your purpose in a serving dish, with some of the liquid poured over.

Selle d'agneau persillée

Saddle of lamb.
Parsley, garlic.
Butter, breadcrumbs.
Salt and pepper.

I am not going to attempt to teach you how to cook a saddle of lamb which is a triumph of all good English cooks, but you might try this treatment. If you disapprove of the garlic, that can be omitted. Start roasting your saddle in the ordinary way—while it is cooking, take a large handful of parsley and one of white breadcrumbs very finely prepared, that is with really stale household bread passed through a fine sieve. Add to this a small clove of garlic, finely chopped, and mix thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper and mix again.



When your saddle has a quarter of an hour to go take it from the baking-tin and sprinkle all over the outside with my *persillade.* Dab a few tiny bits of butter here and there and return to the tin, and this to the oven so that you have a delicately browned outside.

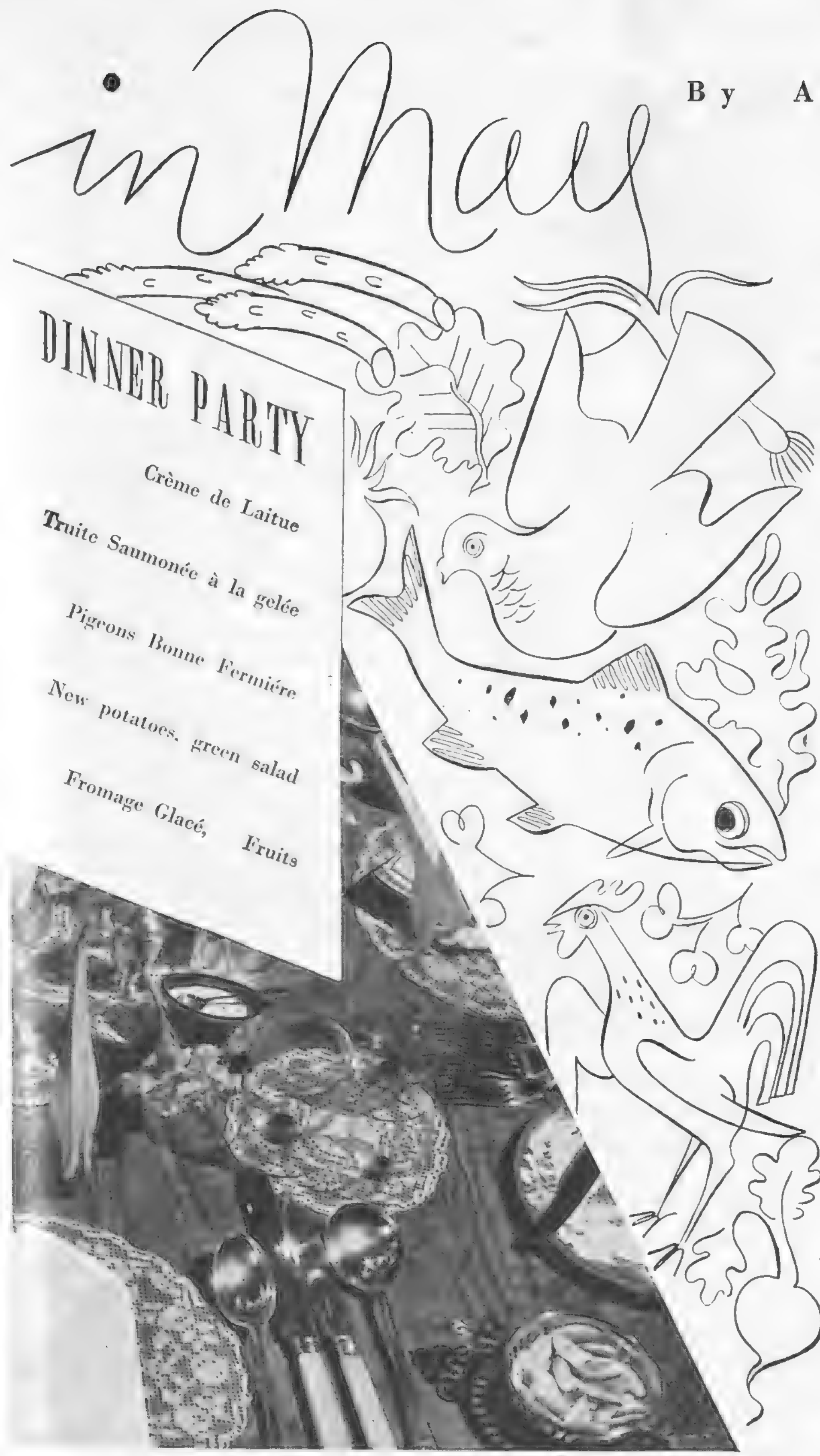
About the garlic: try it at least once. The flavour is not at all aggressive and marries most happily with that of young lamb.

Macédoine Printanier

You may use almost any of the young spring vegetables that are in season and although this is quite a simple dish, it is one of the most

in May

By A. H. ADAIR



DINNER PARTY

Crème de Laitue

Truite Saumonée à la gelée

Pigeons Bonne Fermiére

New potatoes, green salad

Fromage Glacé, Fruits

exquisite if you will only take the necessary time and trouble. All the vegetables must be boiled separately to begin with.

Young carrots, turnips, peas. Butter, parsley and chervil or tarragon. Salt, pepper, Devonshire cream.

Drain them well, chop those that need chopping and put them back into a clean saucepan, adding according to taste, salt, pepper and a small piece of butter. Add the herbs, which must be finely chopped, and shake well. Then turn into a warm—but not too hot—serving dish and send to the table with a large dab of delicious Devonshire cream sitting proudly on the top of the dish.

If you can't get this don't try ordinary cream, add a fresh piece of butter instead, but the Devonshire cream is worth insisting upon as it gives the most subtle and luscious flavour to this version of hot vegetable salad.

Fraises au Vin

Another simple dish with just that little difference which makes it worthy of the grandest occasion.

Strawberries, red wine, lump sugar. Castor sugar, lemon rind.

Choose large berries and they need not be of the ripest. Cut in two with a silver spoon and put them in a silver *timbale* or glass dish. Sprinkle all over with soft sugar and put in the coldest part of the refrigerator until really ice-cold.

The wine sauce is made with any red wine in which you put the rind of a lemon and sugar. Boil this until it is quite syrupy, say a tumblerful of red wine to two ounces of lump sugar. Let this cool a little and pour it over the strawberries, which should then be served at once.

Crème de Laitue

Outside leaves of lettuce. Potato flour or cornflour. Milk, cream, white stock. Butter, salt, pepper, chervil. One egg yolk.

Now that you will start eating lots of salad again, don't throw away the outside leaves but keep them, and once a week you can have a dish of cooked salad or a soup like this one. Wash the leaves well in several cold waters and put them to cook in boiling salted water, as you would spinach. Drain well, chop and pass through a sieve.

Now melt a nut of butter in a saucepan and add a puddingspoonful of cornflour or, better still, potato flour. Stir well, cooking until smooth, without browning. Add sufficient warm milk to make a smooth cream, and let this cook.

Put your lettuce *purée* into a clean saucepan, add hot white stock, little by little, stirring well, and pour this over the preparation in the other saucepan, doing this also slowly and beating with a fork or a whip all the time.

Bring slowly to the boil, add salt and pepper to taste and simmer for about ten minutes.

Now dilute the yolk of an egg in a little cream, mixing very thoroughly, and put this into the soup tureen or serving bowl. Pour the soup over, stirring well, and quickly pluck a few sprigs of chervil over the top, leaving them to float about.

Truite Saumonée à la gelée

One salmon trout. Cucumber, tomato, Russian salad. Gelatine, wine vinegar, white wine. Tarragon, salt, pepper, cloves. Carrots, onions. Bouquet of thyme, parsley and bay leaf.

I have mentioned a salmon trout as it is, of course, the perfect seasonable dinner-party fish, but you can treat other and even ordinary white fish in the same way.

First of all make a liquid in which to cook your fish whatever it may be.

Peel and cut up two carrots; one onion stuck with cloves; a bouquet of thyme, parsley and bay leaf, and put these in a saucepan or fish kettle with salt, pepper and water, to which you add a good flavouring of vinegar.

Bring to the boil, simmer for fifteen minutes and then put in your fish to poach. When it is done, leave the fish to get cold in the liquid, drawing off enough to make a small amount of jelly.

Strain this through a fine muslin into a clean saucepan and add the same amount of dry

(*Continued on page* 108)

SHOP TALK

By Louisa Kay

A good shopper may be a born diplomat and a shrewd economist and a bit of a conjurer, but she has qualities which even the simplest of us can acquire.

In the first place she gets what she wants and that is partly because she *knows* what she wants.

The trouble with so many women is that they never acquire the habit of making up their minds.

The good shopper treats all shopkeepers with courtesy and tact, knowing perfectly well that the methods of persuasion are most successful with an honest trader, and that if he isn't honest he's not worth bothering about.

She is shrewd enough to judge when it costs less to spend more and she will never allow the word "bargain" to lure her into purchases which are irrelevant and therefore useless.

In a small way she is a specialist. She shops with a system, whether it is for a fur coat, an egg whisk or a new bed. She takes pains to have a workable knowledge of the merchandise.

It is not altogether fair to blame the butcher for sending you indifferent meat if you have never bothered to inform yourself on the subject of meat and its purchase. Indifference on your side naturally breeds the same on his.

I don't say you have to take a course at Smithfield to handle the local butcher expertly, but you can, without overstraining, acquire simple knowledge enough to know a good piece of beef when you see it. There are plenty of books on the subject.

The same applies throughout household shopping. If you know the best brands of this and that commodity, if you appreciate the significance of "Fancy" and "Extra Fancy" on a tin, you can't go far wrong.

You should know where the best fruits come from when they are in full season. Why just hake is an inferior fish to "Devonshire" hake, and that the pineapple with the flavour comes from Hawaii.

The superiority of branded goods is obvious and it is obvious, too, that to make yourself familiar with brands and their particular qualities is to improve yourself as a shopper.

The whole object of branding merchandise is to bring it into greater prominence with the public. Since nothing of questionable value can safely be exposed to publicity, branding is undoubtedly a safeguard to the purchaser.

Get to know about brands. By so doing you show to the trader a knowledge of your subject, an efficiency and alertness which puts him on his mettle.

Once you have a simple working knowledge of the goods and their characters, you can declare a truce to hostilities with tradesmen and depend upon getting the best for your money.

Give yourself time. If you want satisfaction you must shop with your mind on your work. Don't dash in a shop just before closing time to choose a foundation garment in three minutes. Your comfort, your appearance and your pocket are at stake. It's worth making such a purchase at leisure.

The same goes for all your clothes, even down to the smallest details. Well-dressed women are, inevitably, good shoppers. Only by shrewd judgment can they get that co-ordination in their wardrobes which makes them well-dressed

The better shops and manufacturers are prepared to help you to satisfaction and to getting it with the least possible trouble. For your benefit they employ specialists to advise on many things.

At the bigger stores and even at some of the smaller ones you can buy a foundation, for instance, under the guidance of a woman scientifically informed on the subjects of health and beauty as applied to corsetry.

At the sports dealers, you may consult an expert (sometimes even a world-famous one) on the purchase of clothes and equipment for your favourite game.

An entirely new conception of service has come into trading. The essence of it is to satisfy the customer and make them return rather than to sell something at any cost.

To avail yourself of this type of service you must go to the most reputable dealers. This does not, as you may think, involve spending more than you can afford. With

(*Continued on page* 116)

THE MODERN WOMAN — ELIZABETH ARDEN'S MASTERPIECE

Finishing Touches When the foundations of beauty have been truly laid—your skin cleansed, toned, nourished with Elizabeth Arden's essential preparations—the time has come to apply those finishing touches that set the seal to your loveliness . . . an Elizabeth Arden lipstick — her soft-glowing REDWOOD, or the romantic SKY BLUE PINK — is the crown of an Elizabeth Arden make-up: and its charm is accentuated by exquisitely matching Nail Varnish. A touch of Elizabeth Arden's BLUE GRASS Perfume—lingering and elusive yet strangely fresh—breathes the spirit of youth and springtime gaiety.

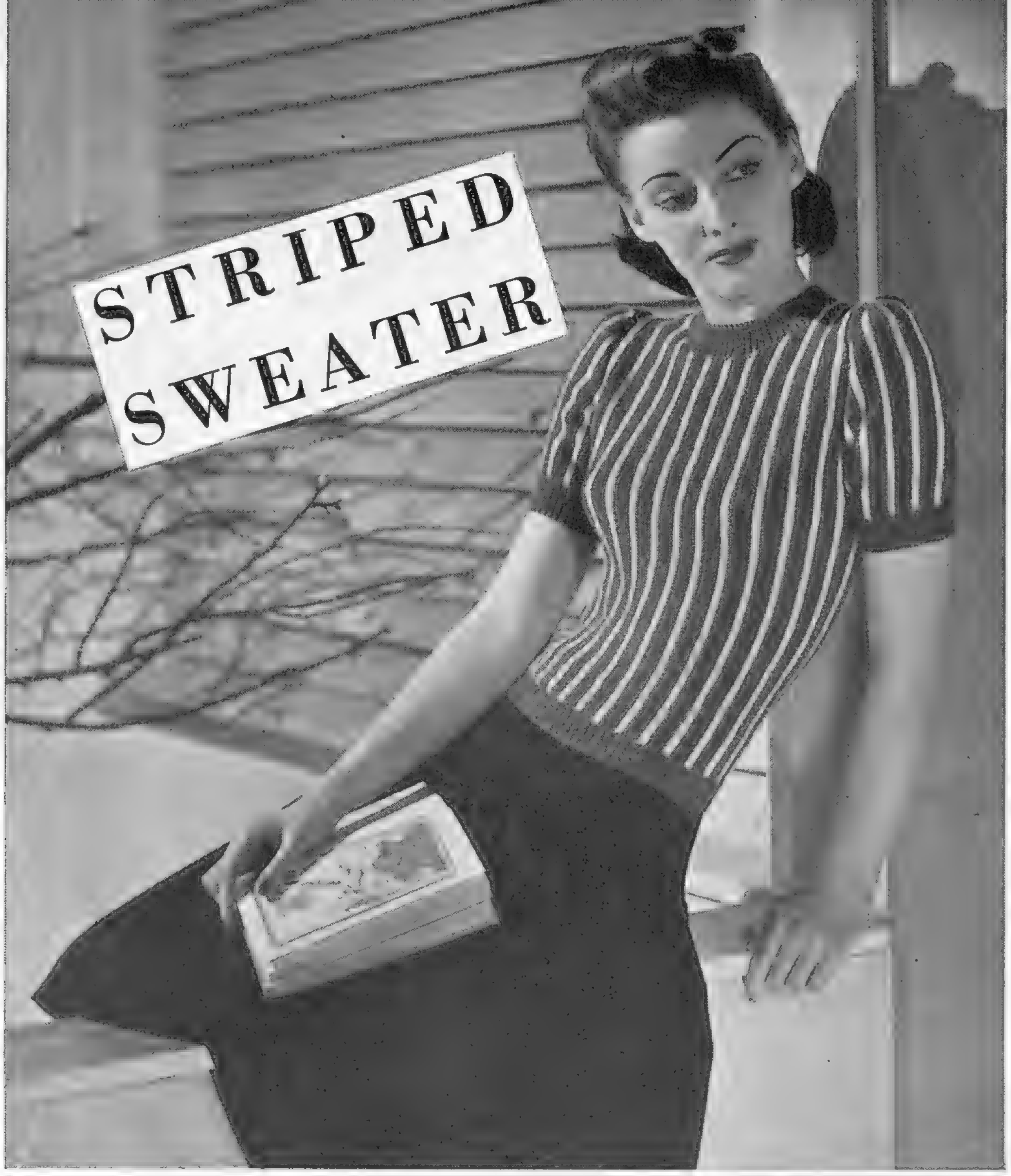
Lipstick 6/6 * *Nail Varnish 4/6* * *Perfume from 12/6*

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd

25 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

STRIPED SWEATER



Work *round* from side to side, changing wools to get your stripes, in knitting's simplest stitch—garter

Required

6 ozs. Templeton "Ayr" 3-ply wool, green.
1 oz. Templeton "Ayr" 3-ply wool, yellow.
2 small shoulder pads.
1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 12 "Stratnoid" pins.

Measurements

Length from shoulder, 19½ ins.
Across underarm, 17 ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 11 ins.

Abbreviations

K. = knit; p. = purl; sts. = stitches; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; beg. = beginning; pat. = pattern.

Start at
RIGHT FRONT UNDERARM

With No. 9 pins and green wool, cast on 70 sts. Work in plain knitting, starting with 5 rows green and continuing with 4 rows yellow, 10 rows green, throughout and shaping on following rows :

1*st to* 10*th row :* Knit.

11*th row :* Cast on 2, k. to end.

12*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 11 and 12 once (14 rows, 74 sts.).

15*th row :* Cast on 2, k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (16 rows, 76 sts.).

Repeat rows 11 and 12 six times more (28 rows, 88 sts.).

Repeat rows 15 and 16 once (30 rows, 90 sts.).

31*st row :* Cast on 35, k. to end.

Knit 5 rows (35 rows, 125 sts.).

37*th row :* K. twice into 1st st., k. to end.

38*th to* 42*nd row :* Knit.

43*rd row :* K. twice into 1st st., k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (44 rows, 127 sts.).

45*th to* 48*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 37 to 42 once (54 rows, 128 sts.).

55*th row :* As 37th.

56*th row :* Knit.

57*th row :* K. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back.

59*th and* 60*th rows :* Knit.

Repeat rows 37 to 42 once (130 sts., 66 rows).

67*th row :* Cast off 8, k. to end (122 sts.).

68*th row :* Knit.

69*th row :* Cast off 1, k. to end (121 sts.).

70*th row :* Knit.

71*st row :* Cast off 1, k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (72 rows, 120 sts.).

Repeat rows 69 and 70 six times more (84 rows, 114 sts.).

85*th row :* Cast off 1, k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (86 rows, 113 sts.).

Repeat rows 69 and 70 four times more (94 rows, 109 sts.).

95*th to* 100*th row :* Knit.

101*st row :* K. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (102 rows).

103*rd to* 114*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 101 to 114 once (128 rows).

129*th row :* As 101st (130 rows).

131*st to* 134*th row :* Knit.

135*th row :* Cast on 1, k. to end.

136*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 135 and 136 three times more (142 rows, 113 sts.).

143*rd row :* Cast on 1, k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (144 rows, 114 sts.).

Repeat rows 135 and 136 six times more (156 rows, 120 sts.).

Repeat rows 143 and 144 once (158 rows, 121 sts.).

Repeat rows 135 and 136 once (160 rows, 122 sts.).

161*st row :* Cast on 8, k. to end (130 sts.).

162*nd to* 166*th row :* Knit.

167*th row :* K. 2 tog., k. to end.

168*th to* 170*th row :* Knit.

171*st row :* K. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (172 rows, 129 sts.).

173*rd row :* K. 2 tog., k. to end.

174*th to* 178*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 173 to 178 once (184 rows, 127 sts.).

185*th row :* K. 2 tog., k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (186 rows, 126 sts.).

187*th to* 190*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 173 to 178 once (196 rows, 125 sts.).

197*th row :* Cast off 35, k. to end (90 sts.).

198*th row :* Knit.

199*th row :* Cast off 2, k. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (200 rows, 88 sts.).

201*st row :* Cast off 2, k. to end.

202*nd row :* Knit (86 sts.).

Repeat rows 201 and 202 five times more (212 rows, 76 sts.).

Repeat rows 199 and 200 once (214 rows, 74 sts.).

Repeat rows 201 and 202 twice more (218 rows, 70 sts.).

219*th to* 226*th row :* Knit.

227*th row :* K. to last 10 sts., turn, k. back (228 rows, 70 sts.).

229*th to* 236*th row :* Knit.

Repeat rows 11 to 228, *omitting rows* 101 *to* 114.

Cast off.

SLEEVES

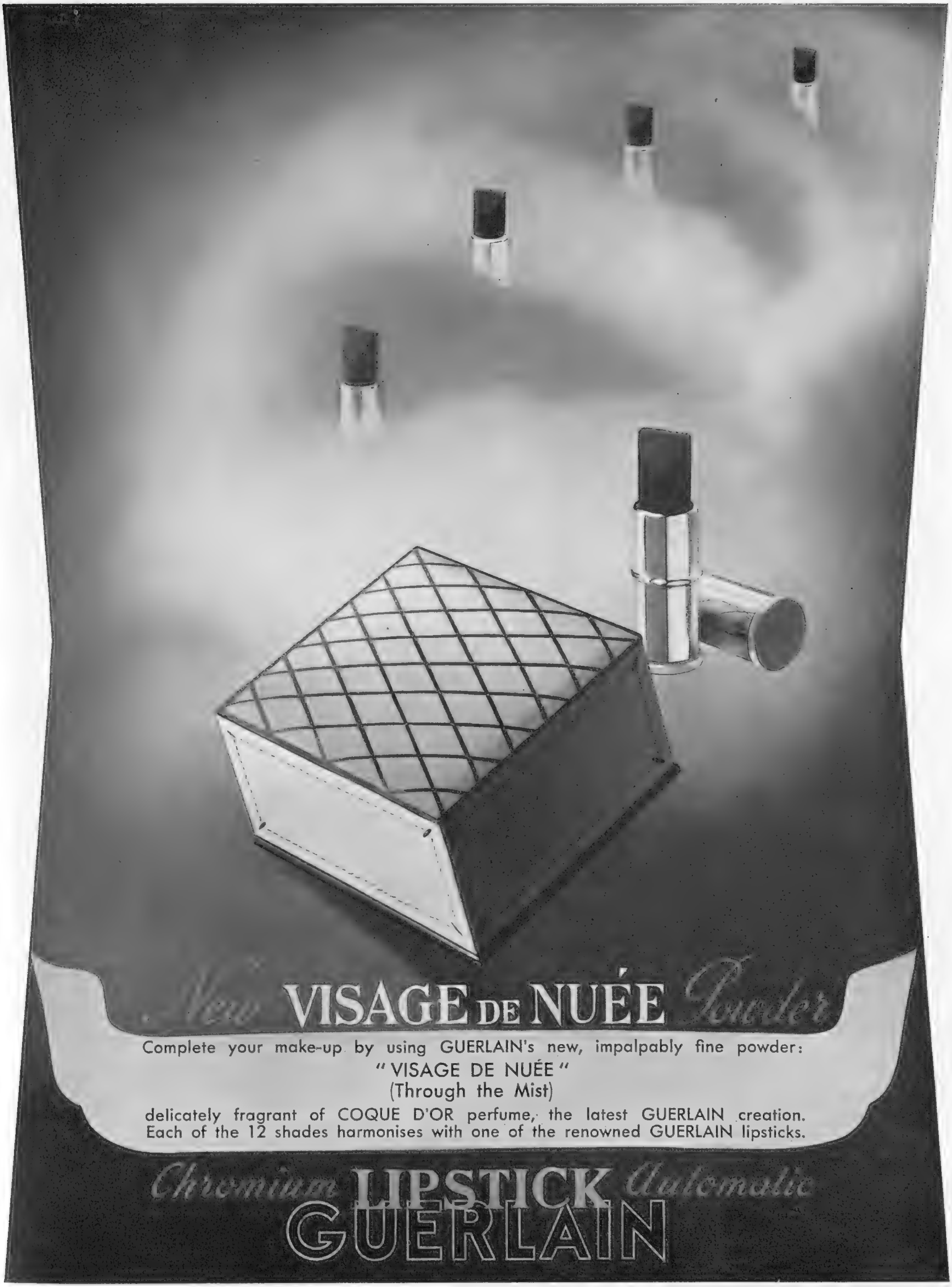
With No. 9 pins and green wool, cast on 25 sts. K. 5 rows, then continue with 4 rows yellow, 10 rows green, shaping on following rows :

1*st row :* Knit.

2*nd row :* Knit.

3*rd row :* K. twice into 1st st., k. to end (26 sts.).

(Continued on page 115)



New VISAGE DE NUÉE Powder

Complete your make-up by using GUERLAIN's new, impalpably fine powder:

"VISAGE DE NUÉE"

(Through the Mist)

delicately fragrant of COQUE D'OR perfume, the latest GUERLAIN creation. Each of the 12 shades harmonises with one of the renowned GUERLAIN lipsticks.

Chromium LIPSTICK Automatic

GUERLAIN

CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

The feminists had it their own way in the winter. It looks as if they're in for a good time again now. Twirling skirts, flowers in the hair, ribbons and ruches have made, and are still to make us, creatures most delicately feminine.

A make-up which attunes itself to this quality and at the same time harmonises with all the season's new colours is a necessity.

To meet this need, Cyclax have created a new make-up and they are calling it English Rose.

The name implies perfectly the refreshing delicacy of this make-up ensemble which comprises lipstick, nail enamel and rouge.

It is so easy to wear that, providing you use the correct shade of powder and foundation lotion for your colouring, the new make-up is pretty sure to suit you perfectly.

Try it with the new pastel shades, or the new vivid colourings. It is a perfect mixer.

There is no accounting for taste in literature. Some people like thrillers, others like Shakespeare and there are plenty who ask nothing better to read than a cookery book. Gardeners choose a seed catalogue.

If you have never yet discovered the thrill of growing things, and the fascinating indecision of planning to grow things, you won't understand such a choice, but you're the loser.

If you are already a confirmed tiller of the soil you don't need to have the best of all seed catalogues pointed out to you. If you *are* a newcomer to this healthful and soul-satisfying hobby of gardening we commend you to Carter's Seed Catalogue as the most practical and helpful guide to growing things.

It is a lavish affair with colour reproductions which show you flowers of every variety and hue as they will look later on in your garden.

As a picture book it is fascinating and as a practical help to gardeners indispensable. Carter's Tested Seeds, Ltd., will send it to you free on application to their offices at Raynes Park, London, S.W.20.

Soap to match your favourite perfume is a new idea and a good one, more especially if the soap is of the flawless quality which can be trusted to guard your skin and cleanse it in the most thorough way without any of the upsetting consequences which soaps are sometimes known to have.

Yardley's have so often been asked for a toilet soap to complement their Orchis perfume which is so well known and so well liked that they have, at last, produced Orchis soap.

Apart from the delightful fragrance, the tablet has another good point. It is made in an original shape so that it can be handled comfortably. You'll enjoy the feel as well as the scent of Yardley's Orchis soap.

It is a safe bet that just about now you'll be turning out last year's costume and wondering if you can possibly turn it into this year's knock-out.

Well, you can.

Cleaning or dyeing, or both, is not a new story, but it is still a good story if the cleaning or dyeing, or both, are well done.

There is the kind of cleaning that makes your clothes look spruce and new, and as you afterwards discover with the life gone out of them. There is also Vita-Cleaning.

This is a cleaning process which reverses the usual procedure and instead of sucking the life out of clothes puts it back into the fibre and effects a lasting rejuvenation.

Vita-Cleaning includes the treatment of garments with a special distillate which removes dirt and stains but preserves the balance of material oils in the fibres. It cuts out the risk of shrinkage and colour running.

You can send your household furnishing or your clothes to Clark's Dyeworks, Retford, for Vita-Cleaning with a light heart. Dispatch them to Clark's at any post office and they will be returned to you, post free.

You like your beauty treatments to be simple. So do all of us. To learn that by turning a tap you turn on an inexhaustible source of beauty seems impossible, yet it is so.

Soft water—water free from harsh chemicals which deal so roughly with the skin—is known to be a great natural beautifier.

By washing skin and hair regularly in naturally soft water the texture remains fine and the youth bloom radiant into advanced middle age. There is no dispute about it.

A Permutit softener costs fifteen guineas or 15s. 9d. a month and, for this price, you can have beautifying soft water from every tap in the house. There are portable models from four guineas. Write to Permutit, B.E., 151 Regent Street, London, for full particulars.

How many times have you said: "It's not that I want to be rich, but I do want security?"

It is true that two or three pounds a week assured income gives to women a feeling of tranquillity and dignity. I emphasise the dignity part of it because there appears no greater source of worry and humiliation in later years than the knowledge that one is dependent upon others.

Security in your declining years is something worth assuring. It is something you *can* assure. A few shillings a week set aside now can assure you a pension at any time after fifty.

The Norwich Union Ladies' Pension Policy offers you this: absolute security of pension at any time after fifty; large cash endowment in lieu of the pension if preferred; increased benefits if payment is postponed after fifty; all premiums returned in full in the event of death.

A payment of less than five shillings a week for twenty-five years secures you a pension of £26 7s. a year for the remainder of life at fifty, or a cash endowment of £459.

You will be under no obligation by writing to the Norwich Union for more particulars.

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Loveliness is not the sole virtue of these stockings, for they are made in a manner different from all others. Certain cunning devices give a shapely, slenderising effect to your legs, keep the seams straight *at all times,* and result in 30% more wear from calf to heel. Generously enough they render this sterling service for a modest sum varying between only 3/11 and 6/11.

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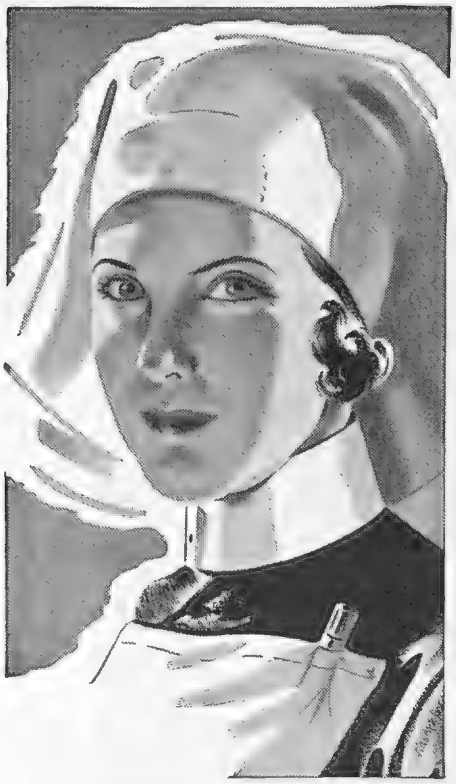
TRADE MARK
TRUE FASHIONED PURE SILK STOCKINGS
Patents Pending
6/11 · 4/11 · 3/11



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Sanitary Protection
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1/6, 1/- and 6d. ★ SOLD BY BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES & TAYLORS, and all other good class Chemists. HARRODS, SELFRIDGES, LEWIS'S LTD., all good departmental stores and drapers, and WOOLWORTH STORES, MARKS & SPENCER LTD., BRITISH HOME STORES, LTD., LITTLEWOODS LTD.

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NO BELTS · NO PINS · NO PADS!

The Women I Meet

(Continued from page 39)

many other flowers which will not, apparently, grow for any one else in London. It also boasts a pear tree, and when that blossoms each spring it is an excuse for the Nevinsons to give another of their famous parties "for the tree," at which, as always, the hostess stands behind her own bar in the studio and serves her hundred or so guests with cocktails specially mixed by the host from his own particular recipe.

There are portraits of Kathleen Nevinson hanging on the studio walls, but not many, for though she has endless patience for many things and the charm of complete unselfishness, she will not pose often, if she can help it, for her husband; other people can sit still, but not she!

MRS. COWAN DOBSON, the wife of the brilliant portrait painter, is, however, more amenable in the service of Art. Her madonna-parted hair, her shadowed eyes are as pleasurable as familiar from both exhibited portraits and reproductions of them. She has little need of mirrors in her delightful studio house in Edwardes Square, for her husband's pictures of her hang everywhere, including one life-size, which was one of the successes of the Salon. She does not mind how long or how often she sits as a model, and her patience is a little surprising, for she is so very vital and restless a person. She has a real passion for dancing, which she shares with her husband, for he, as an amateur, is an ex-world champion of ballroom dancing; neither of them are ever as happy as when on a ballroom floor with a band which has the rhythm they like.

Dancing is their main relaxation and they follow it as a study. They can be seen at most charity balls, West End dance floors—wherever there is a good band—but they go to many places unknown to Mayfair, where ballroom dancing is taken seriously and where they claim the best dancing is to be seen and enjoyed.

The Cowan Dobsons always, if possible, dance together, which these days seems very unmodern in so very modern a couple, and as well as sharing that taste in common they love the excitement of a casino. If on holiday, they always choose a gay Continental resort, for Mrs. Cowan Dobson insists that it is an economy since she always returns a winner from her "flutter" at the tables and that she has a system which has, so far, never failed.

As a system, in theory it seems simple. She keeps to a certain modest stake, backing only the dozens at roulette, waiting for a sequence of losses and then doubling up her stake only after she has made a sequence of losses. With iron determination, she stops playing for that session, whether it is afternoon or night, once she has made a win, and cannot be persuaded to try her luck again.

It does seem simple, and Mr. Cowan Dobson agrees that she has never returned from a holiday a loser, but he has a different theory as to the reason for her success. He has a twinkle in his eye, but he maintains that the system works because if she loses he pays and if she wins she retains the winnings.

That, of course, is purely male logic, which every woman knows is completely illogical, for it could not be more clear to any practical feminine mind that even if Mr. Cowan Dobson's view of the system is correct, it still does not affect the value of the system!

ANOTHER woman who has a "system," although it is of a very different kind, is LADY FOLEY, who has the unusual Christian name of Minoru—from a flowering shrub in South Africa, where she was born, and who is the widow of the seventh baron. She is one of the few women I have met, with the exception of women with definite professions, who has a real business mind.

Lady Foley says that she wishes that she had been born a man, for in that case she is certain that she would have made her way in the financial world. Finance, big finance, fascinates her. Sums of money which to most of us mean only a row of newspaper ciphers are real to her; she understands their use and their power. Her experience in Stock Exchange dealings is serious and goes further than vague understanding of the terms "contango" and "carry over" or being a "bull" or a "bear"—or that, to me, provoking phrase which has never brought me any reassurance, "day to day money is plentiful and cheap"!

But Lady Foley has the steadiness of mentality which enables her to take a long view and the courage to stand by her own opinion. Her business pre-occupation can be understood, for she received a firm training from her father, whose interests in South Africa are well known, and which she is passing on to her son, the present Lord Foley. He is now fifteen and a half and six foot three in height already, towering above his dark-haired, petite mother. He is to become a chartered accountant and thus well equipped to take charge of his own affairs when he comes of age, and his present education is Lady Foley's main care.

For that reason also she does not take much interest in London or social life, which she thinks only important in its value to commerce. She prefers her home at Eastbourne, which she has rebuilt for her son, equipping it with a swimming-pool and a billiards-room, and since he loves music a music-room and radios everywhere. But she is on various committees for charitable causes, such as the Monmartex Ball in aid of the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage; such leisure as she has she gives unnoticeably but generously in the service of those less fortunate than she.

THE beautiful young COUNTESS OF BIRKENHEAD is another willing to give her energies to a good cause, and success of the Royal Matinée in aid of King George's Fund for Actors and Actresses—graced by their Majesties' presence—is a tribute to her first experience as chairman of such organising; she having succeeded Lady Cromer, whose husband is the president.

Lady Birkenhead is slim and dark and completely unaffected. She has a delightful speaking voice and perhaps almost the loveliest hands, with long tapered nails, to be seen in London. She moves very quickly and lightly, as if she were about to dance, and her dark eyes have a glint of mischief in them, although she has a slightly serious dignity under the charm of her gaiety.

She reads a great deal—omnivorously, in fact—and one of her greatest pleasures is to steal an hour or two out of her day to browse in the London Library. She likes to be energetic as well, however. She loves a country life, and in the summer spends as much time as she can away from London, playing golf and particularly tennis.

As well, she is severely practical. She has a small son of three, Robin, with whom she deals competently, for she does not approve of motherhood which pays only formal visits to the nursery, and when Robin's "Nanny" is off duty, his mother continues his usual routine. And there is a little more than just the care of her small son in Lady Birkenhead's mind when she baths and puts him to bed or takes him out as occasion demands. Lady Birkenhead can drive a car, which she does, her own green Packard, but she does not consider that to enrol as a possible ambulance driver would make her services of much value were they required by her country. She does however feel strongly that she should be able to take over all duties of her own family and thus release others for more valuable work. She is studying cooking with a view to its practical value in the case of emergency, not only for her own household but on the larger scale refugee camps or evacuated communities, and, when

(Continued on page 76)

"Bless you for that wrinkle about wrinkles, Jane Seymour!"

" It's lovely to see the sun again," said a woman when I was talking to her at the golf club, " but I wish it didn't make me screw my eyes up and encourage crowsfeet so much."

" Well," I said, " you can avoid a good deal of that by wearing tinted glasses in the country, and when you're motoring. And, of course, wrinkles show far less if your skin is properly cared for."

" What do you call ' proper ' care ? " she asked.

" Cleaning off make-up every night with Cleansing Cream and Juniper Skin Tonic," I said. " Eye-baths night and morning with my special Eye Lotion. Patting the offending lines with Anti-Wrinkle Cream. Bracing well with Juniper when you get up. Do it regularly. Do it often. A little persistence soon works wonders."

" Thanks a lot," she said, " I'll try it." And she did ! Some weeks later she came to my Salon and said : " Bless you for that wrinkle about wrinkles. My puckers are almost smoothed out ! "

Get my book ' Speaking Frankly ' from any shop that sells my preparations, or direct from me, Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor Street, Bond Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon, Extension 3.

Trade Mark

Jane Seymour

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

she considers her husband in the Anti-Tank Corps, takes her work very seriously.

CAMILLA SYKES has precisely the same point of view and is another of the young society women whose frivolity is very much on the surface. She, too, is studying cooking and practical usefulness.

It seems strange in her, for she has an air of great fragility and an exotic beauty which captivated London when she first came out as the lovely daughter of Russell Pasha. Russell Pasha is so famous as the scourge of drug smuggling and dealing in Egypt that of Mrs. Sykes, who spent much of her girlhood in Egypt with him, exciting stories of gangster adventures are expected. However, she will tell you that on only one occasion did she accompany her father on a "round-up." Then, after much secrecy and preparation, a house was "pounced upon," in which it was said there was a large cache of drugs. It was true the hiding-place was located according to plan, but there were no drugs in it, only the vendor's visiting card!

Mrs. Sykes lives in an adorable tiny house with her husband and her small son, in Westminster. It was, years ago, a grocer's shop, and where her brocade settee stands in the converted lounge hall was the grocer's counter, which certain people in the district can still remember. But if the house has been converted, much of its charm is less due to its quaintness than to Camilla Sykes's taste in arrangement. She has very artistic tendencies, for not only does she design and make many of her own dresses, but she can paint murals. When she has time, she intends doing a blank wall which overlooks the back of her house; but so far she has not had the time nor decided upon the design. She can act just as well, and although she has only made one film in England, was, until political policy changed in Germany, under contract to the UFA company with obvious prospects of eventually becoming one of its stars.

Marriage, however, has interrupted the possibility of her developing a screen career, marriage and the care of an eighteen-months-old son, and she says that she thinks that she is too slim to screen well now. She certainly is very slim, but that only enhances, in most people's opinion, the exquisite unusualness of her type which makes her so noticeable wherever she goes.

Another who can never pass unremarked is the LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN, the lovely daughter of the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. She is tall and ethereally fair with a complexion as perfect as the most perfect peach. Her features are very delicate and there is a faint air of resemblance in them to the portraits of Queen Victoria at her accession, particularly when she wears evening gowns with spreading velvet skirts.

She walks very gracefully, for her head is beautifully set on her slender neck which the Victorians would have certainly called swanlike, for it has the rare grace of length. Lady Iris is now in her third "season" and says that she is thankful that her débutante days are over. Enjoyable and exciting as they were, they seemed to her one long bewildering series of dances and social functions in which she had little time to build up real friendships. For Lady Iris lays great store on choosing her own friends and prefers an evening spent in the congenial company of four or six of her intimates to perhaps what might be considered a most brilliant reception. She likes to make up her own party and go dancing to whatever is her favourite place of the moment, and she likes to go quietly to a cinema. Sometimes, too, she will have one or two of her friends to tea or cocktails in the little suite of rooms adjoining her mother's in Kensington Palace where she lives, and in which the radiogram plays dance music most of the time that she is in.

But perhaps most of all she likes the ballet which she studies seriously. She is often to be seen at Sadler's Wells, which she adores, for she thinks it has an atmosphere of a certain intimacy both for the dancers and those who go there regularly. She takes a great interest in the Theatre, too, and, as she feels that social life alone is not sufficient for her she is entering the London Theatre Studio in a few months' time to study theatrical designing seriously. Until then she is working hard at sketching in between fulfilling the social duties of her position, driving a car very fast when she gets an open road, and being her very charming self.

END

Other People's Children

(*Continued from page* 49)

has not done them so very much harm.

It should be possible to re-establish the parent as supreme authority in the home without going back to the extremes of thrashings and bed-without-supper, and lock you in your room, my girl.

If you don't want your children to be sophisticated, limit the amount of time they spend in the company of grown-ups.

It is hardly surprising that they should be precocious and over-bearing when you consider that they are perpetually listening to adult, or supposedly adult conversation, and besides, are allowed to chip in with their own opinions whenever they choose.

The child who hears his or her mother constantly summing up plays and books with a bored comment is hardly likely to grow up with an eager appetite for plays and books.

It is not possible for everyone to live in the country, but obviously, country-bred children form associations concerned with trees and birds and flowers and simple people that leave them for ever with a basic sanity, humanity and sense of real values.

Home, in a town flat, often ceases to be that nice friendly mixture of garden, cat, tricycle and Cook. It is a palace. The infant is bowed in and out of glittery portals by uniformed porters whom it thinks exist solely in order that infants shall not open doors for themselves. You cannot be surprised if impressionable young minds are mildly distorted by such an environment.

Still, it is a comfort to discover, as one is constantly discovering, that deep down, children retain a thoroughly normal simplicity, when it is allowed to emerge.

A little girl I know, who is used to being sent everywhere in the car, considers me her most desirable escort because I let her spend an entire afternoon on tube trains. She is mad about escalators and noise.

There was a reassuring moral, too, in the remark of another nicely brought-up young date I recently took on a railway journey. Pointing to an engine driver who was as sooty as a nigger minstrel, she said with wistful yearning, "It must be marvellous to be an engine driver and get your face as dirty as that."

END

Fashions

(*Continued from page* 56)

over printed frocks' pale blues and pinks and lavenders over darker multicoloured prints, scarlet over black and white checked silk, yellow over yellow and black. Many coats look like dresses, buttoning from a tight waist to the neck, with very full skirts coming from an embedded belt.

For summer dresses, dotted and checked surahs vie with flowered prints. Jersey, chiffon wool or heavy crease-resisting rayon make shirt frocks for country wearing. Boleros are at their peak. Somebody has come along with a rival to the zipper, called the zig-zag fastener, which expands and contracts on a lattice principle.

END

"My dear—
why don't you do as
I suggest? Let me get
you a drop of **Gordon's**
out of the bottle in
the sideboard. You
will find it will
put you right at
once, and is far
more pleasant to
take"

Gordon's

The Gin that has
medicinal properties

TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD.,
GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

THERE ARE DAYS in Spring and Summer when the sun plays hide and seek behind clouds. Then we miss our full share of its health-giving rays. But we need never go short of nature's sunshine *vitamins;* these we can enjoy in abundance every day and with every meal — in New Zealand Butter. This delicious golden butter from a country of warm sunshine and fresh green pasturelands has been aptly described as "solid sunshine"— butter at its very best!

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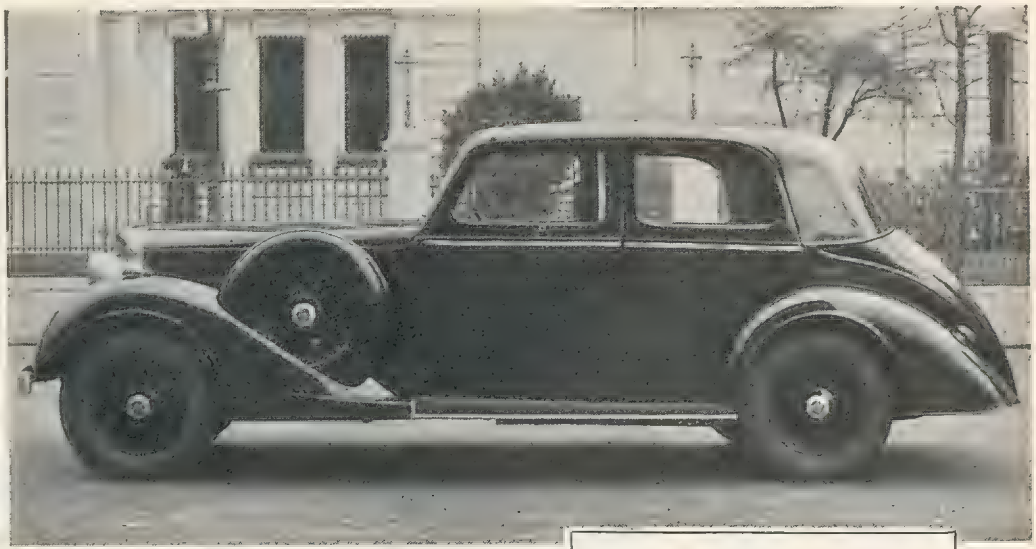
The Car of the Moderns

Outstanding by the sheer merit of its splendid performance, the Jaguar is firmly established in its leadership of contemporary design. Instantly responsive, either to bursts of vivid acceleration or long sustained periods at high speeds, it can be handled with an ease that is as satisfying as it is exhilarating. The comfort afforded to driver and passengers is of the most luxurious order, whilst every detail of appointment is carried out with that high degree of refinement found in all Jaguar models. The model illustrated above is the 3½ Litre Saloon, priced at £445 (Drophead Coupe, £465). Other models from £285. Manufacturers: S.S. Cars Ltd., Coventry. London Showrooms: Henlys Ltd., Devonshire House, Piccadilly, W.1.

JAGUAR

Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

IT sometimes happens that, when a firm of motor manufacturers produces one exceedingly fine model, public opinion does rather less than justice to the same firm's other products. The outstanding model may "put in the shade" other types which, in their way, are just as fine examples of good value and skilled workmanship.



I am inclined to think that something of the sort applies to Alvis cars. Every one knows and admires the "Speed Twenty-five." As regards the "Silver Crest," however, people are apt to be much more vague. While no one doubts that it is a thoroughly sound proposition, the inference is that there is nothing very remarkable about it.

Let me, then, begin this article by saying that this is an entirely mistaken notion. The "Silver Crest" *is* remarkable in a number of ways. I myself did it much less than justice when I first heard that a car of this type was to be loaned to me. I had a long run to do, and I had been led to expect that a "Speed Twenty-five" would be available. I was prepared—let me admit it frankly—to find the smaller model rather disappointing by comparison.

The 20 h.p. "Silver Crest" Alvis

A Car Which Deserves Greater Recognition

by The Earl of Cardigan

It was not long before I found myself revising my ideas. The "Silver Crest," to begin with, is notably good-looking. The model loaned to me was the four-light saloon on the 20-h.p. chassis, and this has very pleasing and well-balanced lines. The general effect, indeed, is decidedly very sporting, even though comfortable seating is provided for five passengers.

Then, a glance under the bonnet reveals at once that the engine is of no ordinary type. The six cylinders are fed by three carburettors—and one does not have to be an engineer to see that, provided these three carburettors act in unison, the result must be exceptionally efficient carburation. There can be no question of the end cylinders being "starved."

The interior of the "Silver Crest." It offers a really high degree of comfort

ON the road, this engine shows itself to be remarkable indeed. It gives the impression not only that it does not mind hard driving, but that it actually enjoys it. When the throttle is fully opened, it accelerates right up to the maximum which one would expect from it, and then does about ten per cent more! Moreover, as the speed increases, it seems to run more and more happily and smoothly. I even noticed an increase in silence at the higher speeds.

The bare performance figures, for a comfortable saloon car, are striking enough. In third gear, 65 m.p.h. can be reached, while in top gear the maximum is not far short of 90 m.p.h. which is more than satisfactory.

The extraordinary capacity of the engine to run better and better at the higher speeds has the effect, of course, of enabling the car to "cruise" extremely fast. I soon found that it was pleasant to keep the speedometer needle rather above the 60 m.p.h. mark, and that on open stretches of road one could equally well keep going at 70 or even 80 m.p.h. I repeat that these were speeds at which, on a good enough road, it was *agreeable* to travel.

I must not give the impression that the "Silver Crest" is a car which defies criticism. At the lower speeds, some few criticisms are possible; for instance, the steering appears to be a little heavy.

Road-holding, like every other factor of this car's performance, is at its best at the higher speeds. The springing, which is independent in front, then gives excellent results.

The Alvis gearbox, thanks to the flexibility of the "Silver Crest" engine, is one which the driver can either use freely or, to a large extent, ignore. The car is able to do almost anything in top gear, but personally I advocate using the lower ratios. These are well chosen, and without exception have synchromesh engagement, so that there is no change which can present the slightest difficulty.

There are a number of other good points to be noticed among which are the automatic system of chassis lubrication and the provision of Jackall hydraulic jacks. A chassis feature which assists the coachbuilder is that the rear axle is of "hypoid" type. This means that the floor level can be kept low, and that foot-wells can be avoided.

I have not left much space to speak of coachwork details; but the "Silver Crest" saloon offers a really high degree of comfort, and the amount of luggage space is particularly good. The luggage boot looks no larger than the normal from outside, but has unusual depth within. At £595, this car is far from being expensive: indeed, for the driver who likes to cruise happily at speeds in excess of 60 m.p.h., it could fairly be described as offering remarkably good value.

The "Silver Crest" Alvis in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves and three carburettors; 20 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, all-synchromesh.

Performance: Third gear 65 m.p.h.; top gear 85/90 m.p.h.

Springing: Transverse independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear.

Steering: accurate, very pleasant at speed.

Brakes: Of Bendix type.

Coachwork: Seats five in comfort.

Price: Four-light saloon, £595.

YOUNG LADY'S DIARY, 1939

"And don't forget," I said, "they are 'men' at the 'Varsity, not 'boys'; and Courts are Quads at Oxford; and. . . ." Mary squeezed my arm.

"Isn't it thrilling, Anne?" she said.

"Your first visit to Oxford, and my first trip since I 'ran-in' my Ford V-8. I'm thrilled, too. I can step on it at last!"

"It's a dream, Anne . . . I mean the car." That's what I was thinking.

My father winced when I suggested a Ford V-8. He thought that a luxury eight-cylindered car would be beyond his means. But I told him how little extra it cost to step up into the V-8 class, and several V-8 owners proved how low running expenses were. (Actually, I've been getting between 22 and 27 miles to the gallon.) So father gave in. He's as excited as I am now.

"Seventy up this hill is pretty marvellous," said Mary, "and it doesn't feel as though we're doing more than fifty."

It was that long gradient just beyond High Wycombe, the one that shows up so many cars. I can honestly say that the V-8 didn't notice it. Never had I known that driving a motor car could be so thrilling. Nor so easy, because I felt quite safe at speed, although I'm not a so-called expert driver.

* * *

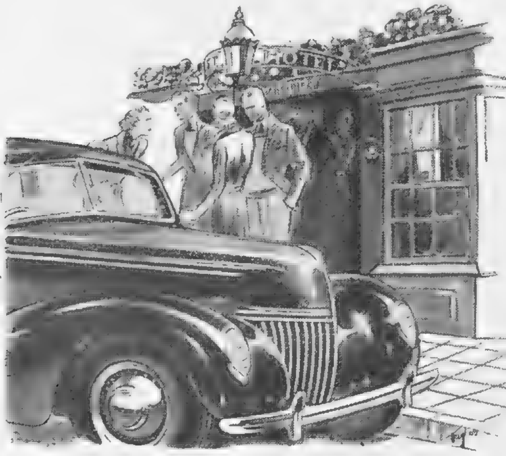
We reached Oxford in an hour and a half and went straight to the rooms that Peter and John share. Mary was twittering.

"Don't *seem* so excited," I had said, but without effect.

"We didn't expect you for half-an-hour," said Peter; "you must have travelled, Anne."

"It's her new car," said Mary; "she passed everything with the greatest of ease. What a lovely Court you live in, John!"

"Nice, isn't it?" said John; "funny, but we call them Quads at Oxford. What kind of car?"



"Oh, I *am* sorry! I forgot." She blushed furiously. "A Ford V-8 . . . a new one, just run in."

"No wonder you're early! There are very few cars that can compete with a Ford V-8, regardless of cost. Nothing to touch them for value and they're darn fine engineering jobs. I'd give my eye-teeth for one."

This, from mechanically-minded John, was praise indeed. I smiled.

"Any Ford owner will tell you that, John."

* * *

It was a perfect day. We drove the boys (men, I mean) round to the Mitre for lunch. It was warm enough for the river, and we ended up with tea in their rooms.

"I wish we could drive back with you," said Peter as we got ready to go. "I'd love to drive that car of yours."

"We hope to bring up a 'Prefect' next term," said John. "That's the next best thing to a V-8. Sports performance at a price we paupers can afford."

As they saw us off, Peter drew Mary aside. "Oh, and Mary," I heard him say, "about the Eights Week Ball. I was wondering if you . . ."

FORD V-8 *Saloon de Luxe* **£280,** *Convertible Coupé* **£300;** *the* ***'Prefect'****, the Ten ahead of its class, Saloon* **£145,** *Double-Entrance Saloon* **£152.10.,** *Touring Car* **£155;** *prices at Works.*

● FORD OWNERS WILL TELL YOU ●

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The Rover "16," one of the many delightful Rover models which can be seen at Messrs. Henlys, of Devonshire House and Henly House

Where the Up-to-date Car Scores

Some worth-while Modern Features

by

The Earl of Cardigan

I SEEM to have been writing a great deal recently about new cars. It is perhaps natural to do so at this time of year—and yet there must be many readers who have cars which are three or four years old, and who are still in no hurry to make a change. Why—they may argue—should one lay out good money in buying a new car, when the old one still seems to be running just as well as ever it did?

Moreover, it is sometimes suggested that the difference between the 1939 cars and those of older vintage is not, after all, so great. When we look at the specifications of recent models, do we see any drastic changes in design? When we glance casually at the new cars which pass us on the road, do we detect any sweeping or fundamental improvements? In most cases, it must be admitted that we do not.

It would be an injustice to the motor industry to say that the improvements are not there : the fact is that very few of them are on the surface, and still fewer are calculated to catch the eye of the uninstructed observer. The man or woman who seeks valid reasons for buying a new car to replace an old one must, in the first place, learn to "read between the lines" of the specification in the catalogue.

FOR instance, as an item in the description of a new engine, I suppose that the presence of a "thermostat" does not sound very exciting. One is inclined to dismiss it as "just another technical gadget;" but actually this device, which responds to any change in temperature, is now used to do quite a number of useful jobs. It can shut off the circulation of water around the cylinders, and thus cause an engine to "warm up" very much more quickly than it otherwise would. When the engine is hot, it can set the water in circulation again, and so keep the temperature steady.

Other things which a thermostat can do are to close the "choke" and slightly open the throttle in the carburettor of a cold engine, thus giving an easy start. As an efficient temperature is reached, it can release the choke and close the throttle to a slow tick-over setting. All these things are done automatically, and with more exactitude than could be achieved by human agency. The driver is spared a certain amount of trouble—and of course, the engine benefits, as regards longer life and lower petrol consumption, from spending less of its time in a cold or semi-cold condition.

I quote the thermostat, not because it is necessarily the greatest of recent improvements in engine design, but because it is such an excellent example of a new feature which may not seem much of a lure to the prospective purchaser, but which the owner of a new car will quickly learn to appreciate. Where a 1939 model has a number of such features, one must agree that it is a substantially better proposition than its predecessors, even though a casual inspection may reveal no striking differences.

Another point which users of old cars ought to consider is this. Where an up-to-date model offers an increase in maximum speed, it is not reasonable to say, "that doesn't interest me. I never drive at much more than 50 m.p.h. anyway."

What is important is that, if a car will do 70 m.p.h.—a speed which is reached by a very great number of the new models—it is running at less than three-quarters of its maximum when it is cruising at 50 m.p.h. On the other hand, where the maximum is barely 60 m.p.h.—as was the case with most of the smaller cars of a few years ago, a 50 m.p.h. cruising speed means that the engine is being "pushed" fairly hard. It is not so very far from being "flat out."

It is obvious, I think, that an engine is going to last longer and keep its "tune" better if its common cruising speed does not approach too near to the maximum. Apart from this, almost any engine will be found to run more smoothly and quietly while it has a considerable margin of speed and power in hand. One does not have to be mechanically minded to appreciate this. Let anyone think of the most luxurious car he knows—and I will wager that it is one capable of high speed, and therefore able to cruise with the throttle not much more than half-way open.

Rather a similar argument arises in regard to modern forms of springing. Many drivers claim that they do nearly the whole of their running over good main roads, under conditions which ensure comfortable riding even with a suspension system of the most primitive kind. So far as it goes, this is true enough : on a perfect surface there is no need for superlative springing.

There are times, however, when peculiar conditions must be faced. Those who were driving during last winter, when frozen snow was thick on the ground, must have observed how a car would pull steadily over such a surface so long as it was running smoothly. On the other hand, as soon as it began to pitch and bounce, it would become difficult to control. In other words, it was evident at that time that good suspension contributed greatly towards all-round efficiency—a fact of which racing drivers have always been very well aware.

The up-to-date car therefore *does* score in a great number of ways. It is more convenient, more comfortable and more generally efficient. I have every sympathy with the man who says, "I like my old car. I am accustomed to it, and I intend to keep it." (I have a fifteen-year-old model myself which I still use when I am feeling in the mood for it.) This is a pleasant sentiment; but we must not let it lead us into the folly of supposing that nothing worth-while remains for the designer of to-day and to-morrow to offer us.

"Ethyl . . . has done much to make possible the amazing performance of the small car of to-day"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

". . . *and this is an amazing little car*"

said the School of Motoring Instructor

British small cars lead all over the world for value. A few years ago their performance would have been considered little short of miraculous. When fuelled with Esso Ethyl they are even more marvellous, for they are built to take full advantage of a high-compression petrol, which by stopping pinking, either audible or muffled, makes them livelier, faster and better hill-climbers.

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THAT STOPS
MUFFLED
PINKING

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THING TO
FLYING

Esso
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The Vauxhall "Fourteen" in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves: 14 h.p.

Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, all ratios synchromesh.

Performance: Second gear 50 m.p.h.; top gear 70 m.p.h.

Steering: Exceptionally light.

Brakes: Good, hydraulic.

Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear.

Coachwork: Comfortable, with increased roominess.

Price: Saloon, £230.

An Improved and Re-designed Vauxhall

The New "Fourteen"

by The Earl of Cardigan

The interior of the new Vauxhall "Fourteen" is in perfect taste. Real leather upholstery, central disappearing arm rests to rear seats, increased leg room, besides the many other features

THERE must have been many thousands of motorists who regarded the 14-h.p. Vauxhall of 1938 as a highly satisfactory motor car. Indeed, I dare say that the same model, without any modifications, would enjoy quite a ready sale to-day.

It is therefore very much to the credit of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., that this firm, without any pressing necessity for making a change, has decided to re-design the "Fourteen." Good as the original car was, there is no doubt that the new model is substantially better. An increase has been achieved both in power and size; the price remains stationary, while the weight of the car has actually been decreased.

As regards the increase in size, my belief is that this has involved a slight addition to *all* the dimensions. The car still seems to have the same proportions, but it now "fills the eye" to a much greater extent than before. I may as well admit that, when I first saw it, I was momentarily uncertain whether it was in fact an enlarged version of the familiar "Fourteen" or whether it was a slightly shrunken edition of the 25-h.p. model!

The extra inches have certainly resulted in more comfortable coachwork. Both at the front and at the back of the new saloon body, the passenger is conscious of more generous elbow room. Five people can be seated, and unless they are all heavy-weights, there is no need for them to "squash up." The amount of head room remains good, and leg room again has been increased.

Larger coachwork sometimes means that, from the driver's point of view, a car gives the impression of being "over-bodied." It is the improved 14-h.p. engine which enables this new Vauxhall to avoid any such failing. It still *is* a 14-h.p. engine for taxation purposes, but it now develops as much as 48 h.p. when the car is travelling at speed. As before, it has six cylinders and overhead valves, so that its efficiency is allied with a very high degree of smoothness.

The greatest gain in my opinion, lies in the direction of increased liveliness. This Vauxhall seems to "get off the mark" in better style than any of its predecessors. It has also a little more speed; but the ordinary driver will no doubt be glad to find that the extra power has mainly been used to put at his disposal a high rate of acceleration.

The new gearbox has one very excellent feature. All the three forward gears now have synchromesh engagement, so that the change down to bottom gear is just as easy as any other change—in fact presenting no difficulty whatsoever. This is a real improvement, and a logical one—even though it may not be very often that the use of the lowest ratio is called for.

On ordinary roads indeed, second gear gives power enough to tackle nearly any gradient, and provides also a useful turn of speed, being capable of 50 m.p.h. In top gear a good 70 m.p.h. can be reached, and the smoothness of the engine ensures a high cruising speed. It is possible to maintain 60 m.p.h. without any sense of strain.

The steering is extremely light—in fact quite exceptionally so. Until a driver becomes accustomed to it, he may even consider that it is too light, although this is scarcely a logical criticism to make. Light steering is a virtue so long as it entails no loss of accuracy, and so long as it is not achieved by means of absurdly low gearing. The Vauxhall steering is accurate, and is not geared excessively low, so that its

(Continued on page 85)

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EIGHT	*from £128*
TEN-FOUR	*from £175*
TWELVE-FOUR	*from £205*
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The Morris Fourteen–Six

IF YOU DON'T BUY MORRIS AT LEAST BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

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Sole Exporters: Morris Industries Exports Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England M.365

An Improved and Re-designed Vauxhall

(*Continued from page* 83)

effortless action will certainly be appreciated by owners as soon as familiarity with it has been gained.

The suspension system is of unusual interest, and enables the car to ride with remarkable smoothness over rough surfaces. The front wheels are sprung independently, and a valuable feature is that the front springs become stiffer as the load on them is increased. Thus, although normally soft, they do not permit the car to "roll" to excess when it is driven at speed around a bend.

The foot brake is hydraulic, and is very pleasant to use. It has plenty of power to pull the car up, together with the smoothness of action which is an almost invariable virtue of the hydraulic system. The hand brake, for additional safety, acts on the rear wheels by mechanical means.

The new chassis—incidentally the body is built integrally with it—has many other good points, of which only a few can be mentioned here. For convenience, the steering column is instantly adjustable, and there is a special jacking system to make wheel-changing less laborious. For efficiency, the engine is provided with two thermostats so that it can warm up quickly, and the automatic ignition control is capable of quick adjustment if an extra degree of "advance" or "retard" is desired. Economy has also been carefully studied in the design of the carburettor.

With the price of the complete car remaining at £230, it is perhaps needless to add that the value-for-money aspect has been correspondingly improved. At the figure quoted, this Vauxhall cannot fail to appeal very widely indeed.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 34)

shock to him to realise that he could not necessarily adhere strictly to a pre-determined time-table.

I have before me a book which goes back fifty years and shows how Doctor Arthur E. Hertzler was accustomed to visit his patients in a one-horse buggy, taking with him, in addition to his doctor's bag, a shovel with which to dig himself out of the snow-drifts, and a Colt revolver for use against wild dogs.

This book is "The Horse and Buggy Doctor," by Arthur E. Hertzler (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.).

An introduction is contributed by Francis Brett Young, who has had many similar experiences in his day. In fact, in this introduction, he says: "The thing that struck me most of all in reading it was the extraordinarily close similarity of the life of one doctor to that of another."

Dr. Hertzler's autobiography is no mere tale of a boy who became a medical student and then a general practitioner.

The author's interest goes far beyond medicine and embraces the effect of medicine upon civilisation.

Every page of his book is eminently readable—the more so because the author combines a philosophical outlook with a nice sense of humour.

From a frank autobiography, let us now turn to what may be described as a novelised biography. This is "The Saga of Frank Dover," by Johannes Buchholtz (Thornton Butterworth, 8s. 6d.).

The author of this memorable book has created a character in whom it is fundamentally impossible not to be interested. Frank Dover was a man who combined—like all real men—something to love, something to despise, something of apathy, and something of untiring zeal.

His life was eventful. After an early manhood, spent in sailing the seas of the world, he "jumped ship" in South Africa—the seething South Africa of Rhodes and Kruger—determined to make his fortune in a new country.

You would hardly expect that a man eager to make his fortune in a new country would set himself up as a piano tuner, yet this was the start of Frank Dover in Durban, and he soon became firmly established in his job, combining with it that of dealing in pianos.

The next phase is when he meets the great love of his life, who unfortunately is already married. Eventually, however, her husband leaves her, and Dover and she enjoy an idyll which is cut short by the husband's return. His outrageous behaviour forces her to leave Durban, and Dover unhesitatingly sacrifices his business and treks with her into Boer territory.

There she dies, leaving him with her daughter by her lawful husband, and true to his love, Dover assumes this obligation and devotes the best years of his life to caring for this child of another man.

He prospects for gold in the Murchison Range and accumulates a second fortune, and at this point the Boer War breaks out.

If Frank Dover's adventures up to this point have been dramatic, and interesting, his subsequent adventures are dynamic.

There is an epic quality about this book which stamps it indelibly as a work which will live. It has a broad sympathy and a quiet dignity which enhance the drama of its theme, and it is with every confidence that I recommend it to readers of "Britannia and Eve" as an addition which must be made to their libraries.

"Everyman's Astronomy," by Mary Proctor (John Gifford, 10s. 6d.), as an intensely fascinating book.

The astonishing thing about astronomy is that the world is firmly divided into two classes—those who believe that everything to do with our lives is governed by astral influence and those who maintain that there is no relation whatsoever between the psychological and material things of this world and the nebulous influences of the nebulæ.

There is no half-way in this matter, and either you believe or you disbelieve in the astrological influence which permeates human existence.

Mary Proctor's book will fascinate you equally no matter to which of these classes you belong. It is written in non-technical language and there is nothing about it which any intelligent layman will experience the slightest difficulty in comprehending.

The author, who is a Fellow of the Royal Astrological Society, has made a life-long study of astronomy and the many highly successful books to her credit are evidence of her ability to unlock the secrets of the infinite sweeps of space in an extraordinarily lucid and simple manner.

The many beautiful photographs are a further important feature which cannot fail to stimulate the imagination of anyone who has gazed in wonder at the marvellous panorama of the night sky.

AND now, by way of a change, here is a murder story. "On the Night of the Fire," by F. L. Green (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.).

This thrilling story, which was the *Evening Standard's* choice as "Book of the Month," tells of a murderer, but is indeed very different from what is suggested by the conventional phrase, "a murder story."

Walter Kobling is a barber in a great industrial city; a violent, ambitious man, proud of his physical strength and vigorous personality, aggrieved at the drabness and frustration of his existence.

Chance suddenly offers him an opportunity. He robs a safe and from this one impulsive action a sequence of events spring which bring about the disintegration and ruin of his whole life.

The central event of the book is the murder committed on the night of the fire (the description of the (*Continued on page* 87)

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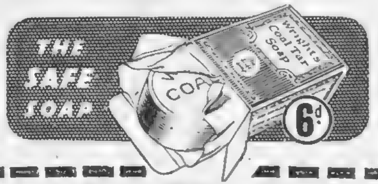

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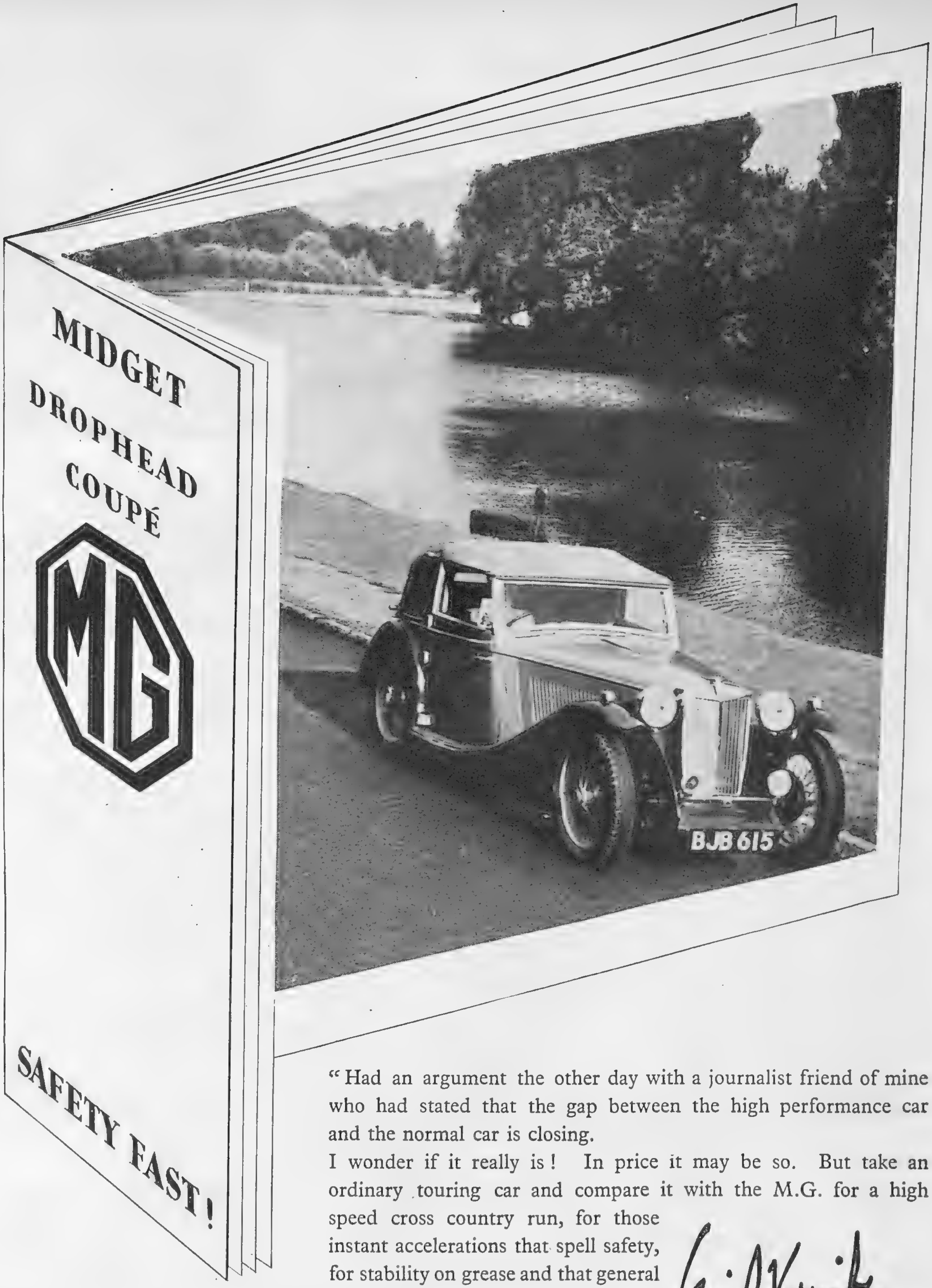

"Had an argument the other day with a journalist friend of mine who had stated that the gap between the high performance car and the normal car is closing.

I wonder if it really is! In price it may be so. But take an ordinary touring car and compare it with the M.G. for a high speed cross country run, for those instant accelerations that spell safety, for stability on grease and that general easeful handling that breed brings out in a car. That is where, in my opinion, the M.G. scores."

Cecil Kimber

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great fire in the city, is, by the way, a very remarkable piece of writing).

It is the subtle characterisation and the inscrutable but ruthless march of the consequences as they spread and grow from the original crime which make this book so unique. The whole neighbourhood becomes involved in an atmosphere of fear and suspicion and the grim inevitability with which the events move to their tragic conclusion is a masterly piece of literary achievement upon which Mr. Green is heartily to be commended.

NOW to return to biography. "Otho I, King of Greece," by Leonard Bower and Gordon Bolitho, comes from Messrs. Selwyn and Blount at 10s. 6d.

Frankly, I should not have felt an urge to buy this book on its title, but I should never have forgiven myself if I had missed it, for unlike many biographies of foreign Royal Houses, it presents a picture with which we, in this country, can feel something of sympathy.

After the Battle of Navarino, the victorious powers decided upon an independent Greece and looked around for a suitable young king. Of the several aspirants for this somewhat dubious honour, including Leopold of Belgium, Otho, second son of King Ludwig I, of Bavaria, was finally chosen.

In 1833, at the age of sixteen, he arrived in Greece amidst the familiar and vociferous ritual of a new regime. Otho reigned for twenty-nine years and the authors, who were granted permission by Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria to peruse all the hitherto unpublished papers in the closely guarded archives of the Wittelsbach family, have succeeded in creating a charming and clearly drawn portrait of a king and his consort of whom, in spite of the fact that they were related to most of the contemporary ruling houses in Europe, little is known to-day.

The reign encompassed a period of active expansion in Greece and whereas this biography is a dignified book, it also has the merit of being what one might describe as "busy."

Consequently the reader's interest is never allowed to flag and I recommend this biography to you, particularly on account of the remarkably clear way in which the whole story is presented.

THE Old Munster Circuit by Maurice Healy (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is a book of the memories and traditions of the Irish Bar. The author is a nephew of the famous Tim Healy, and it is safe to affirm that this witty and delectable literary morsel would have delighted his distinguished kinsman.

Because the discomfort of others and advantage taken of it is one of the fundamentals of humour, the proceedings of Law Courts all over the world provide a rich harvest for those with a sense of humour.

Throughout its long history the Munster Circuit consistently supplied the Irish Bar with its most illustrious names; probably five-sixths of those that are remembered once belonged to its ranks. A hundred years ago Charles Phillips, using the great Curran as a bait, created the appetite for legal anecdotage that successive generations of biographers have never entirely satisfied.

In this grand book with its rich and mellow wit Maurice Healy does for his own age what Phillips did for his. Having travelled the Munster Circuit for some years before the War and for a brief period afterwards, he has put down on paper all the tales that used to enliven the long evenings, and has painted a series of portraits of some of the most remarkable men that adorn the old Irish Bench and Bar with their wisdom and their wit.

These were the days before the Lady Barrister had made her appearance, and there was little to blunt the keenness of comment or emasculate the brisk and virile phrase.

Every page abounds with anecdote and humour and there are accounts of some notable Irish trials, while the successful litigant in one story is claimed to have been the real Flurry Knox, the well-known M.F.H. who lends so much amusement to the pages of "The Experiences of an Irish R.M."

Home lovers will delight to spend an evening or two among the pages of this irresistible book, while others who once peer between its covers, will find their wanderlust gone.

AMONG the novels in this month's batch undoubtedly the strongest meat is provided by Louis Paul, author of *Hallelujah, I'm, a Bum!* in his new novel *The Wrong World* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.).

This is the story of a musical protégé who kicks over the traces in an attempt to find the "Right World." It is not told in the hilarious style of Mr. Paul's previous book but it is full, nevertheless, of humour of a quiet kind.

The hero, Ernest Morrow, trained almost from birth by a calculating and ambitious mother, makes his début to the acclaim of the musical critics, only to discover that he is a performer of empty pianistic acrobatics.

Freed suddenly by the death of his mother from this cramping career, he naïvely sets out to walk across America and search out the Right World.

His adventures are made all the more interesting because of his own sensitive psychological reactions and indeed he knocks against many strange people, but none stranger, and certainly none more whimsically charming, than ex-Professor Michael Bennett and his two daughters, aged twelve and sixteen, at whose farmhouse he is invited to stay.

But idyllic as the Bennett farm is, Ernest Morrow realises that to him it does not constitute the Right World, and he goes on. He follows the path of the tramp, learns the philosophies of hobos, meets the disinherited and the casuals of the economic order.

Entering business in San Francisco he becomes involved in a flaccid love affair and then drifts into the theatrical world. Gradually his vocation dawns upon him and ultimately he finds the Right World.

This strong novel is more than a personally conducted tour through the mental processes of a very remarkable character and as such its interest is admirably sustained.

Now we come to a wholly delicious book which is already a best seller in America.

Grandma called it Carnal is its title, and the author is Bertha Damon, while a number of enlightening line illustrations by Julian Brazelton lend point to the various chapters. The book is published by Michael Joseph, Ltd., at 7s. 6d. and if its title is intriguing, as they say in America—"That's not the half of it."

It is mainly the story of the author's grandmother, Grandma Griswold, a lovable and exasperating character who fought the Twentieth Century and all its innovations single-handed—and won.

It was no accident that little Bertha drew a picture of Grandma which showed one arm sprouting a volume of Ruskin instead of a hand. Ruskin and Thoreau were Grandma's greatest friends. Juno, the cow (who got into Grandma's flower-beds) and modern improvements were her greatest enemies.

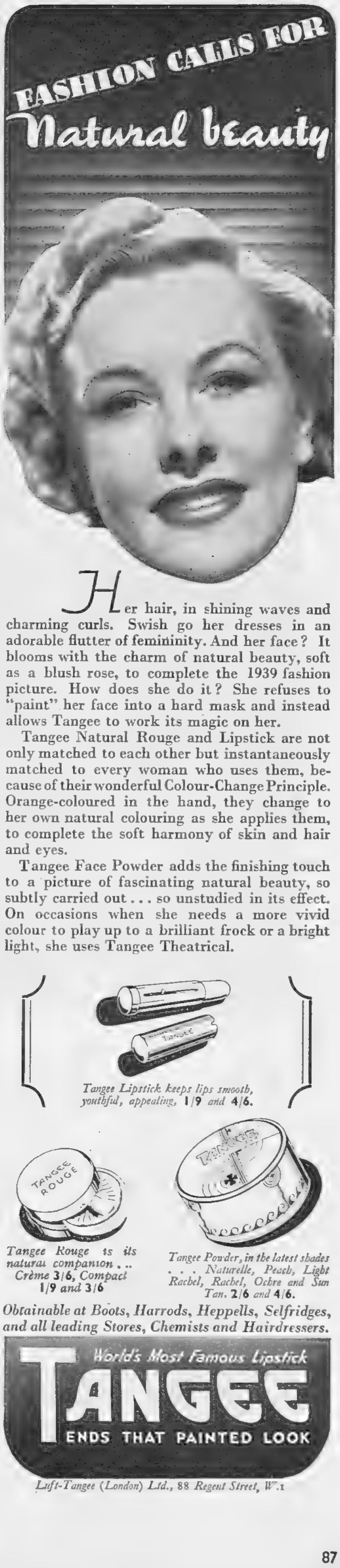
Never was any book of reminiscences more enchantingly whimsical nor more whimsically enchanting.

Unfortunately it is impossible to capture in a few words the charm and humour which make this book such sheer delight. Bertha Damon's is the kind of writing you feel impelled to read aloud—to the people you love the best.

No one can possibly read unmoved the story of young Bertha's attempt to obtain a small playmate for herself by trying to hatch a hen's egg personally. Nor the story of Grandma's accidental spree caused by the unwitting assimilation of fermented fruit juice.

These are but two of the innumerable incidents of a like character which crowd upon the reader, and which made each day almost unbearably exciting for the sensitive child that was Bertha.

Grandma didn't believe in sartorial fripperies for young girls. (*Continued on page* 89)



Her hair, in shining waves and charming curls. Swish go her dresses in an adorable flutter of femininity. And her face? It blooms with the charm of natural beauty, soft as a blush rose, to complete the 1939 fashion picture. How does she do it? She refuses to "paint" her face into a hard mask and instead allows Tangee to work its magic on her.

Tangee Natural Rouge and Lipstick are not only matched to each other but instantaneously matched to every woman who uses them, because of their wonderful Colour-Change Principle. Orange-coloured in the hand, they change to her own natural colouring as she applies them, to complete the soft harmony of skin and hair and eyes.

Tangee Face Powder adds the finishing touch to a picture of fascinating natural beauty, so subtly carried out . . . so unstudied in its effect. On occasions when she needs a more vivid colour to play up to a brilliant frock or a bright light, she uses Tangee Theatrical.

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Miss Carol Goodner, the well-known actress, caught by the camera in an Austin '14' Goodwood at Heston.

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The speed, the economy, the sensible smartness of the Austin Fourteen make an immediate appeal to a woman. Here is a car she can drive at seventy miles an hour—in comfort and in safety. A car she can weave in and out of traffic—with confidence and ease. A car she can be proud to be seen in at the smartest places. The Austin Fourteen has taken "firsts" at coachwork competitions again and again. And besides being lovely to look at it's delightful to drive. The big comfortable seats, the adjustable steering, the accessible controls and ample luggage accommodation are a few of the many things which make an Austin Fourteen such a sound investment from a woman's point of view.

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Grandma called it carnal. Grandma didn't believe you should pamper yourself with such things as hot and cold running water or extravagantly prepared cooked meals. Grandma called it carnal. But I have no hesitation in predicting that readers will call it delicious.

OF a totally different style is Joan Kennedy's latest novel *Tomorrow Comes* (Hutchinson and Company, 7s. 6d.).

The many successful novels standing to the credit of Joan Kennedy testify to the fact that she has a number of firm admirers and doubtless this new book of hers, which she describes as a Dramatic Problem Novel will delight them.

Because it does not happen to be the type of book which fulfils my own requirements, I am nevertheless ready to concede that I am the loser in all probability.

One thing is certain I am no prude, so when I say that this novel will be intensely disliked by the prudes, I do not want it thought that it offended any of my tender susceptibilities.

The theme of *Tomorrow Comes* is indeed startling, for it deals with a mother's staggering discovery that her dearly-loved son of a respectable marriage, has fallen in love with her own daughter—child of those early days of the Great War when emotion swept aside convention.

I have, I think, said enough to indicate the depth of the problem the author set herself to solve. Her book is written with distinction and if you prefer your books to harrow rather than amuse or instruct you, I can promise you you will thoroughly enjoy *Tomorrow Comes*.

OUR last book this month written by a man who needs no introduction is *You Can't Have it Back* by R. H. Mottram (Hutchinson and Company, 7s. 6d.).

Those who know what a delightful and observant author Mr. Mottram is, probably will not have read this sentence because they will have dashed out to buy a copy of this book immediately upon reading its title and author.

His immortal *The Spanish Farm* has shown us what to expect, and in his new book we are given even more than we expect, for here I think we see Mr. Mottram at his best.

Jocelyn Ridfast is one of those men who never know when they're beaten.

Director of an archaic, semi-philanthropic institution, of a kind with which a previous century endowed many a provincial town, which is now closing down; no longer young, but fortunately secured from want, he is thinking not of retirement but of rejuvenation; not of giving up but of starting afresh.

And this feeling is strengthened by the attraction he feels for one of the students of his Institute.

Her youth, her strain of foreign blood, the renewal of life which she symbolises, all confirm his aspiration.

The Institute closes for the summer holidays, never to re-open, but young Emilienne goes to visit her relations abroad with a tacit promise to return.

While she has gone, Jocelyn falls in with the old love of his youth, the plucky but careless, disappointed but well-preserved Josephine, and for the moment it is she who seems to take him back to the point from which he had started all those years ago in so different a world.

But he learns from her, and from his deeper, if temporarily smothered yearning for the youth and novelty of Emilienne, that "You Can't Have it Back."

Time will not stand still, man can only go forward, his reading of his fate and how it deals with him form the denouement of the story.

To say that only Mr. R. H. Mottram could have done full justice to this theme would, of course, be ridiculous, but to recommend you to see for yourselves the brilliant and delightful way in which Mr. Mottram *has* treated it, is sincere.

END

Pawns of South-West Africa

(*Continued from page* 19)

the future white civilisation in Africa, has to-day only 8,500 "Europeans" to over 5,000,000 natives. South-West Africa, only a fraction smaller, has thus 31,600 Europeans to less than 259,000 natives. And of these 259,000 natives less than 114,000 are allowed to live within what is called the "Police Zone"—that upland wedge of thorn-scrub tableland in South-West that to-day is the only section inhabited by its European population.

Over 107,000 of the natives are a race called Ovambas. They live in some 17,000 square miles of territory, to the north of the Police Zone in a closed area that is completely shut off from the white man — no European is allowed to enter Ovambaland without a special Government permit. The remaining thirty-odd thousand natives in South-West Africa live in another closed, partly unexplored country to the north, called the Kaokoveld—where there are natives who have never seen any white man, and plants and natives that no white man has ever seen—or in the Kalahari Desert, in whose waterless tracts several thousand of the aboriginal bushmen still survive.

Therefore, despite the fact that South-West Africa has within its frontiers some of the wildest territory and native tribes in all of Africa, its *occupied* area—with this ratio of one European to less than four blacks—makes it far and away the most densely settled "white" country in the African mandates. In fact, I often heard it spoken of on the spot as "A European country—with native appendages."

NOW, consider the fact that in this "European country, with its native appendages," you have some 9,600 Germans —nearly as many Germans alone as all the white men in all the other mandates—and you have some idea of what its composition is like. Realize also the fact that these 9,600 Germans in South-West Africa are intensively, aggressively pro-German, the best organised, or at any rate the most highly self-conscious of any body of Europeans in any mandate, and you may have an inkling of what the mandate's ordinary life is like.

These things you may learn, or suspect, even before you embark for South-West Africa. Up until the last few months (because one British line has only recently decided to call there) you would also learn that the only way you could get to Walvis Bay was on a German ship. And after you have made the trip you will look back and realise that, aside from a few conversations with customs officials, and with subsequent railway waiters, you could go from Berlin to Tsumeb—the end of the railway in South-West Africa—and eat nothing but German food, sleep in German hotels, buy German goods in German shops and bookstalls, read nothing but German newspapers, repair your motor car in German garages—and get back to Berlin without ever having to speak one word of English. It is, in fact, rather difficult not to do most of these things.

In the town of Tsumeb, for instance, last and northernmost in the territory, there are 540 European inhabitants. Of these only twenty are not Germans. These are South Africans, Civil Service officials and their wives, to wit: eight railway employees, five police, two native affairs officers and five wives.

The capital of the Tsumeb Copper Mine is held entirely in Berlin. It imports all its white miners from Germany. Its 2,000 native miners it gets under contract from Ovambaland and from Portuguese West Africa. Of the 240 white employees in the mine, only one is not a German. (*Continued on page* 91)

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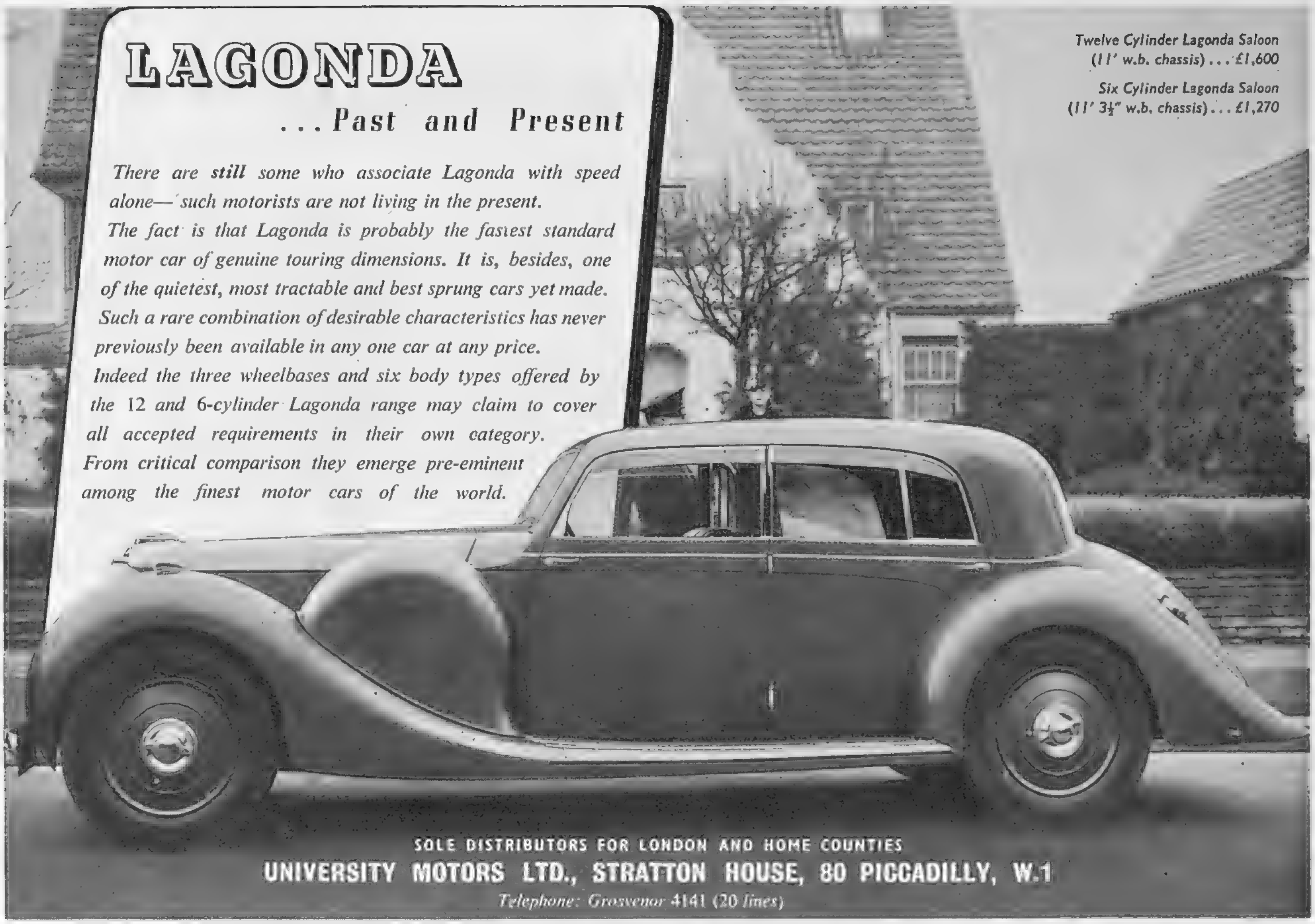

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In Tsumeb there is only one store which is not German. This is a Jew, selling to natives. For the rest all are German: twenty-five general stores, three butchers, three bakers, two hotels, two bottle stores—and one brewery.

It is a German motor lorry which goes 180 miles up into native Ovàmbaland to bring down the "boys," one-year recruited labour for the mines. A native "boy" is recruited in Ovambaland. And from that day, when he climbs aboard Herr Tietz's motor lorry (they are packed in like upright sardines) until he returns to his kraal a year later (with the five pounds he has usually managed to save from a year's work) that "boy" has been in German hands from first to last.

These things are part of the arid mosaic of South-West Africa. There are only three towns in the mandate with a population of over 1,000. Windhoek, the capital, has only 4,700. Windhoek also has the only five miles of paved road in a country three times the size of the British Isles.

It is essentially a country of professional pastoral farmers, watering their herds of cattle and flocks of karakul sheep (the furriers' astrakhan) by windmills, artificial surface dams, and around a few native water-holes. There is not a river in the entire mandate that holds water the year round; only water-courses that flush instantly, often dangerously, with the seasonal rains, and hold water for only a few weeks, days, even hours every year.

Most of the occupied land in South-West is a high plateau, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet, ridged with blue mountains of karst and dolomite, with red, sandy valleys of thorn scrub. There are not quite 4,000 farms in all this territory. Forty per cent of them are German. The average farm in South-West covers thirty-two square miles.

So much for the essential characteristics of this obscure mandate. I went there in a fast 17,000-ton turbine liner, the steel-grey *Pretoria*; and, as I have said in a previous article in "Britannia and Eve," sixty-eight out of its 205 tourist class passengers were bound for Walvis Bay. With the exception of Frau Cox, *und Kind,* and myself, they were all Germans.

They were South-West farmers or shop-keepers, coming home after a trip to the Fatherland. Among them were some young people, coming out to South-West Africa on temporary permits, to work as artisans or clerks in offices. And there was one effective-looking man (very much like the Crown Prince, by the way), a typical German cavalry officer, who had been with his regiment when the Germans marched into Austria, who had led his troops in the occupation of Sudetenland, and who was now (on six months' leave, I believe) returning to his farm in South-West Africa around Grootfontein.

The prevailing wind at Walvis Bay is a hot blast from off the desert. This makes its inhabitants build sand fences to protect their houses, the same way we build snow fences in the United States. It is a notorious wind; geology books tell you that the stones along the coast of South West are worn, by this abrasive blast, smooth as silk along their landward surface. The port pilot at Walvis will inform you that when he has to bring a ship in against this chronic sandstorm, he wears goggles, and that he has often brought a ship right in to almost under the cranes—before he knew where he was.

On other days, when the wind is milder, its hot air condenses over the icy Benguella Current and produces a cold sea fog. It was like this the morning we stopped our engines off this lonely port in Africa. Walvis is spoken of locally as "the tradesmen's entrance" into South Africa; and it was a thought for those whose motto should be "Buy British Goods" to see that the only ship lying between us and the low shore was an Italian. Two guano-coated lighters, filled with some ragged natives, and a tug, came out to take us off. The bridge of the tug was full of welcoming Germans; they gave us the Nazi salute—and shouted "*Heil Hitler!*"

I won't say that the scene on shore was like *Evangeline*, but it did make that story come into my mind. For there was something epic about the welcome and homecoming of these German colonists. A long line of their motor cars was waiting outside the Customs sheds. Each car had its native "boy," dressed in neat khaki in remarkable contrast to the ragged stevedores in the lighters. Reason for their tatters, I discovered on shore, was the fact that the average wage for a native in the urban areas was two shillings a day—and a pair of trousers costs six shillings. "Which sets 'em back a bit," as a German store-keeper said to me.

But while the native Hottentots, Ovambas and Hereros were dressed like dejected scarecrows, the native women were gay as birds of Paradise. They were tall, remarkably slender, with high waists and voluminous dresses of flowered patterns. It was the style of Queen Victoria's day, and it takes ten yards of calico or coloured print to make one of these gowns. Their stately and slender necks were circled by rows and rows of beads of coloured ostrich-shell. And on their high-cheeked heads were towering turbans of vermilion and magenta. Their beauty and grace continued to surprise me throughout my stay in South-West Africa.

In the heat and dust of the dry land the Germans drove a way across the desert to the distant tablelands. The S.S. *Pretoria* had steamed off down the pea-green sea to Capetown. I had passed the English-speaking port and customs officials and found, except for the ghastly landscape, that I might as well be back in Germany again.

The only transport agent I could find to get my stuff up into the interior was a German; with the exception of Barclays Bank, all the one-storied buildings along the main street were German—or had German managers; and the one and only hotel was run by a pre-war German.

My window looked out directly into the sandy compound of Ernst Baumgart, a German general dealer. It was a yard ringed by a high board fence, and filled with beer bottles. They bore German labels. The Hottentot "boy," aged at least sixty (and he suffered from a dread disease) who came to take my laundry and shine my boots, I also had to address in German. The three waitresses in this dining-room of silent-suffering men were German girls. And the monotonous food was—at least meant to be German.

Now here, for me, at Walvis Bay began a strange experience. Politically, I was interested in the different nationalism I saw surrounding me. At first glance I was almost bewildered by the Germanness of everything. An emotion which I did not altogether shake off during my seven weeks in the territory. But less than a few hours after I had been ashore at Walvis I began to be aware of another quality. I shall call it just South Africanism.

That there is such a quality I am now convinced. It has given the Mandate of South-West Africa its outstanding characteristic—and that is the South African's tolerance, both past and present, to the country's German inhabitants.

For example, when the German forces in South-West surrendered to the invading South African forces, under General Botha, in 1915, it was one of the immediate concessions of that wise commander that all of the farmers should be at once allowed to return to their lands. Only the military men and a few disturbing characters were put into concentration camps. Then, after the war, the German farms in South-West were not confiscated, as they were in East Africa. Some 6,000 Germans remained in the mandate. Then, in 1920, when the Union of South Africa was

(*Continued on page* 93)

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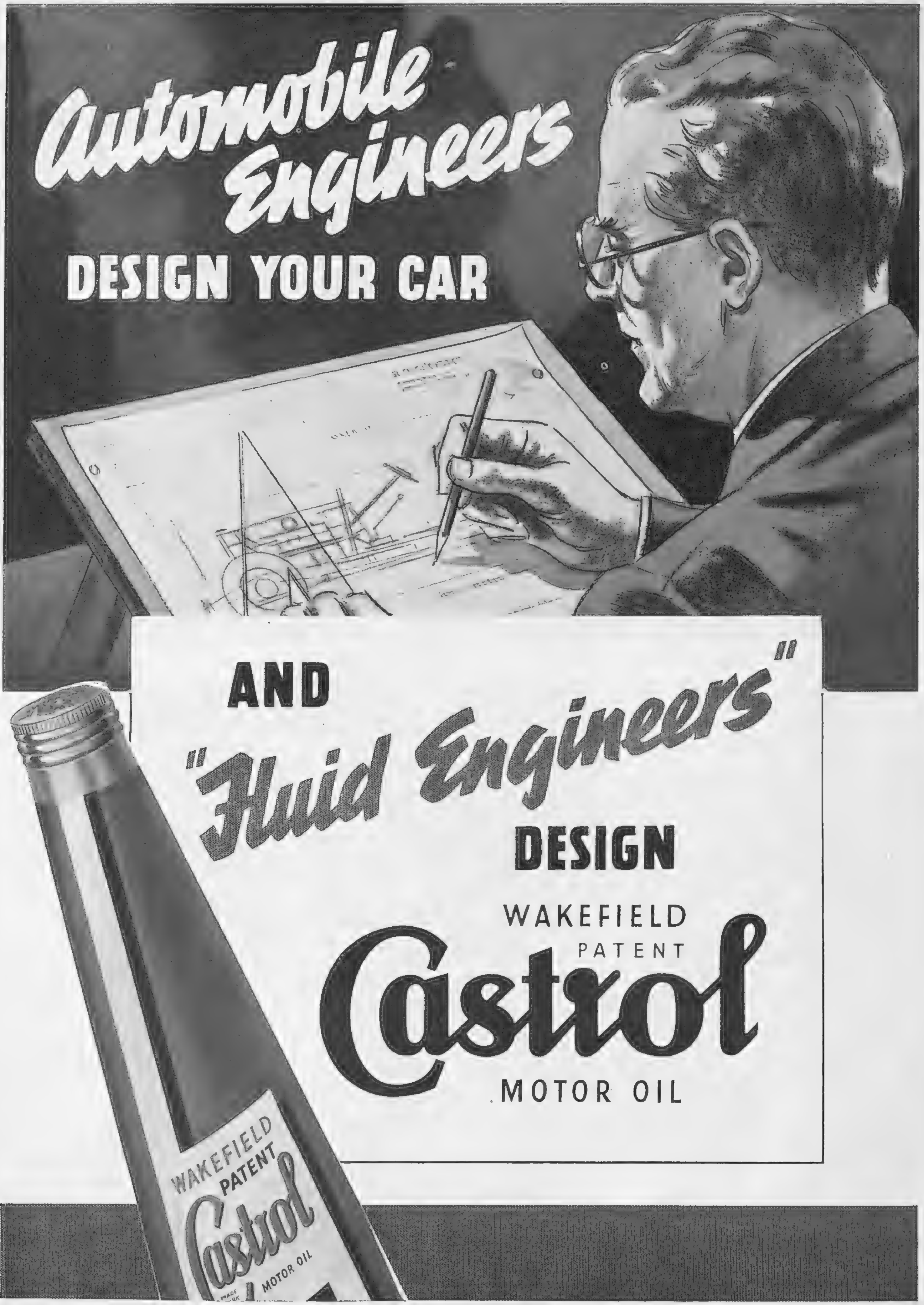
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given the mandate, they did not repatriate the Germans, as they could easily have done under the Treaty of Versailles. On the contrary, many of the Germans who had previously left the country, or been deported, were allowed to come back.

In 1923, when General Smuts made the agreement with the German delegates at London, whereby the German Government agreed that its nationals in South-West should throw in their lot with the South Africans in the mandate, the Union even agreed to pay German pensions. These amounted to several thousand pounds yearly —and when South Africa went off gold she impeccably made up the difference in German currency.

Some farm lands that had been confiscated as belonging to the German Government were claimed as part of the Kaiser's estate for his family; the administration of the mandate permitted the case to be argued before a court, and, when it lost, returned the farm lands and paid the cost of proceedings.

These examples of generosity and tolerance may be attributed to some specific things—(*a*) the South Africans believe that the Germans are excellent farmers and colonists; and they wanted to retain them in the mandate; (*b*) there are more South Africans who are anti-British than there are anti-German. Finally, there were far-seeing South Africans, like General Smuts, who were not at all in favour of the unworkable restrictions placed upon Germans by the Treaty of Versailles.

In my opinion General Botha's allowing the German farmers to return to their lands at once was an act based upon none of such thoughtful decisions; it was the instinctive gesture of a Boer leader, born to the traditions of the open veld. Like the landscape which had seen his growth, his mind had the quality of greatness.

To-day, for instance, the administration of South-West Africa runs schools for the Germans; there is a German school at Swakopmund which carries a pupil on to the university matriculation. Yet all Germans who can afford it in the mandate send their sons and daughters to be "finished" in Germany—the boys to do their one year in the Labour Corps, then two years in the German army.

They come back thoroughly trained as well, both boys and girls, in Nazi ideology. And the Government of South Africa places no restrictions whatever against their return to the mandate.

In addition, in 1924, all Germans in South-West Africa were automatically made Union citizens—unless they declared out. Only 261 refused to accept South African passports. Out of this 9,600 Germans in South-West to-day, something over 5,500 have taken South African citizenship. A few of the rest have applied for full British papers. But there must be around a couple of thousand Germans in South-West Africa to-day who have nothing but Third Reich passports. Many of the 5,500 "naturalised" South African Germans actually have two passports—a South African, and a Third Reich passport—as "automatic" naturalisation only gives complete citizenship within the Union of South Africa.

In fact, in the first Legislative Assembly of South-West Africa, the German section had a majority of one vote. To-day the German strength is five members out of eighteen.

But Dr. Hirsekorn, the *Führer* of the Germans in South-West Africa, is one of the eight members of the mandate's executive committee. On January 14, 1939, a meeting of the *Deutsche Sudwest Bund*, with Dr. Hirsekorn in the chair, passed the following resolution:

> "As loyalty to his country is a German's highest moral law, in times like the present, the voluntary surrender of German nationality by application for naturalisation from now on can be regarded only as a deliberate act of separation from the German national community."

The *Deutsche Sudwest Bund* is the German political body in the mandate. At that meeting, with the five German members of the Legislative Assembly present, it also passed this resolution:

> "The *Deutsche Sudwest Bund* stand for the moral and actual satisfaction of the German colonial claims."

NOW I have given a few succinct examples of this South Africanism, this tolerance that I speak of—and I have given the above resolutions, which show what it has resulted in, so far as the Germans are concerned.

Yet here, in fairness to the facts, as well as to the Germans, it should be stated plainly that the first resolution the *Deutsche Sudwest Bund* passed at that momentous meeting was to uphold the continuance of the mandate. This chiefly because the Union section of the South-West African politics wants to make the territory a Fifth Province of the Union of South Africa—and has once carried such a motion by a vote of twelve to six through the Legislative Assembly.

The reason for such a motion chiefly being, the Unionists will tell you, just such desires on the part of the German population as expressed in the resolutions of the *Deutsche Sudwest Bund*. To have the opposition party in the mandate openly announcing its allegiance to a foreign power is, declare the Unionists, an unworkable situation for any government.

ALL of which seems quite right. A commission from South Africa some time ago reported that the present system of government in the mandate of South-West Africa was unworkable—though the commission did not advocate incorporation within the Union. In fact, it did not recommend any alternative to the present system of mandate.

WHAT is really happening in this obscure mandate of South-West Africa to-day is that the system of government under mandate is having a severe test. In this European country (with native appendages) in Africa, with this favourable ratio of one white to less than four blacks (and therefore—for the white man—no colour problem yet); in this field you have a highly organised, aggressively patriotic German minority, the adults among 9,600 people, fighting it out for "rights" against a South African population of some 21,000 people—and all of this going on under a mandate.

The crucible of South-West Africa, if outward events do not radically demolish the situation, might very well answer the question: What is the form of government under a mandate?

AT the risk of boring "Britannia and Eve" readers I have given fair play to these vital statistics. My reason is that I think the people in England ought to know more and more about the conditions and events in this vital mandate. I think they should know something of this South African tolerance. As outstanding an example of international fairness as you will find in any administration. And when you do know these things the picture of South-West Africa itself will become doubly interesting to you.

FOR instance, less than twenty miles away from Walvis Bay on this burning desert coast is Swakopmund, summer capital, as German as any Baltic seaside resort. Its sandy main street, the Kaiser Wilhelm Strasse, intersects with the Moltke Strasse. Its main hotels are the *Kaiserhof*, the *Furst Bismarck*, *Hansa*, *Faber*, *Europascher Hof*, and the little Strand. Its boarding-houses are the *Erholungsheim* (*Prinzessin Rupprecht-heim*), the *Antonius-Hospital* (which is also a mission hospital), and *Erholungsstation*. Its most imposing structure is a cream baroque German church. But its most pleasant is the low, buff-coloured residence of the Administrator for South-West Africa, nestling among its fan-palms overlooking the stormy Benguella Current. (*Continued on page 95*)

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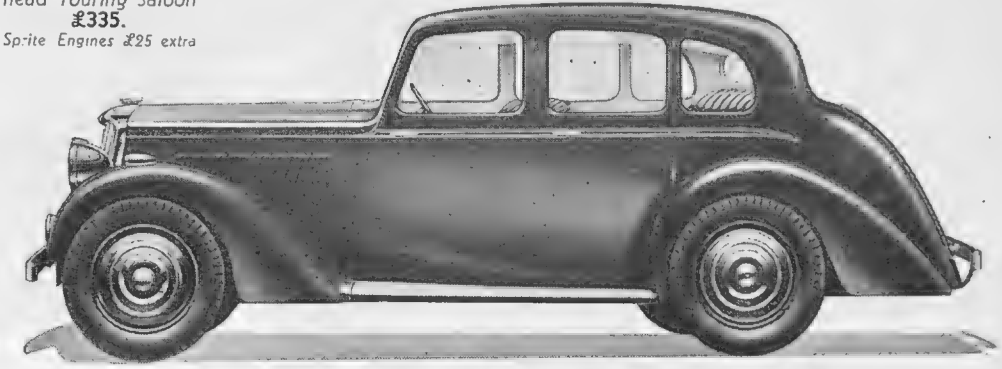

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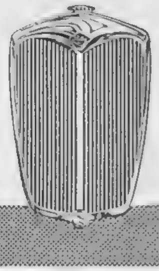

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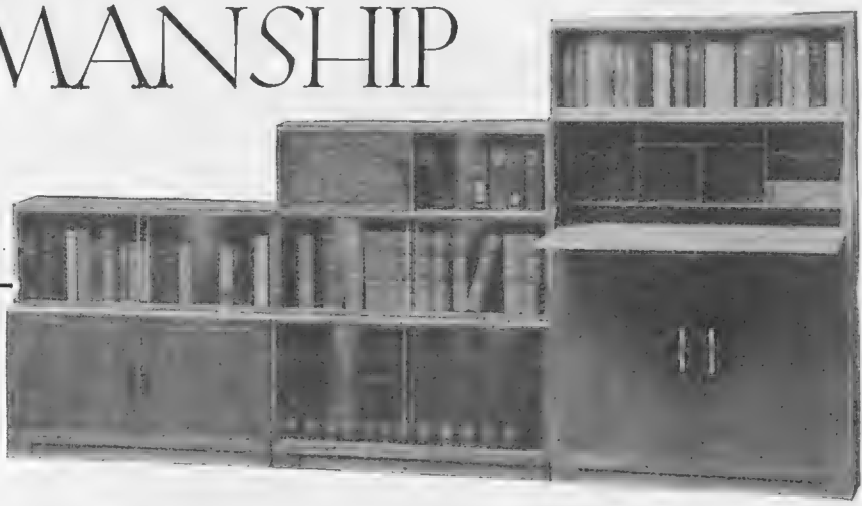

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The Administrator is always a South African. But the war memorial of Swakopmund, overshadowing his residence, is a granite pedestal on top of which stands an heroic bronze German soldier, head bandaged, bayonet fixed, standing guard over a wounded German sailor.

Before the war the Germans were trying to make Swakopmund the port for South-West Africa—take the trade away from Walvis Bay, the English enclave. To do this they had started a pier to be 2,000 feet long, which would unload ocean liners. But the war stopped work. To-day the pier is 1,000 feet long; the sea has receded—and the sea end of the pier is at least fifty yards from the nearest wave.

Swakopmunders use this reminiscent pier at sunset for their evening promenade.

AT Swakopmund you read the *Swakopmunder Zeitung*, printed in German script. The biggest paper in the mandate is the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, then the *Luderitzbucht Zeitung*. All three papers print almost verbatim excerpts from papers in the Fatherland. They are as hot Nazi propaganda as any in Berlin. There is only one English newspaper, the *Windhoek Advertiser*, circulation 750. And it has to get practically all of its foreign news from the German "Transocean" radio station at Naun.

At Walvis Bay and all over the mandate the "English-speaking" South Africans sit at ten o'clock to listen to the news bulletin sent out from Daventry. The helpful Germans also send out a news bulletin, in English. It begins: "To our dear friends in Africa . . ." It is pretty insidious stuff. What the Afrikaans-speaking section of the South African population—and they number some 18,500 out of the 21,000 South Africans—listens to I cannot imagine. Unless it is the Afrikaans news bulletin sent out from Capetown or Johannesburg.

In Walvis Bay it was one of the events of the day to gather in the home of one of the English-speaking South Africans and hear the news from London. It gave you some idea of what was going on—what, in fact, might happen to you.

This brings up an interesting point. The Germans, who make such excellent citizens and colonists—as long as they will keep out of politics—can't seem to think of anything else in South-West Africa these days. The South Africans in the mandate, who, down in the Union, are simply obsessed by politics are heartbreakingly apathetic, from their political leaders' point of view, in the mandate.

The result is that the 9,600 Germans are far the most cohesive and, perhaps, dangerous political group in the community.

I say "dangerous" because, while I made considerable inquiries during my sojourn in the mandate, I found no conclusive evidence of Nazi organisation, such as drilling on farms, or the oft-repeated charge of arms smuggling. On the other hand, only a blind man could fail to see the fear of the Germans—of their own countrymen. The fear of intimidation.

There is hardly a German in South-West Africa who has not either some business connexion with Germany, or some part of his immediate family, or relations there—usually both. These are hostages. His actions in South-West Africa are conditioned by fear, fear of what might happen to them.

And this threat, in case anyone should doubt it, is expressed incontestably in the two resolutions of the *Deutsche Sudwest Bund* that I have just quoted above.

SO the position stands. Meanwhile capital is timid about investing in the country. It is said that there is now only one insurance company in the Union of South Africa which will loan money there; and that requires seventy-five per cent coverage and seven per cent interest—against fifty per cent coverage and the four and a half per cent interest usually charged in the Union. It also requires you to take out a special policy with its company to cover the risk.

When the City of Windhoek tried to re-finance a £200,000 loan, on which it had been paying six per cent interest to the administration — and the administration agreed to guarantee this loan to the insurance company — the insurance company refused to re-finance the deal, unless the Government of South Africa itself agreed to back it. The company said that the guarantee of the mandate was not sufficient security.

FINALLY, in the Government of South Africa itself, there is not one statesman of any importance who would recommend surrendering the mandate.

General Smuts said to me: "Our legal and moral right to South-West Africa is indefeasable. We would go to any extremes rather than give it up. We would even go to war."

Mr. Oswald Pirow, the Minister for Defence, said that the one thing that South Africa could not do would be to let any other country have South-West Africa—especially Germany. Although he definitely added that there could be no solution of the colonial problem until the Allies admitted, without any reservations whatever, the justice of Germany's claim for her former colonies. And until she was recompensed, in some way, for the colonies that could not be returned to her — because of changing conditions since 1914.

And Dr. Malan, the formidable leader of the Opposition Nationalist Party—which is agitating for a Republic of South Africa—declared:

"South-West Africa is geographically a part of South Africa—as much as the Shires are of England. We will not give it up to Germany."

He also declared that Germany must be recompensed for her lost colonies—somewhere else in Africa. When I asked where, his reply was to say that that should be settled at a round table conference, with Germany present.

Between such events, and now, the position of South-West Africa will probably remain as it is—difficult as the situation might be. On this point General Smuts said to me that there was no reason to make the mandate a Fifth Province of the Union. "The laws we make for the Union are equally applicable in South-West Africa." And he would not agree to a physical incorporation of the mandate within the Union, "as that would entail new and unnecessary negotiations with the League of Nations."

Meanwhile most realists within the mandate do not believe that the future of the territory will be settled within the mandate. They think its fate will be decided in Europe. They do not think that Germany's economic claims will count in the matter. Neither do they think it will be influenced by the fate of the 21,000 South Africans inside it, or even the welfare of its 258,000 native population. They do not think that even the laws of right and wrong will function—any more than they are working in Europe or China to-day. They think it will be the subject of a show-down.

Meanwhile some fifty ships pass the Cape of Good Hope every day on the route to India and the Far East. The Abyssinian affair showed all too clearly what might happen to the Suez route, in case of another war, involving any country bordering the Mediterranean. With such a war there would be at least 200 ships passing the Cape every day. Ships bringing vital supplies to England.

Take a look at the map, and at the size and position of South-West Africa—this country that is larger than all France and twice the size of Italy. Look where the harbours of Walvis Bay and Luderitz lie, down near the toe of Africa, along Britain's most vital sea-route. It was a distinguished South African statesman who, putting his finger on that map, said to me:

"If England gives up South-West Africa—she gives up Empire."

That is the issue which will determine the future of the mandate.

END

FINGER-TIP NEWS

for the new

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SOLENT PARIS BLUE MIDNIGHT	PALE SHADES PIMENTO WISTARIA

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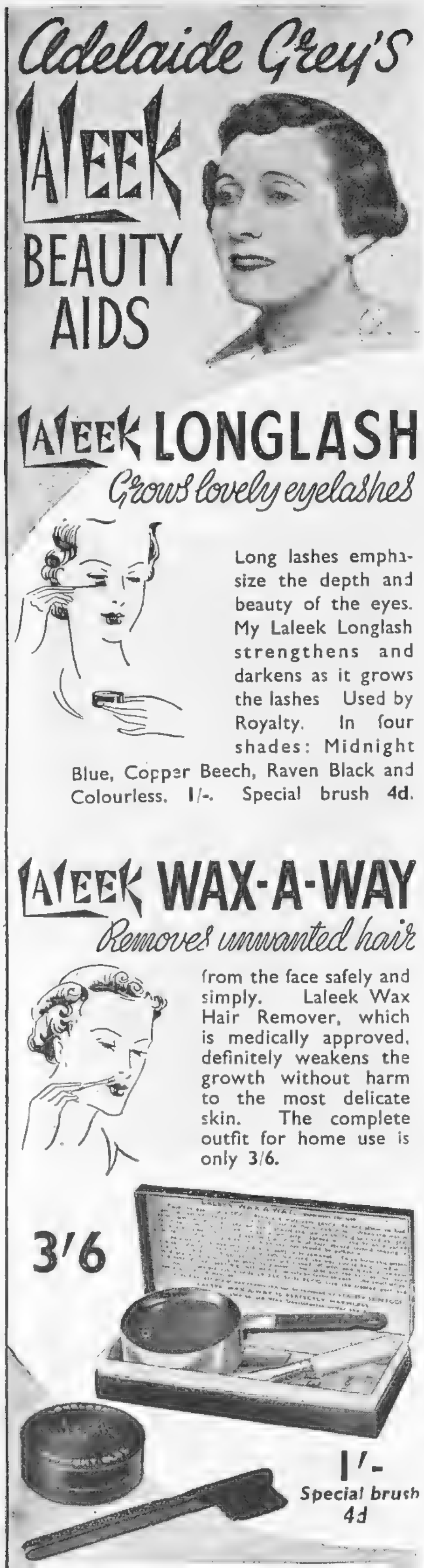
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ADELAIDE GREY

27, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

Transport in India

THE speed with which mechanical progress advances is, in the contemplation, sometimes terrible. It was only some twenty-six years ago that A. V. Roe offered to make aeroplanes for the War Office, and politely but firmly was told that his invention, though interesting, was not very much use for war purposes. It was quite recently that I met an old general who, as a young ensign, had fought in the Indian Mutiny. He had marched from Bombay to Delhi in the fearsome heat of an Indian summer, over the eight hundred long burning miles. He and his men had marched dressed in the stuffy uniforms of an English parade ground, because there had been no other means by which they could cover the distance; and behind them had creaked their tents, their food and equipment in slow-moving wagons drawn by patient oxen. That was only just over eighty years ago, a little more than the space of life allotted to us mortals. For many thousands of years before that date invading armies and royal ambassadors, merchants and pilgrims and just ordinary tourists—if such there were—had used these same dusty roads and this same slow cumbersome means of transport to accomplish their journeys. Within the space of less than a century all this has been swept away and modern armies and royal ambassadors, the merchants and the pilgrims of to-day and the ever-increasing swarms of tourists from all parts of the world can cover the distance between Bombay and Delhi or between many of the great cities in India by rail or by road, and in some cases by air, in as many hours as it once took days or weeks.

In 1853 a modest railway line of twenty-one miles was pushed north-east from Bombay as far as the ancient port and emporium of Thana. From this humble beginning has developed a railway system of over 40,000 miles, serving every corner of India, employing not far short of one million men. It is doubtful whether those who conceived, designed and built the Indian railways, as a purely commercial adventure, ever foresaw the great influence which their work was to have upon the country as a whole. There is no question but that it was the railways, which have cast their intricate network over the whole country, that have been the greatest civilising and unifying influence in India.

INDIAN life has been revolutionised both in its human and material aspect by this rapid development in transportation. Built as carriers of people and goods, the railways have brought spiritual and material uplift to every part of the country which they have touched. In what was primarily a purely agricultural country modern transport has stimulated production by widening the market and bringing the primary products of the land within a day's journey of centres which formerly had been almost at the other end of the world. Also, by bringing the seaports, which are the points of contact with the outer world, and distant parts of India, which were almost as foreign as lands across the sea, within the reach of the ordinary man the vision of the Indian people as a whole has been irrevocably broadened.

It has made possible for the devout to undertake pilgrimages, in safety, in comfort, and in a space of days, where before it had been as many months.

Railway lines have united the North-West Frontier with the palm groves of Cochin and have brought Bombay within less than two days' journey of Calcutta. It is, in fact, the steel of the permanent way that has bound India together into a sense of unity. But perhaps the greatest, if the least recognised, service which the railways have performed is in their position as the first line of defence against famines. However much the Government may have done in the way of turning barren wastes into fertile lands, the new prosperity would be powerless to help in the stress of famine without an efficient and widespread transport system. Whereas in the past the famine with its attendant pestilence has been a perennial scourge to the country, laying waste vast districts and bringing an appalling aftermath of ruin and death, to-day, though famines may occur, their ravages have been almost nullified through the facility with which transport enables help to be brought to the stricken area. Although man as yet has not succeeded in controlling the vagaries of the monsoon, he has been able to prevent the dire consequences which at one time inevitably followed from a failure in these life-giving rains.

It is not to be supposed, however, that India is completely served by an up-to-date system of modern transport; in fact, were it so a great deal of the thrill and the mystery that make this great country a mecca for many who wish to escape from the sophistication of the West would be absent. It is still possible to travel for days over dusty mud-baked tracks where the whistle of a locomotive or the hooting of a motor horn are as unknown as a camel in Piccadilly. Across great tracts of land, the sandy wastes of Rajputana or the dense jungles of Assam, the immemorial means of transport still hold complete sway. It is one of the fascinating contrasts in this land of continual contrasts that the ancient and the modern even in the realm of transport march hand in hand.

The Voice of the Bridges

(Continued from page 38)

whose problems have passed the bounds of personal solution. Here, too, barges lie on a gravel "hard" as they unload bricks from Kent and Essex, and their skippers curse their brick-carrying neighbours from Holland—with their trim, white, Diesel-engined craft that cross the North Sea throughout the winter and summer.

On the north side of the river things are different. Life seems to take on its normal rush and worry over minor affairs—city workers late for their underground train or Embankment tram; pavement artists trying to attract the attention of hurrying humanity with studies of still life; all the fuss and flurry of Villiers Street with its book shops; the never-ending roar of the neighbouring Strand.

One haven of peace, however, which Charing Cross Bridge surveys from dawn to dusk—and sometimes afterwards—is the Seven Seas Club. A fine old schooner, complete with figurehead and snug saloon frequented by all who love boats, she rises and falls with the tide while her members enjoy tall yarns, smoking concerts, a bar of outstanding merit, and a parrot of unknown antiquity who loves to stand amongst the rigging, bristle his feathers, and shriek a welcome to every train that thunders over the bridge.

ONE of our number seems to us to have an unfair advantage.

No grimy ships lower their funnels and belch smoke as they pass under Barnes Bridge. She stands serenely looking down on the efforts of hefty athletes, men and women, boys and girls.

One and all, they have what they themselves deprecatingly call "the rowing bug." Nothing else but a superhuman urge could propel typists, shop girls, civil servants, clerks and stockbrokers from their respective beds on a raining, blowing, sometimes snowing winter's morning to don shorts, sit in a "shell," and be ordered about by a domineering cox. "Ready! . . . Forward all! . . . Paddle!" Yet that is what they do.

SO much for my sisters, the bridges. We are tall, and see many things.

SPRINGTIME IS
MATCHMAKING TIME

Stockings must match both skirt and shoes

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and that's what Aristoc do!

THE ARISTOCRAT OF SILK
STOCKINGS **3/11** TO **10/6**

Yes, legs can look more slender, calves more shapely, ankles absurdly slim if you choose a stocking shade that blends (as Aristoc do) with both your skirt and shoes. And for your further guidance, here are just two clever stocking 'matches' for dominant spring colours.

SKIRT AND SHOE COLOURS	ARISTOC SHADE
Green/Blues	'GOLD DUST'
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Of course, you can think of shades and nothing but shades when you buy Aristoc—for these lovely stockings have a really invincible reputation for all the other important qualities of long life, colour fastness, and fine texture.

Loveliness
that lasts..

The loveliness of clear, satin-smooth skin and thick, lustrous hair can be the joyous possession of every woman who has 'Beauty on Tap.' By installing Permutit, every tap in the home becomes a source of infinite beauty. Pure Permutit-softened water brings lasting loveliness. It makes the tiniest piece of soap form an abundant, foamy lather. It cleanses, soothes and tones the skin, leaving the pores healthy and free to breathe. Permutit-softened water helps retain all the natural health-giving salts of cooked foods, and brings out their full flavour. Why not visit our showrooms, or send a card for. "She sent Slaves forth" to Permutit, Dept B.E.2., 151, Regent Street., W.1. Tele: Reg. 2972.

PERMUTIT
softened water

Smoke of the Capital

(*Continued from page 17*)

receipt duly signed with the Government seal. We won't be taking money for nothing. We'll have bargained with the Jew." His gold teeth flashed as he smiled, his huge stomach shook with delight. The Dictator permitted a short barking laugh to emerge from the tight mouth beneath the little moustache. Even Herr Muller lean acid, a man given to fidgety silence and uneasy gestures, smiled and relaxed.

So it was that Herr Josef Wertheim entering the room where the Big Three sat to receive him, was immediately conscious of cross-currents in the atmosphere. An odd schoolboyish geniality radiated from Herr Reinhert. The Dictator, fiddling with his little moustache, had a half-guilty look as if he, too, were privy to some brutality that had its amusing side. Herr Muller wore an embarrassed appearance, nodded a greeting without raising his eyes and continued to cover the sheet before him with complicated scribbles.

Josef Wertheim, remembering his boyhood, reacting in every cell to this indefinable suggestion of painful booby traps, of red-hot coins slipped into the palm, of assaults from behind while the attention was frontally engaged, did not feel reassured by his reception. Bidden to sit down, a mark of favour undoubtedly, he would still have preferred to stand. Offered a cigarette, he reluctantly accepted, and would have preferred to concentrate solely on keeping his faculties alert and on the defensive.

"We have a proposition to put before you, Herr Wertheim," the Dictator began curtly. "You are a man of substance, your stores, your admirably run stores, are of course known to us, and you, of course, recognise your good fortune in that they have enjoyed freedom from many restrictions which might have been imposed on them."

"I warmly appreciate that freedom, Excellency. Anything that I can do to reciprocate——"

"Ah! That is precisely the point. We require from you twenty million marks, Herr Wertheim." The words dropped baldly from the Dictator's lips.

Silence fell.

Behind the quiet mask to which Josef Wertheim composed his features, his thoughts were racing. Twenty million marks. It was too much. It would just about clean him out. The stores could not live without capital; they were leaving him none. He couldn't refuse. It was the end. But twenty million marks!

"It is a large sum, your Excellency," he ventured to remark.

"A large sum?" The Dictator's voice rose. "Is any sum so large that a patriot should begrudge it to his Government?" He struck the table with his fist. His face reddened. His voice became a shout. He was going through the habitual stages of lashing himself up to a state of fury that although it was quite familiar to his subordinates was, they perfectly recognised, a thing to be feared. It was easy for him, this escape from slight uneasiness into hot anger. His voice hectoring and loud lulled these queasy doubts that sometimes assailed him. Fury for him was not a weapon, not a natural reaction to provocation, it was a simple relief. He indulged in it now.

"I am amazed, Josef Wertheim, amazed and disgusted that before you have even had the opportunity of listening to my proposition you begin to make difficulties, you attempt to huckster with us. You are all the same, you Jews"—his venom now was very real. The words came savagely from his thin lips, he fiddled ceaselessly with his little moustache—"I offer you the honour of serving your country by a simple act of generosity; you do not refuse, that would be easy to deal with; instead you quibble and bargain with me, you, whom I can break with a word, with a look even. Without signing a document. By ringing this bell. This small bell here on my desk." His voice dropped. Anger had worn itself out for the moment, but his quietness was the more sinister.

"Excellency, I am at your disposal," answered Herr Wertheim, and in so small a man, so neat and unobtrusive a little figure, his dignity was tremendous.

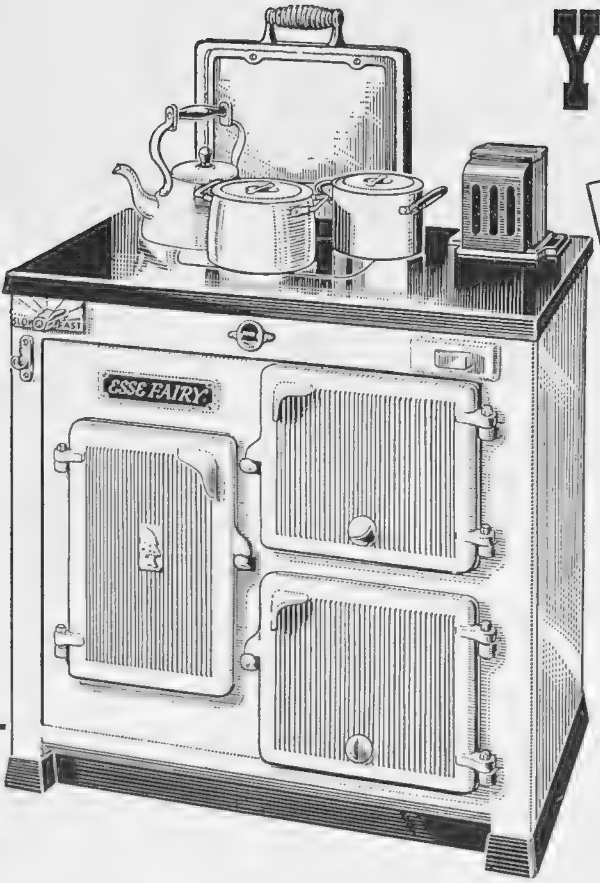
Herr Muller leaned forward and touched the Dictator's arm. "I am sure, Excellency," he suggested, "that when we have explained our needs to Herr Wertheim and also made it clear to him that we are not asking him to give us this sum, we wish in exchange to offer him the monopoly of—er, h'm," he cleared his throat and proceeded, "of a, well, of what one might call a natural commodity, he will see eye to eye with us."

"Ha, yes, a natural commodity," repeated Herr Reinhert, and laughter rumbled up from that formidable paunch, that heavy chest and rolling throat.

The Dictator sat upright. He drew a long quiet breath and prepared to deal with the matter. Firstly, he composed his face, that changed so quickly from the pallor of ill-health to a fully charged flush of rage. He steadied his eyes that one moment gleamed and the next dulled into a listless abstraction. His manner that had been bullying became persuasive, his voice, as he described his latest scheme, was warmed by genuine sincerity and faith.

"You must know, Herr Wertheim, that as the most progressive and single-minded nation in Europe we have many detractors, envious and jealous peoples, dangerous and nimble enemies who would be quick to attack us if a moment should come when we were unprepared. We must guard against that moment. Ceaselessly and tirelessly we must guard against it, by canalising our every activity towards the one sole object of self-defence. Our youths, our old men, our women and children must be still more highly trained, still more intensively educated to think of themselves only as units, as cogs, as citizens in short; never for one moment of their lives as individuals. Now, Herr Wertheim"—the Dictator leaned forward and Josef Wertheim knew that for the moment this formidable figurehead was animated by nothing more than a simple but boundless enthusiasm—"our doctors and psychologists are not idle. Until recently, people have believed that very early childhood should be dedicated to happiness and freedom, to the natural development of the body and the growth of such simple powers as walking, talking, throwing a ball, riding a tricycle. In fact, Herr Wertheim," the Dictator leant forward and spoke slowly and impressively, "in fact, it has been left to *our* nation, to *our* doctors, *our* psychologists to realise that at this early age, four years old, three, and even two in many cases, the child mind is receptive to ideas. It will accept the notion that to be one tiny unit in a huge nation is its destiny, that interference from without, from foreigners, or from within, from aliens in our midst, is intolerable and wrong, and must be resented and put down. It is even possible to accustom these young minds to the idea of death, and to implant in them as an article of absolute belief the certainty that death when it is incurred for the State, voluntarily incurred and for the State only, is a beloved and welcome thing.

"And so, Herr Wertheim, this twenty million marks of yours will be put to a tremendous use. In every city, every little town of this great country we shall establish with it, one or more infant psychology clinics, which every child must attend daily for a period suited to its age, to receive instruction in these ideas that I have outlined. The result will be magnificent. A generation will grow up in whose breasts as babies the seed of heroic sacrifice has been planted. We shall have a nation of men and women who are (*Continued on page* 100)



YOU CAN

afford the luxury of ESSE cooking

with the **ESSE** *Fairy*

Many people know about ESSE Cookers, and would like one, but feel they are only for big houses. Certainly, thousands of ESSE owners have large residences, but there is a model—the ESSE FAIRY—SPECIALLY DESIGNED for the smaller home with one maid or none. Even if your house is not large YOU CAN ENJOY every refinement of ESSE heat storage—the deliciously cooked food with all the essential juices retained; the roomy ovens, all-efficient (oven heating is indirect—no flames or fierce direct heat to scorch the food, and the minimum of meat shrinkage); the fresh and healthy kitchen atmosphere; the rapid boiling facilities and the real fuel economy. ESSE Heat Storage Cookers burn continuously (smokeless solid fuel, preferably anthracite) and are thus always ready for instant action. Easy to use, easy to keep clean, the ESSE Fairy offers every facility and every convenience for those who like to do their own cooking. The invitation below is a good opportunity to see an ESSE at work. Naturally you will be under no obligation whatever.

ESSE FAIRY

£32

DELIVERED

or 17/- per month on convenien Hire Purchase terms.

AN INVITATION

Would you like your favourite dishes cooked in an ESSE? A post card from you, stating these dishes, will allow us to arrange your presence at a demonstration either in our showrooms or locally.

Note.—ESSE Cookers can be supplied combined with Water Heater and are available in immaculate coloured porcelain enamel finishes.

ESSE Cooker Company

Proprietors: Smith & Wellstood, Ltd. Est. 1854.

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London Showrooms

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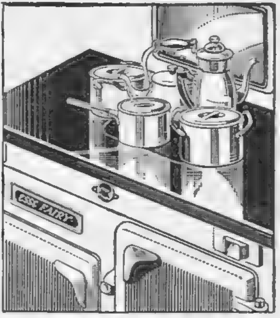
& 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS, E.C.4
EDINBURGH: 17 Greenside Place
LIVERPOOL: 20 Canning Place. GLASGOW: 11 Dixon St., C.1

3 *special features*

FAST BOILING
The hot-plate of the ESSE is continuously hot. Lift the bolster, put on the kettle and the water will boil at the rate of a pint a minute—the fastest method known The fast boiling area is ample for the heaviest demands



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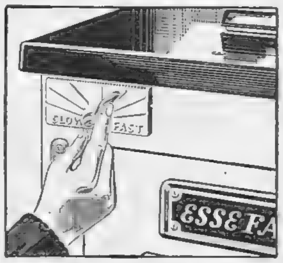
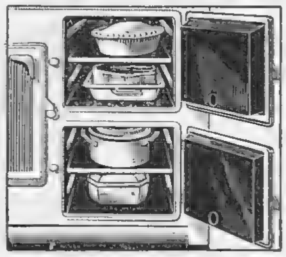
All ESSE domestic models have thermostatic control ensuring not only the exact cooking temperature at any time but remarkable fuel economy as well. Thus cook has full control of the flexible heat output.



OVENS
The ESSE FAIRY has two roomy ovens scientifically designed so that every inch is efficient cooking space. The Roasting Oven (top) is 12 ins. wide, 10 ins. high by 15½ ins. deep, while the Simmering Oven has an additional inch in depth.



OTHER ESSE COOKER MODELS

The ESSE MINOR for medium households (up to 10 persons), the PREMIER ESSE for larger residences (up to 20 persons) and the ESSE MAJOR for large-scale catering. Catalogues with name of nearest stockist sent on request.

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Helena Rubinstein has created a breath-taking new make-up—Aquarelle. It makes you look young and utterly charming, with a new, pictorial beauty. Aquarelle make-up is a complete, delicious harmony of iridescent rose-beige, delicate blue and rose flame—perfectly keyed to fashion's newest colours for spring and summer.

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mature in citizenship before they reach the age of adolescence."

He paused. His face, that had been blazing with fanatical enthusiasm, was now the face of an exhausted man. He slumped a little in his chair, waiting for the chorus of approbation that would reanimate his flogged brain, his driven body.

Herr Reinhert supplied it smoothly:

"Admirably put, Excellency," he observed. "A really admirable short exposition of a scheme that only one brain in Europe, *yours*" he lingered impressively on the word, "could have conceived."

Herr Muller backed him up. He struck his podgy hands together, rapidly nodded his heavy head and contributed his quota: "It is a fact, Excellency, that every time I think of this new project or hear you speak of it, I am more deeply impressed than before. You are indeed imbued with the ever-forward, ever-seeking spirit of our age. You are its embodiment."

Only Josef Wertheim was a trifle slow. His soft heart spoke to him of little dark-haired Jewish maidens, of gay little boys with carefree faces, and grave little boys with earnest foreheads and thoughtful eyes. He thought, too, of sturdy flaxen babies, of the rosy cheeks of country children. He thought of the ball, the hoop, the tricycle, the treasured doll; the toys to be deliberately thrown aside and replaced by notions of service, of citizenship, of martyrdom as the highest goal. He remembered the Jesuit theory that the child's character is determined by the time it is seven. Well, he was powerless. His twenty million marks, the whole fortune built up so laboriously by hard work, by occasional brilliant sallies, by the ability to command loyal service, must now go to make a race of grim little four-year-old servants of the State. He sighed.

But the Dictator's face was reddening again. Herr Reinhert was tapping a pencil impatiently. Herr Muller's scowl was turned on him. He must remember Anna, and the advice that Kramer had given him a few hours earlier.

"Forgive me, Excellency, for pondering a moment over the question of how most quickly to realise the money to put at your disposal," he began suavely. Tension relaxed as he continued:

"With such a remarkable project in view every hour lost is of importance to you; I shall therefore make it my business to see that the shortest possible time elapses before you receive the whole sum."

"Excellent, Wertheim. Splendid. I was sure you had only to realise our need in order to see eye to eye with us. And now, to return to our side of the business. We are prepared to sell to you, for this sum, the smoke, I may say, the complete monopoly of the smoke of this, our capital city."

The wave of his hand towards the window was magnificent: "Look out there," he commanded dramatically. "Look at the smoke rising from a thousand chimneys. Think of our many streets, our shops and houses, our suburbs spreading out like tentacles from this great centre, and all with chimneys, and every jet of smoke from every chimney yours, Herr Wertheim, assigned to you here and now by our Government document."

For many years now Josef Wertheim's patience, his endurance of slights, of insults, his power of managing difficult situations, had been schooled and tempered and developed. His disciplined mind prevailed easily over the disorder and tumult of his emotions. He bowed. "I thank you, Excellency. I thank you, gentlemen. The twenty millions is yours, the smoke of the capital is mine."

If his smile was bleak nobody remarked on it, and a few minutes later Josef Wertheim was walking down the street, a ruined man, carrying in his dispatch case an important-looking document, stamped, sealed, valueless.

Sooner or later Anna must be faced. Sooner or later (and the sooner the better, for the complicated negotiations must begin at once) Kramer must be told. In two days, or even less, every employee, the shopwalkers, the salesmen, the girls in the drapery departments, the pretty waitresses behind the milk bars and ice cream counters, the lift boys, the buyers, the accountants, the many, many cogs in this huge wheel, must all receive the news that Wertheim's had failed. The bright shop windows would not be shuttered. Herr Wertheim knew precisely which combine would swallow his life's work, just whose capital would replace his, and whose name would be painted in big gilt letters where the name of Wertheim now stood boldly out.

But how could he tell Kramer, secretary and friend? In what words could he announce to Anna, no longer young, nor very strong, the break-up of her life and her home?

He paced the streets seeing and hearing nothing, conscious only of disaster, of his thoughts chasing and tumbling over each other and producing nothing, no solution.

It grew late. He walked on.

As he passed an open door a rich smell stole out and broke his abstraction; a smell that held the conglomerate flavour of coffee, meat, vegetables, and spicy sauces, the fume of cigarettes, the blast of heat generated by many human bodies in close proximity, the acrid steamy underlying odour of dirty dishes.

He stopped. He was passing Wiedermann's restaurant. One of Wiedermann's restaurants, he thought bitterly, remembering that every town that boasted a Wertheim store enjoyed, too, a Wiedermann restaurant.

He looked at the name printed above the door. Beyond that, higher up, a steady stream of thickish dark smoke was pulsing from the chimneys of the restaurant.

Herr Wertheim stepped back a pace, hands ecstatically clasped together, uplifted face intense.

The afternoon sky was a clear and limpid blue, a froth of cloud floated lightly below, but Herr Wertheim's pleasure was in that smoky plume, that dark disfiguring jet.

He called a taxi, directed the man to Herr Wiedermann's head office, and sat quietly composing his thoughts as he drove there.

The interview was brief. Greetings and compliments were exchanged, then Herr Wertheim came quickly to the point.

"I have recently completed a transaction with the Government, with the Dictator himself, in fact," he announced.

"I hope it was to your satisfaction?" Herr Wiedermann asked quickly, thinking of his Jewish mother, wondering if a blow had fallen on Wertheim, and if so, how soon he, too, might expect one.

"Yes, indeed. It is entirely to my satisfaction. I have come first to you, Herr Wiedermann, because it concerns you; not only you, my friend," he went on lightly, "many, many others, too."

Herr Wiedermann shifted uneasily in his chair.

"May I inquire the nature of the business?"

"Of course. I have bought for a certain sum (and between you and me it was a large sum)," Herr Wertheim permitted himself a deprecating laugh, "the monopoly of the smoke of the capital."

"The smoke of the capital? But what is that? What use can you make of smoke? I do not understand this monopoly of smoke. What use can it be to you?"

"Ah! Herr Wiedermann. That depends on many things. Don't look so bewildered, let me explain." Herr Wertheim's laugh this time was positively roguish, his manner airy and confident.

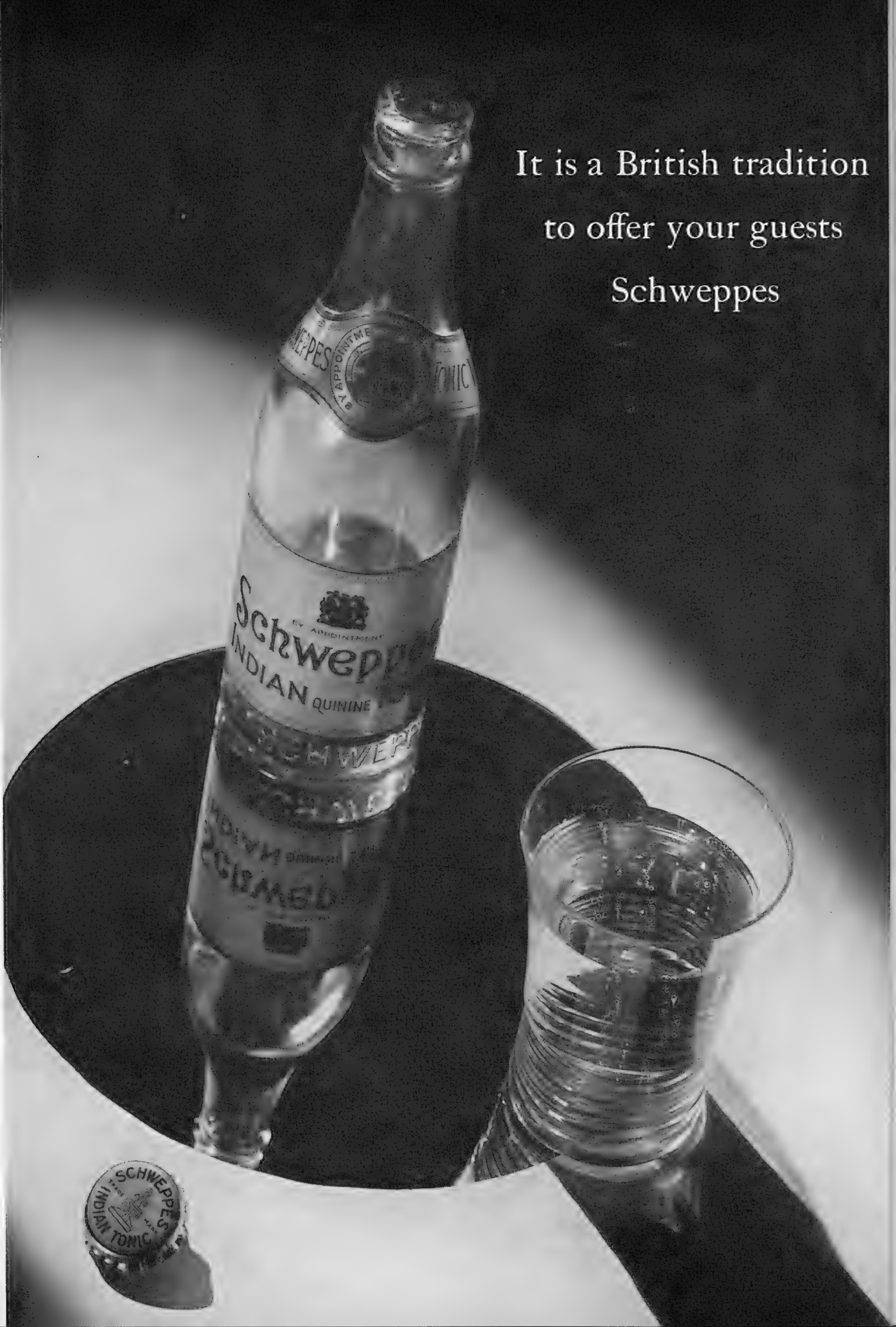
"Now, you, for instance, Wiedermann, have in this city alone some eighty or ninety restaurants?"

"Eighty-four," murmured Herr Wiedermann.

"Well, from the chimneys of these restaurants beautiful smoke arises. A splendid quality of smoke, thick and strong, impregnated, no doubt with the many delicious odours of your well-cooked dishes."

"But I don't see——"

"Now that smoke (*Continued on page* 102)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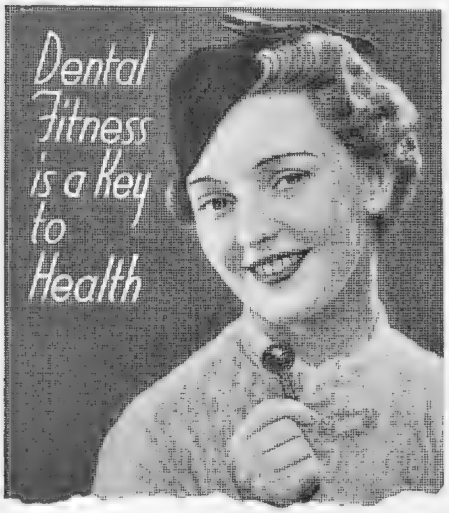
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is mine. It is mine by right of purchase. It is not less mine having been bought from the Dictator," he paused and went on weightily, "from the Dictator himself, than if it had been bought from you. You don't dispute that, naturally?" Herr Wertheim asked sharply, and at the same moment brought out of his case and laid on the desk between them the document, with its heavy seal.

Herr Wiedermann winced, "Certainly I don't dispute it," he said hurriedly. "Such a course would not occur to me. But what can I do? What do you want of me?"

"That is easily arranged. I do not want to put you to trouble or expense. I have acquired the right to insist that you collect from your chimneys, compress, and deliver up to me all the smoke that emerges from them. But this would necessitate most complicated and indeed extravagant processes, and instead I suggest that we have an agreement between us, you allowing to me a percentage, a small and reasonable percentage of your profits. I don't want to hinder you or cripple you, Herr Wiedermann," and Josef Wertheim spoke with warmth and sincerity, "that is why I use advisedly the words 'small and reasonable'."

Herr Wiedermann looked into Herr Wertheim's steady eyes. He noticed the pleasantly smiling but implacable mouth. He knew his opponent. He stole a look, too, at that formidable document that lay between them. He sighed and collapsed.

"Very well, Wertheim," he said, "I am at your disposal. Let us discuss figures. My average per restaurant per month in this city, allowing of course for. . . ."

THE Dictator's cheeks were dark with a flush of angry blood. He thumped his fist on the desk before him.

"I do not understand why you have granted an interview to this obnoxious little Jew, Muller," he stated querulously. "Why should we see him? We've had his twenty million, I'm told his stores have changed hands and now I suppose he's come whining for help or complaining that we've ruined him. It's ridiculous. I won't see him." He pulled fiercely at his small moustache and thumped his desk again.

"I regret if I've done wrong in promising him an interview, Excellency," Herr Muller apologised. "But now that our scheme is so well advanced and all his money has been handed over I thought it well that we should see the little rat, simply to impress on him that whining is no good. He was a party to a bargain, if he doesn't like his side of it now, well—" he shrugged. "It's time these Jews learned to put up with a taste of their own trickery."

"I see." The Dictator was mollified. "We are now in a position to make it quite clear to him, without imperilling our project in any way, that his ruin, his life or death, his beggared condition, fail to interest us in any way. Splendid," he chuckled. "Leave him to me, please. We'll give him a fright all right. He'll be glad to get home and hide in his garret again, *if* we grant him that much indulgence."

So this time Herr Wertheim entering the room registered no atmosphere of geniality whatever. The three men on the other side of that big table were looking at him, broodingly, angrily. The Dictator's hand clenched and unclenched, Herr Reinhert's small eyes were glittering nastily in that large pale face. Herr Muller's expression was frostily triumphant.

Josef Wertheim bowed.

"Your Excellency. Gentlemen——" he began, but a low and rapid flow of words from the Dictator interrupted him.

"I am astounded, Josef Wertheim, at your impudence, your imbecile brutish insolence, your bare-faced Jewish greed in coming here to complain to us, to *us* who hold your life in the hollow of our hands. To whine and beg and cajole and cheat are characteristics of your race, we know that only too well, but to dare to come here and attack us about your low personal affairs argues an unparalleled degree of foul avarice. How dare you come back?" He shouted suddenly. "Answer me! How dare you come here? What does it matter to us if you are ruined? What do we care? How dare you complain to us of the bargain you freely and willingly made with us?"

Herr Wertheim stepped back. His hands flew out, palms upwards, in a typically Jewish gesture of conciliation.

"But, Excellency," he stammered, "and you, gentlemen. You have misunderstood my reason for coming. You sold me, Excellency, some three months ago, the smoke of the capital. I have come now," his voice was very gentle, his manner soothing, "I have come to-day to make you an offer for all the smoke of all the Fatherland."

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 47*)

poisons of every kind, with the full details and description of their strength and qualities. There was also a letter addressed to her which provided the most damning evidence.

Her house was surrounded and an officer bearing a warrant for her arrest arrived at the door, but too late, for the Marchioness, on learning of the death of Sainte Croix and realising her danger, left Paris and sailed for England.

For three years she lived an undisturbed life in that country, after which she went to Liége. There she assumed the guise of an inconsolable widow who had renounced the bright life of society for the silent retreat of a convent, where she stayed as a guest.

In the meantime, the French authorities had not given up their inquiries, and at last their persistence was rewarded, for they discovered her refuge.

A clever officer was sent to the convent disguised as an abbé. He became acquainted with the woman and succeeded in persuading her to go with him for some short excursions in the neighbouring country. The law did not allow him to arrest her on Belgian soil, so his aim was to coax her to pass the frontier.

The day came when the Marchioness, unaware of the trap, was strolling sweetly side by side with the charming abbé. Suddenly he turned and manacled her with professional rapidity. He informed her that she was now on French soil and could be legally arrested.

Nearby an apparently empty carriage was standing, but as the woman was dragged towards it, other police officers stepped out and the bird was finally caught.

At the convent no one had suspected that such a monster was disguised under the pious appearance of the great lady, and full permission was granted to the French authorities to search her room and her belongings. There a precious document was found, a complete and comprehensive list of all her crimes, together with the names of the victims.

The trial of the Marchioness of Bienvillier was one of those Parisian events that could not easily be forgotten. She denied everything, but the evidence was overwhelming, and she was condemned to be drawn through the streets of Paris upon a hurdle with a rope round her neck until the ghastly procession reached the Cathedral of Notre Dame. There, in front of the sacred building, she was beheaded.

Although there have been many men of all times guilty of poisoning, how strange it is that the fair sex, created by nature to be everything that is tender and sweet, endowed with every quality to represent the greatest consolation for man, should have gained such a sinister supremacy. Sainte Croix may almost be considered nowadays as a pioneer of a discovery that he had not time, nor perhaps the idea of developing—that of poison gas.

END

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Impudence *is* Art

(*Continued from page 33*)

No innuendo! I accuse! You are preparing for yourself a guilty conscience—the most useless misery there is. It is the suicide of humour. *Verb. sap.* This is the spot you are on: if you leave Larry O'Hara to Akbar Sayyid's gentle attentions, are you sweeter than Milk of the Moon who lured him to the trap? Perhaps you think a guilty conscience is a sort of medal."

"You're the most astonishing person I ever talked to."

"I meant to be. But it didn't come off. Too ladylike—spoiled—prissy. No one can detonate you. You don't explode. Too careful. You won't break rules, even if I guarantee your safety!"

"How can you possibly guarantee it?"

"How could I possibly get your key out of your purse? I did it, didn't I? But why argue?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing! I was wrong. Humility, resignation and pass the buck—that is the proper spirit. Larry O'Hara, Akbar Sayyid and ten thousand rupees aren't worth the risk. You were right in saying safety first is everybody's duty, always."

"I said nothing of the sort. I——"

"And besides, he did it. You didn't. Let him take the consequences. Put a wreath of everlastings on his tombstone and forget him. *Verb. sap.*"

"What are you trying to get me to do?"

"Nothing! It is too late. Honesty is always best policy. You are quite right. How should you know I'm not lying to you?"

"If I could believe you—if I felt sure Captain O'Hara is——"

"No, no! Am incorrigible coward. Don't let's do it. Too dangerous! Take no chances!"

"If Captain O'Hara is really in danger, and you think I can help him, I will take all chances! Let's get going!"

"Thought so! I guessed you right the first time! Step on it! *Ek dum! Juldee!* Second thoughts are like second-hand cars—unreliable. *Verb. sap.* Go at once to the gate, *sahibah.*"

"I'd better go to my room and change this frock, if we're——"

"No. This baboo did the hocus-pocus while you were at dinner. Follow the man with the lantern. Do as he tells you. Ask no questions. Leave that fur cape here for me to take care of. You won't be chilly for more than a moment or two."

"Aren't you coming with me?"

"Am mystery man. Sahiba, don't ask questions or someone might tell you the truth. Go! Shoo! Step lively! Run before any one sees you! *Juldee—juldee!* Quick!"

IT was dark—no moon. The wind made her shudder. The lantern moved away before she reached the front gate; it danced along in the hand of a man whose legs were wreathed in mist. He led the way to a sedan, parked some distance up the road with lights out. He opened the car door. She recognised him; he was the turbaned nondescript whom the baboo had kicked off the hotel veranda. On the back seat of the car was her own suitcase. The man leaned in, opened it, and revealed an army nurse's cloak and hat. She wondered whose they were, but was glad to put them on because the wind cut like a knife. They smelt of mothballs. The hat was too big. The man pushed her into the car, extinguished the lantern, climbed to the front seat, started the engine and switched on the headlights. Then she caught a glimpse of the baboo—huge—fantastic—perched on nothing—prancing in the streaming mist on invisible wheels. He vanished. The car followed slowly, challenged at frequent intervals by half-glimpsed, overcoated sentries; they were enforcing the curfew law, in couples to protect each other from prowling border thieves. Each time the car stopped she saw the baboo beside his bicycle, holding a written pass in both hands lest the grumbling sentries should snatch it from him. She tried questioning the driver. He shrugged—understood no English—kept his eyes on the baboo, who led the way like a ghost in a white fog.

AFTER a while, there were narrow winding streets. Light streamed dimly through the chinks of shuttered windows. No soldiers now. Big-bearded policemen opened the car door, used their flashlights, stared at her in silence and then motioned the driver ahead. Right of way for a hospital nurse. She guessed she was in the forbidden, dangerous Afghan quarter. The car turned down a narrow alley. High brick wall. Dead end. Lights out. She heard a shrill whistle, in the direction from which she had come, echoed by a chorus of whistles, shouts, footsteps—and then silence.

Out of the dark came terror, silent and sudden—arms, teeth, eyes beneath smelly turbans—a cruel laugh—words of command. Someone grabbed the suitcase. A man with arms like iron seized her and lifted her out of the car; the hilt of his dagger hurt when it pressed against her, but she set her teeth, didn't scream, kept control of herself, half-pushed, half-carried between smoky-smelling men who were like solid shadows. No one spoke to her. A door in a dark wall opened and slammed behind her. For a moment she stood in pitch-black darkness, believing herself alone, recovering breath and her scattered wits. Then something clicked like a trigger. A flashlight dazzled her. She faced the baboo. He was carrying her suitcase.

Anger. "You'll pay for this! It serves me right for listening to such an obvious crook! But you'll take the consequences!"

"Self am dreading same! Am scared stiff! If Larry O'Hara knew where you are now——"

"Where is he? I suppose your whole story about him was a lie from beginning to end?"

"*Sahibah*, the end is not yet! Worst is yet to come, unless you jolly well remember that a nurse can go where devils fear to tread."

"Where is Captain O'Hara? Do you know? Or are you——"

"This is climax. Self am hating to be climaxee! The police have been decoyed in the wrong direction. Did you hear their whistles?"

"I'm going to find out what this means! Here—give me that flashlight!"

She tried to snatch it from him. He was too quick. She tried to push past him towards a door at the end of the passage, but his huge bulk blocked the way. Suddenly the door opened. He stood aside, whispering:

"Milk of the Moon!"

A woman with a jewelled dagger at her waist stood framed in the doorway. There was smoky amber-coloured light behind her. Black hair. The flashing dark eyes of a gipsy. Jewels on her bare feet. Green silk trousers. Pearls. Gold ornaments. An embroidered silk shawl. Motionless. Silent. Shapely hands on her hips. She stared. The arrogance of race, scorn, guile, experience, suspicion, curiosity, shone from her eyes, curled on her painted lips, lurked in every curve of her graceful figure. The baboo whispered:

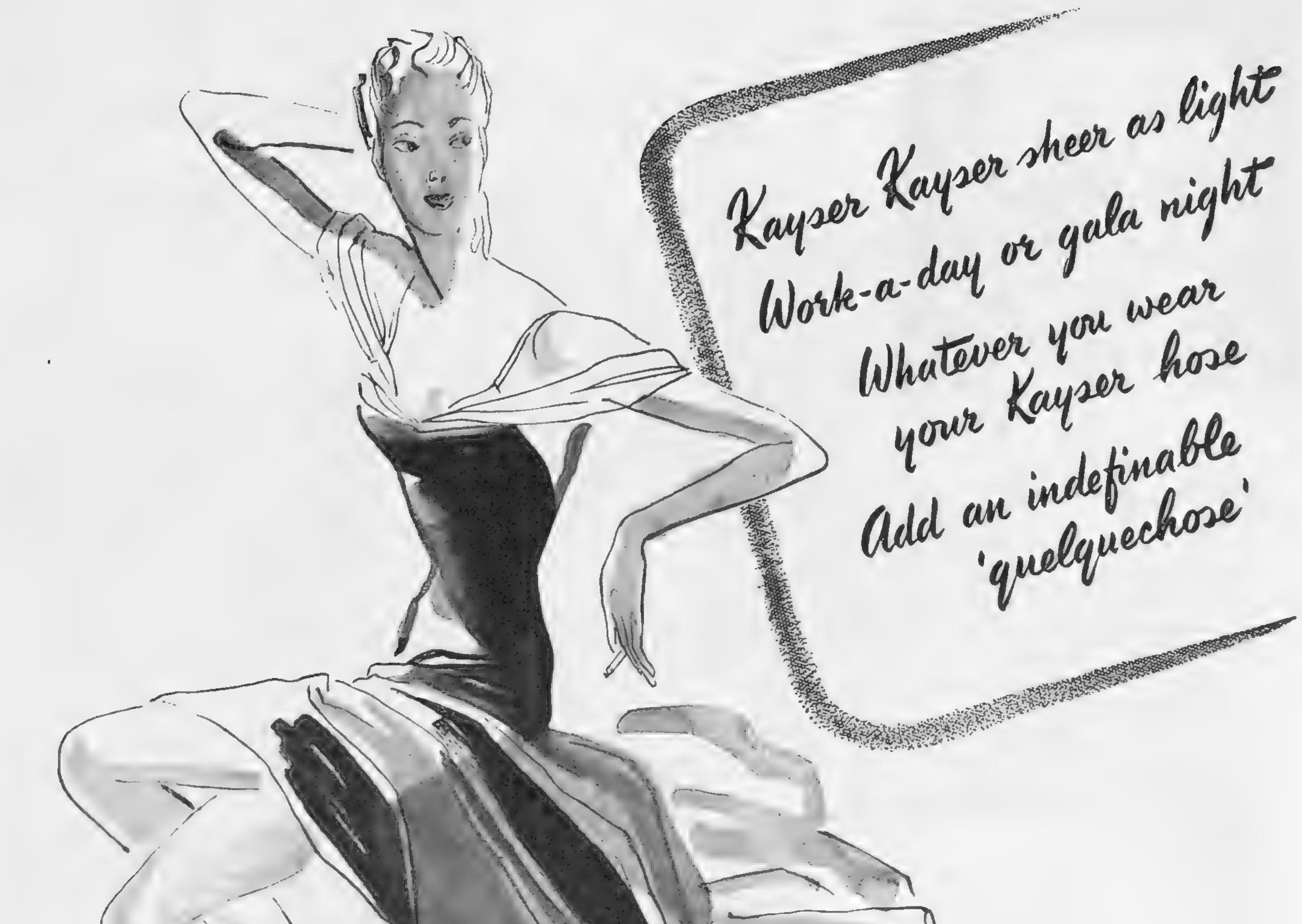
"She speaks no English. But she can use that dagger. Oh, Krishna, if you weren't a hospital nurse——"

Milk of the Moon interrupted, in her own language, low-voiced, staring at June Sedgely, speaking to the baboo. From the smoky amber light behind her came the minor wailing of a wood-wind instrument.

"Thought so!" said the baboo. "Too late! Took too long to argue with you! Worst has happened! Oh, my conscience!" June felt herself turn grey with horror. But when she glanced at the baboo he looked less scared than he sounded. "Follow her!" He shoved her. "Go on in!"

Milk of the Moon's slow smile as she turned and led revealed the limit of contempt that one

(*Continued on page 106*)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woman can feel for another. Its insolence made June too angry to feel frightened. The baboo increased her anger, whispering:

"Don't look sideways! Outlaw night club! Modesty is best bet! Eyes front!"

Around the walls of a square room bold-eyed border men sat sprawling on cushioned planks raised a foot from the floor. Some smoked long-tubed water-pipes. Black love-locks curled from beneath heavy turbans. Knives. Daggers. There was a choking smell of hemp and arrack mixed with musky perfume. Five dancing girls stood bare-bellied, gaping at June and the baboo through a haze of smoke that swirled in dim amber light from parchment-covered lamps. A beardless, eagle-nosed hillman laid down his flute and said something that made the girls laugh. Someone answered him. There was a chorus of laughter that sounded like wolves at bay. The baboo urged from the rear:

"Go ahead! Take no notice! This is dangerous, I tell you!"

Clashing glass-bead curtains. A narrow stair between painted mud-brick walls. One candle, snatched by Milk of the Moon from a bracket, cast leaping shadows. The stairs creaked under the baboo's weight. Half-way up, Milk of the Moon turned suddenly, raised her hand, spoke.

"We are to wait here," said the baboo.

Milk of the Moon vanished, leaving them in almost total darkness, almost silence, in which mystery bred terror. But June controlled her voice—almost.

"Now! Quick! Tell me just what has happened!"

"Akbar Sayyid hid here waiting for Larry O'Hara! There was no shooting. It was done with a knife."

"Is he hurt badly? Did you know it before you brought me from the hotel?"

"Krishna! Did you think I brought you here to sing for the Pathans?"

"Why don't you answer plainly? If Captain O'Hara *is* here, where's his horse? It wasn't outside."

"Do I eat horses? Do Pathans eat horses? Do I care a damn where his horse is? Larry O'Hara? Pah! Let him die of a dagger! But his horse? Oh, Krishna! Let us find his horse and——"

She almost struck him. "Listen. If you won't talk sensibly I'm going to make a scene that'll——"

"Self am jolly well as much afraid as you are! They will knife me, if you can't dress a dagger wound and——"

"Oh, you idiot! Why didn't you bring a doctor, or a real hospital nurse? There must be at least a dozen nurses in Peshawar! I'm no good even at first aid!"

"You jolly well better look good!" he retorted.

Milk of the Moon reappeared at the head of the stairs. Her imperious gesture made the candlelight gleam on the two-foot blade of a knife in someone's hand. A man lurked in the shadow.

"Akbar Sayyid!" said the baboo.

"Come!" said a voice from the head of the stairs.

The baboo whispered: "Obey! Obey! It is Akbar Sayyid!" He pushed her forward, making her so angry that she turned to hit him, but thought better of it. She imagined O'Hara, surely not yet dead, or why should she have been sent for? But dying? She faced Milk of the Moon at the head of the stairs. The candlelight shone in their eyes. Hate. Rivalry. Defiance.

"Where is he? Show me the way!"

A man's face emerged out of darkness beyond the candlelight—turbaned, bearded, hawk-nosed. Merciless eyes. Lewd, cruel lips. Greed. Ice-cold cunning. The heavy odour of sweat-damp fleece. A glint of weapons. Silence except for the baboo's heavy breathing. She heard the baboo whisper:

"Save O'Hara's life or die, too! By the same dagger! Milk of the Moon stabbed him because Akbar Sayyid——"

Anger and dread spurred her suddenly to take all chances. She stepped forward: "Out of the way! Where is he?"

"Splendid!" said the baboo. "First left!"

Milk of the Moon, stepping backward, collided with Akbar Sayyid. He struck her. She cursed him. He laughed.

"First left! First left!" said the baboo, pushing past her. He kicked a door open. "In you go!" He slammed it behind her, muting the sudden cat-and-dog fight fury of Milk of the Moon's voice, Akbar Sayyid's, and his own.

It was a bare room, except for a cot in the far corner. One candle burned on an up-turned packing case. Larry O'Hara lay motionless on the cot. His blood-stained tunic was on the floor. There was blood on the coarse sheet.

"Larry! Larry! Can you hear me? Larry!"

No answer. She went closer, dreading what she should see, forcing herself to raise the candle and bend over him and look. There was a coarse, blood-soaked bandage under his torn shirt. He appeared to be breathing easily. His eyelids were not quite closed. She almost dropped the candle when he spoke suddenly in a hoarse whisper:

"For God's sake, who brought *you* here?"

He hadn't moved. She almost believed she had imagined his voice. "Larry! Are you conscious? Do you know you've been stabbed! There's a——"

"Goat's blood! Damn, I'll kill that baboo!"

The baboo entered the room like an explosion, and slammed the door behind him. There was no key. He stuck the hilt of a long knife into a knothole in a floorboard and jammed the point against the door. "Akbar Sayyid's knife! I said I needed it for cutting bandages!" He opened the suitcase, produced a bottle, pulled the cork, shook the bottle, gasping: "Iodoform! Smells like something doing. We shall have to hurry or the police may wake up. That would be expensive. But if we hurry too fast Akbar Sayyid—can't you scream a little?"

Larry O'Hara groaned like a man in torture: "Gently, gently!" Then he sat up, with his feet on the floor. "You blackguard! How dare you bring Miss Sedgely! I told you to bring a Medical Corps orderly."

"Should I apologise for having brains? An orderly! Who would have babbled like a radio! Besides, I couldn't find him. He was drunk, or he was dead, I forget which, and it doesn't matter. Perhaps he was under arrest. I poisoned him. The police would have recognised him, so even they would have known there was something up." He bent over the suitcase, groping: "Orderly, my eye! He would have punched somebody, including me. *She* wanted to. But I guessed her one hundred per cent. She was so angry that even Akbar Sayyid didn't question her. She was so jealous of Milk of the Moon that——"

"Larry! What does this mean? Tell me!"

The baboo tossed rolled bandages out of the suitcase. "Catch, *sahibah*! Do a good job! Wrap him like a mummy!" Someone pounded the door. He leaned his weight against it: "Groan! She is probing the wound! Oh, Krishna, what agony!" He raised his voice: "Hold still, Captain *sahib*. The nurse can't help hurting you. Steady! Steady! It won't take long now!"

Larry O'Hara groaned. The pounding on the door ceased. Milk of the Moon shouted something to the baboo and he answered in Pashtu. June Sedgely began bandaging O'Hara's ribs.

"Larry, you're as bad as the baboo! Mayn't I know what it means?"

O'Hara laughed curtly and spoke rapidly: "It means this: someone told Akbar Sayyid that Milk of the Moon is a spy for the Secret Intelligence. So she knew he'd kill her. She appealed to us. The best way to save her from Akbar Sayyid was to let her pretend to stab me and betray me to him to be carried off to the hills and held for ransom. The chief danger was, he might look for the wound. Then he'd have killed her and caught me, instead of our catching him. So we planned

(*Continued on page 108*)

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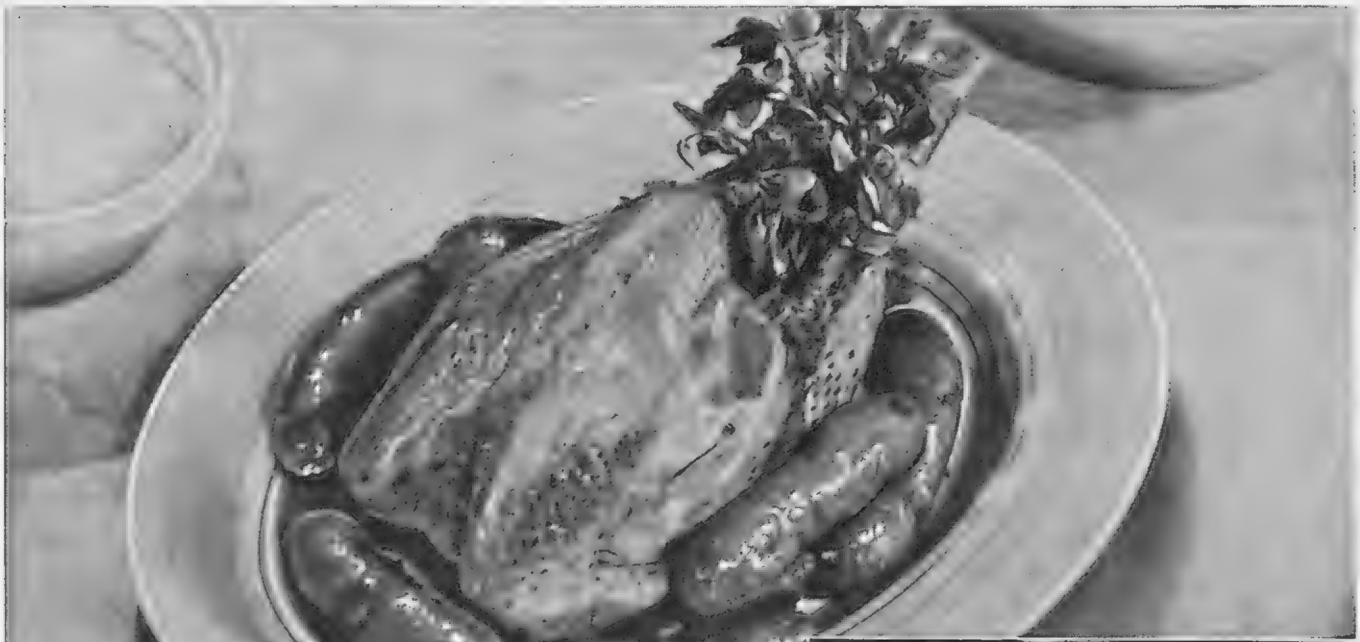

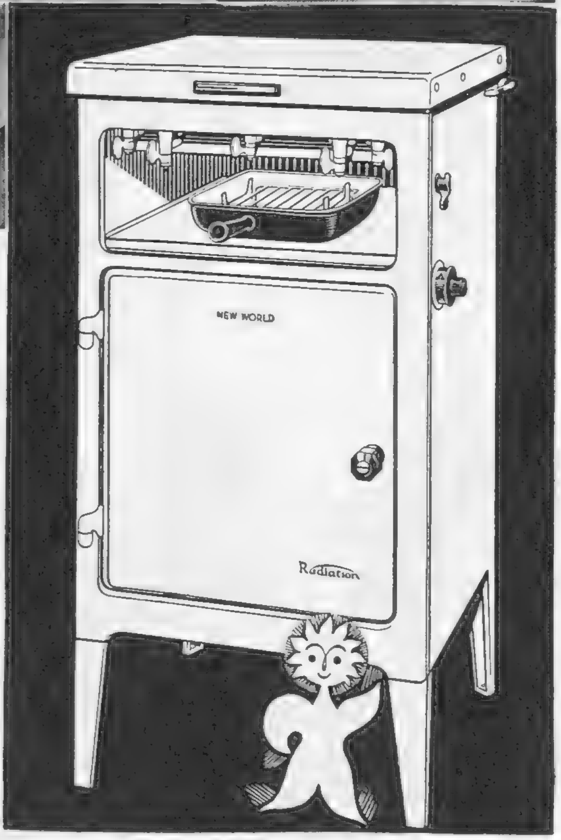

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to bring in a man from the Medical Corps to make a fuss over the wound and bandage it. I'll kill that damned baboo for bringing you into a trap like this. I've no weapon. We haven't a chance if Akbar Sayyid spots the trick."

The baboo bounded across the room. He seized the bandage. "Let go! Give it to me! Let me do it! Krishna! If Akbar Sayyid should see this donkey's nest, we die now! Quick! Another bandage from the suitcase!"

He began to work like lightning, wrapping, pulling, folding, tucking under, muttering, then suddenly:

"There. Now lie down. Try to look like veal, while I tell Akbar Sayyid that the nurse says they must take you away now or you will die of whatever-it-is. They think a nurse knows everything." Half-way to the door he turned back. "Listen, *sahibah*! Akbar Sayyid won't let you escape to tell the police. You are a prisoner—you understand that? But you understand nothing else! You don't like O'Hara too much, he is only a damn-fool officer wounded out of bounds. You hate Milk of the Moon. You are afraid of Akbar Sayyid."

He was gone before she could answer, kicking away the knife and almost wrenching the door off its hinges, slamming it shut behind him.

"Larry! Quick! There's a window Why not break it and call the police. They'd catch Akbar Sayyid before he could——"

"No. He's a tough customer. He'd kill the lot of us before the police could break in. Steady. Obey the baboo."

"Obey him? You mean *you* obey him?"

"Yes. He's skipper this trip. My turn next. And won't I ride him."

THE door burst open. Akbar Sayyid strode in with a shawl over the lower half of his face. There were two Mausers in his belt. He picked up the knife off the floor. Milk of the Moon and the dancing girls were close behind him, spitting at the smell of iodoform. At a sign from Akbar Sayyid they threw a stained blanket over Larry O'Hara and raised the cot to their shoulders. Akbar Sayyid pointed his forefinger at June Sedgely, moving it slowly towards the cot. She obeyed, lent a hand with the cot, at the corner farthest from him, stooping a little because she was taller than the Afghan women. Larry O'Hara groaned. There was no sign of the baboo.

Downstairs, painfully, slowly, cursed by Akbar Sayyid from the stairhead, the women giggling when the cot tilted, and Larry O'Hara groaned so realistically that June almost believed he was in agony. Still no sign of the baboo. At the foot of the stairs the Pathans in the lower room took over from the women, shoving them roughly aside. Then women put out the lights. Akbar Sayyid seized June's wrist in a grip like iron. He turned a flashlight on her. She saw his fierce eyes over the shawl that masked his mouth. Then darkness again and forward, in step with Akbar Sayyid, slow, stealthy, almost noiseless. It was like a burying darkly at dead of night.

Out into the dark street where the fog lay thick between the blind walls. Slow—careful—a man scouting ahead. Suddenly the baboo's servant, coming forward. He blew a whistle and ran. Then the baboo—an apparition—unbelievable; he loomed out of the fog and landed feet forward on Akbar Sayyid's stomach. The two went down together, fighting, growling like dogs. Larry O'Hara jumped on top of them. Shouts and police whistles, coming. The cot-bearers scattered—blows, yells, pistol shots. A bullet smashed into the cot.

"Cease fire!" That was Larry O'Hara's voice at the top of his lungs. "We've caught Akbar Sayyid! Come and get him! I have his pistols!"

Four, five, six policemen ran and knelt on the border thief, their black beards dripping with the fog, their flashlights flooding his cruel face.

"It is he! Ten thousand rupees reward!" said a Sikh policeman. "Krishna!"

"All mine!" said the baboo. "You get the medals for locking him up. I get the money. You wait and see!"

June touched Larry's arm. "Are you hurt? Are you sure? No, I'm all right. Tell me, will the baboo really get all that money?"

"Yes. That's why we tricked Akbar Sayyid to come outside. If the police had caught him indoors, they'd have shared it."

"But what do *you* get?"

"You!" he answered. "But I'll half-kill that baboo for bringing you here!"

The baboo's bicycle bell answered—ting-ting—as he vanished into the fog, prancing like a huge distorted image of Ganesha, perched on nothing.

END

Meals in May

(Continued from page 67)

white wine as you have of fish stock. Taste it, adding salt and pepper, if necessary, and put in one or two very thin sheets of gelatine washed under the cold tap. Boil until the gelatine has dissolved and let the jelly cool a little.

Arrange your fish, skinned and properly trimmed, in the best serving dish you have. Garnish with halves of tomatoes (pips removed) filled with Russian salad, hard-boiled eggs cut in half, or slices of cucumber.

Mash the fish with a little of the jelly, also the garnishing, doing this slowly so that each coat is almost set before you add another; go on until the things are thickly coated with this lovely and beautifully flavoured jelly. Put in a cold place before serving.

Pigeons Bonne Fermière

Pigeons.
Young carrots, veal stock.
Streaky bacon, onions.
Salt, pepper, butter.

Have the birds arranged as for roasting, seasoning them inside and out with salt and pepper and put them to roast with butter spread on them. When they are only half done, remove and keep hot.

Now add to the baking-tin two or three rashers of streaky bacon cut into small pieces, two or three old carrots cut up and one large onion cut up. Fry for a few minutes with salt and pepper and now cover with veal stock.

Bring to the boil on top of the fire and simmer for ten minutes or so.

While this is being done you should have put some really tiny young carrots (scraped only) to parboil in salted water. Put the pigeons in a casserole or deep fireproof dish with a close-fitting lid. Add the carrots, thoroughly drained, and pour over the gravy through a very fine strainer. See that the sauce is well-seasoned, and bring to the boil on top of the fire. Cover the casserole, and put it quickly into a moderate oven for twenty minutes.

Arrange the birds in the serving dish, with the carrots and sauce poured all over and around.

Fromage Glacé

Cheshire cheese.
Butter, biscuits.
Radishes, salt, pepper.
Mustard.

Another version of a well-known theme. Grate some fairly stale Cheshire cheese, also a few radishes. Mix well and add enough butter to make a smooth paste with salt, pepper and a little prepared English mustard. Put this paste to get really icy cold. Spread on dry biscuits, decorate with a few wafer-thin slices of radish.

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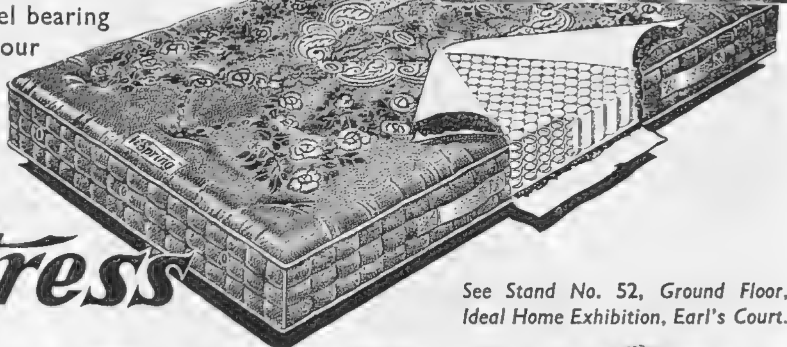

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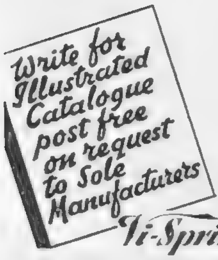
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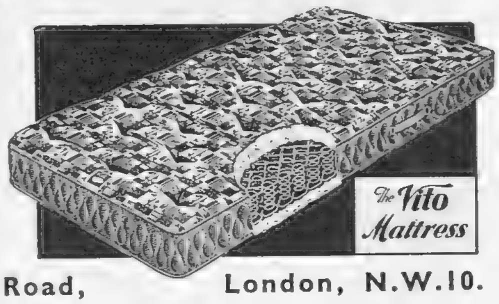
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FASCINATING BOOKLET FREE!

Maxim's Golden Jubilee

(*Continued from page* 23)

Jean Stéfani and Marguain. It adds spice at Maxim's for "mômes" of to-day to have something like that bracketed with them, yet ladies such as these are rare.

My local bartender of preference, Léon, was that day moved to mirth by the object of my call. "That is not bad, then!" quoth he. "You come here for years—how long—twenty years—more—to leave your money with us and now you will earn money out of Maxim's!"

"Poetically sound."

But I have not dragged in Léon just to bounce the foregoing little piece. You should meet Léon because he is one of the four survivors of the staff who have been at Maxim's since the turn of the century or before. He has seen them all come and go; nothing surprises Léon who, like so many Frenchmen, is the quiet, ordered family man, once he is away from the fevered setting of his earning. And the soul of discretion. That is a thing about Maxim's staff. I have seen uninitiated colleagues try to ferret out racy details of this and that client of the house, but to smallest purpose. "Never discuss the clientele" rests the *mot d'ordre*, and if and when it ever has been discussed in my hearing, possibly in return for a powerful tip, the information given has been "delightfully vague," or perhaps better said, purposely wide of the mark.

And what could be discussed! The private lives and secret loves, the intrigues, the oddest doings, the whims and characteristics, the plans, the hopes, the frustrations, the deals, romances, polemics, of endless "front-page" names in the newspapers not only of France but of the universe. If any place ever had "atmosphere," it is Maxim's. It lives on it. Thrives. Atmosphere of past, present, future. Here on this tiny plot they collide. Leave Léon for a while and come along through the "omnibus" and you will see what I mean. "The omnibus" is the label given for decades to a narrow neck leading from the entrance bar-lounge to the dance-dine *salle* at the back, and at perhaps a dozen tables lining each wall of this neck, have been wont to sit the most privileged clients, for here one can inspect (or not) all who pass or parade down the centre aisle between the two confronting lines of tables.

In the keeping of Albert, presiding boss, is a plan showing the more flamboyant personages who have sat in "the omnibus" and the seats they habitually occupied (all are dead now, save four and new "front-pagers" are taking their places from year to year).

"Tickets, please!"

Here, from this table, would respond the giant, sprawling, wooden-legged, bachelor, gourmet, ex-Sergeant André Maginot who gave his name to a defensive line that has already become historic. Maginot, when War Minister (and long before), was one of Maxim's most assiduous customers. He seldom missed his luncheon plates of oysters, besides constantly attending at political or gallant dinner and supper parties in public or in the private rooms on the first floor, and when he died of typhoid fever in 1932, at the height of his importance, the story relentlessly went round Paris that foreign secret agents, getting to know of the daily oyster dozens, had contrived to introduce fever bacilli into the succulent bivalves, nay, into the special brand of Belons that the War Minister swore by.

Here responds a second shade, that of the Marquis de Breteuil, in whose family a very youthful Prince of Wales learnt his opening French before the War. And plumb next to this scion of the aristocracy would sit, and doubtless still sits, Emilienne D'Alençon, of the strange ways. Emilienne must be sixty now and one's last memory is of her being interested in a fanciful night-place up at Montmartre where the sexes met if they did not always commingle. The pew next door would be allotted to the author of *La Dame* whenever he deigned to visit the real life scene of that screaming farce. (Screaming? How humour must have changed, then! For I have barely had a squeak or two out of it. Too far-fetched, mechanically funny in the obvious way, though it may have acted much better.)

Next ticket is handed our inspector by the wraith of André Citroën who might have been well advised to have spent even more of his millions in these surroundings of "*la vie ou l'on s'amuse*" than in a positive ultimate dementia of visualising his car concern on the gigantic scale. Citroën was a condemned man, maybe that added to a natural recklessness which once found outlet in gambling at Deauville until alarmed co-directors intervened. That was in the flaming 'twenties. At the end the gambling turned to the firm itself, which was to finish in Queer Street (it has since recovered). Finally, on the left side of "the omnibus" as you walk in, sat two brothers who lived only to be executed, Boris and Michael Romanoff. These were the last of the legendary "grand dukes" who more than any other celebrities gave Maxim's its original temper and tone. When the place was still in its infancy the Franco-Russian alliance was sealed (1896) and for a long time thereafter the Russians were the lions of the day, in Paris. Nowhere did they exhibit the fact more vibrantly than in the rue Royale, a famous occasion having been the circling of the Place de la Concorde, at dawn in a fiacre, by a brace of grand dukes with champagne buckets upturned on their heads and a "môme" sitting between them, in the almost nude.

On the right side of "the omnibus" we first come to the table of the late Santos-Dumont, Brazilian pioneer of the lighter-than-air, but also first Parisian—he was as good as one—to rise from the ground in a heavier-than-air, which he did in the Bois, in 1906. Next to his erstwhile table, that of Liane de Pougy. Her name takes me back to very earliest days in France, in 1898, when a lovely but lonely young woman of great elegance would tread the primitive boardwalk of Pourville, near Dieppe, during the summer holidays. Liane must be nearing seventy now. A famous scene at Maxim's is linked with her. Tired of having to compete with La Belle Otero's copious display of jewellery, as weighty as it was vulgar, Liane one night appeared followed by her maid bearing such of the Pougy jewels as their owner did not choose to wear personally.

A table farther, and shades of Henri Rochefort, most incisive pen-pusher of his century. For nearly all its first score years Rochefort was wont to relax at Maxim's in spirited companionship. And who should he have adjacent to him much of that time but Cassive, the original "*môme Crevette*" of the Nouveautés in 'ninety-nine. Cassive was photographed the other day in connexion with the present jubilee, a woman in the sixties, still with (apparently) blonde, bobbed hair. Next in "the omnibus," the freak millionaire newspaper proprietor, Gordon-Bennett, who had his Paris *New York Herald* to bring him constantly to the banks of the Seine if other things did not. A table farther, and that little glass of fashion and mould of form, the late Duc de Morny, direct bar sinister descendant of Napoleon, held his merry court o' nights. The first penny I ever earned was acting as interpreter for an English business relation, Sir T. Brooke-Hitching, who was putting up a deal with the duc: and it did not pan out so easily afterwards because I was supposed to be still at school (in France).

Boni de Castellane, husband of Anna Gould and of others, had the next table. This precious, corseted, tailor's dummy of a Marquis, this slave to form, was constrained to write his memoirs (*Continued on page* 112)

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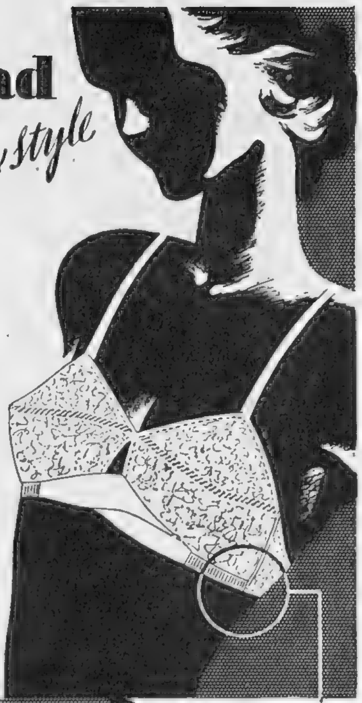

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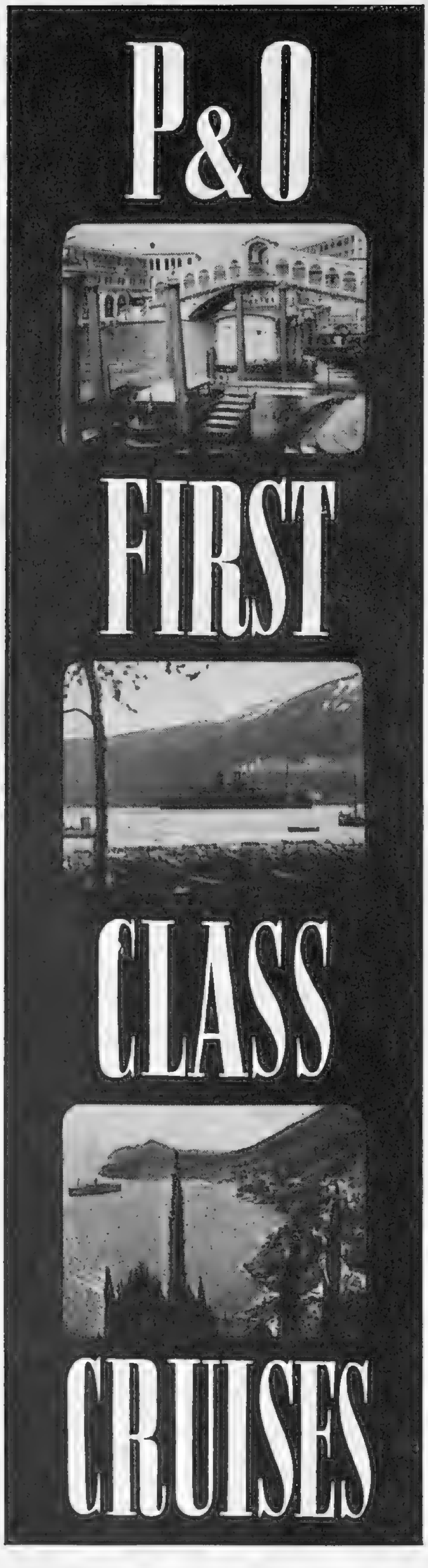

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for Hearst before he died, in fact anything for money, money. He was of a kind that has gone for ever. His legacy? Yarns without end, and a rose-coloured marble mansion in the Bois sector, where once were staged the most splendiferous receptions that the Third Republic has known.

Georges Mandel, *né* Rothschild, and man of confidence of Georges Clemenceau, occupies occasionally to this day the table adjacent, as the last of our four survivors of "the omnibus." Reputed the most astute wire-puller in Parliament, one may well ask how many wires Mandel may not have begun pulling here at Maxim's when, over supper and champagne, men are apt to acquiesce in plans they would in more sedate surroundings fight shy of. Two final shades, as showing how all-embracing Maxim's has always been: Georges Guynemer and Roland Garros, France's immortal flyers, who here would sit at neighbouring tables when on leave during the War. José Ramon, a chasseur who wrote his memoirs, depicts Guynemer as "tall, thin and pale, now melancholy and silent, now ragging and noisy as a schoolboy." As for Garros, first to fly the Pyrenees, first to cross the Mediterranean, he took on the most delicate aerial job of the War, that of dropping agents behind the German lines, and later collecting them. Taken prisoner, he escaped through Switzerland, only to be mortally shot down in the final weeks. Maxim's was his rendezvous as it was that of nearly all France's ace flyers—Fonck, Nungesser, Madon, Heurteaux. In those days Nungesser was always with Gaby Deslys. The wildest of them all, a favourite sport of his was chasing down gendarmes in a high-powered car, and a miracle that he was never up for killing one. Nungesser took varying stimulants, not the only one, and his end came in 1927 when he sought to anticipate Lindbergh, and was never seen again after heading over the Channel from Etretat.

Recitation of the foregoing names may give some idea of the eclecticism of Maxim's, and this persists, resulting in a peculiar success. "There enters a splendour of the big luxury," runs a current appreciation, "the spice of mystery, a lure of scandal, of distinguished orgy." However that may be for some, for others Maxim's has stood for unwavering fine food and wine, for verve amid an elegance that never suffocates events, for a camaraderie with the staff, such as only lingers on now in France, for brilliantly-raimented young women of independent spirit and addicted quite a lot to the open air, even to *le sport*, in room of the tightly laced, unhygienic, formal *grandes courtisanes* whose day has passed. Maxim's stands for meeting interesting people who have done things, in the Services, colonies, the arts, in business, politics, sport. It stands for the cheery evening or the serious talk. For the "Lambeth Walk" in the back *salle*, and for the *tête-à-tête*, hushed, budding romance at some quieter table near the entrance. Those who have "the feel" of Maxim's need not worry, but the other kind, who have come to be *épaté*-d and do not belong except as regards the pocket, can be rendered uncomfortably aware of their temerity in venturing into such rarified atmosphere, for all its easy-going welcome on the surface. There are no more watchful critics than the personnel of this sort of establishment, and the "client's" slightest slip-up in local etiquette is noticed *chez* Maxim.

The story of the ground floor of 3 rue Royale dates from the national fête day of July, 1889, when a small café-keeper named Imoda is said to have had the weird idea of putting out the German flag. Less than 300 yards from the black-draped statue of seized Strasbourg, on the Concorde, this was too much for a Boulangiste crowd returning from the review at Longchamps, and it proceeded to sack the Italian's café and was only with difficulty stopped from dealing harshly with its owner who was expelled the country. A waiter named Maxime Gaillard bought the sacked premises and installed a modest restaurant bearing his name. But the innovator died a few months later, whereupon his widow sought out two business-like associates of the deceased, a chef named Chauveau, who was at Jullien's, and a *maître d'hôtel* at Durand's, Eugène Cornuché. The latter was said to be in the pay of Constans, Minister of the Interior, as an informer; at any rate, he was at the dawn of a spectacular career, whether or not Maxim's did or did not owe part of its origin to secret service funds paid out to one of its inceptors.

In order to "make the English," Cornuché cut off the final "e" in Maxime and made the restaurant Maxim's. It opened its doors on a Prix de Diane day—high spot of the Paris season—and at once became popular with the smartest Parisians. From the beginning one amused oneself firmly. One was among people of taste and wit, whose only care was to laugh. It was a contest who would coin the most daring quips, conceive the wildest fantasies. The men's drollery rivalled their companions' beauty and elegance. Max Lebaudy, "the Emperor of the Sahara," Letellier, Morny, Prince Oberlin, Prince Galitzine, the Hennessy brothers, Forain, Feydeau, Alphonse Allais, were founder clients, and with them Liane de Pougy, enjoying her wonderful hour, Rose Demay, Emilienne d'Alençon.

The vogue of Maxim's permeated to every capital of Europe, and in the middle 'nineties kings and future kings were to be found among the clientele. Vigorous old Leopold of Belgium had a liking for the Louis XVI private room upstairs, and so had the then Prince of Wales in his last years as such. The Louis XVI room is still available, yet few if any of its original devotees can survive beyond Cléo de Mérode, black-haired (madonna-style) one-time rage of Paris, so often seen in old Leopold's company. Cléo, it was, who thought of coiling her hair over each ear, a notion that led to the charming rumour that someone had cut off her ears out of vengeance and that she was seeking to hide the fact.

One member of the staff soon earned renown: Gérard, the head chasseur, "sort of extraordinary Jack-of-all-trades, able to execute all missions and commissions, chief of the protocol, diplomat, negotiator, money-lender, counsellor, confessor, sleuth, who commanded a team of wideawake youngsters. Gérard knew his Almanac de Gotha backwards, and was never himself seen without his monocle." Gérard, whom I knew well in his final years in the 'twenties, used to divide the clientele into "good hearts" and "choléras" which, if it can be rendered at all, must mean people who gave one a pain. Anyway, never-solvent borrowers were included among them and thereby hangs a typical Gérard tale. The head chasseur had grown tired of being owed money by a group of "choléras." Like others of the staff, he was noted for the good racing tips he could give. One day a particularly tiresome "choléra" asked for a tip and Gérard told him to back a horse named Sideranda, which the "choléra" promptly did, Gérard himself offering to take the bet. Not only that, but the "choléra" in question tipped off several of his fellow-"choléras" who also placed their bets with Gérard. But that evening not a mention was to be found of Sideranda in the racing results, and for the very good reason that such an animal never existed outside the imagination of Gérard who had thought of this method of getting back some of the money he had loaned.

Towards the end of his career the lending attained a high figure. This little fellow who helped people on with their coats never went to the races without carrying a 100,000 francs, ready to loan this and that sum to Maxim's clients who were losing—when, needless to add, an attractive rate of interest would later be forthcoming; so much so, that after forty years, Gérard was able to retire to a Pyrenean chateau where a hale and hearty veteran regularly entertains former "clients" to shoots on his estate.

With Antonin, Gérard's successor, I had a long talk the other day. A handsome and charming fellow, (*Continued on page* 114)

Spring is here, the flowers are out – and so are the new Juvena underwear styles — captivating, trim, youthful, fresh and charming, better-than-ever Juvena for 1939's more feminine note. Utterly delightful to wear, such expensive-feeling undies, yet so reasonably priced. Perfectly fitting, these new styles are the very thing for wearing under slim-waisted dresses — no bulk round the waist or hips, and a charmingly feminine bustline enhanced by the brassière top outlined with elastic (as also are the pantie legs). Because Juvena is elastically knit-woven, it will always keep its figure-clinging lines. All models have dainty, individual trimmings and adjustable shoulder straps to ensure plastic fit. Write for illustrated Spring 1939 brochure to Juvena-Agency 13(i), Southampton Place, London W.C.1.

Note refinements in this close-up of the above Juvena Empire Model 9012/13 in art. silk, peach white or sky with gaily dotted embroidered lace. Vest 4/11d, short pantie 3/11d.

LOVELY TO-DAY — MORE LOVELY TO-MORROW

MODERNE

Barbara Gould's latest shade of Lipstick has been specially created to harmonise, flatter and assure perfect colour balance when worn with the dominant fashion shades of Spring and early Summer.

This new shade — MODERNE — is also obtainable in Face Powder, Rouge, Velvet of Peaches Foundation Cream and Nail Polish from good class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers.

Visit the Beauty Salon for a free consultation on your Spring Make-up, or write to Dept. B, for Barbara Gould's Book "The way to Loveliness."

Barbara Gould LTD.
STANDBROOK HOUSE, 2-5 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1

'But Madam! HAVE YOU SEEN PHOENIX?'

CLEAR and stays CLEAR

IT'S THE CLEAREST GLASSWARE FOR COOKING PURPOSES AND MADE IN SUCH LOVELY SHAPES

PHOENIX is the name of the latest oven-proof glassware. It is beautifully clear, and, however much you use it for cooking and serving food, it *keeps* clear. You have a choice of many different shapes and sizes, from ovals and rounds to oblongs and squares; either shallow or deep. Each delightful in appearance and practical in use.

Phoenix cooks to perfection, and as you can take a Phoenix dish straight to the table, food looks nicer in the clear glass and keeps hotter. Moderately priced and guaranteed 12 months against oven breakage.

PHOENIX
REGD. TRADE MARK
THE CLEAREST GLASS OVEN-WARE
'That's what you want Madam!'

COUPON for FREE Recipe Book

To: The British Heat-Resisting Glass Co. Ltd., Phoenix Works, Loxdale St., Bilston, Staffs. *Please send me attractive Recipe Book covering the whole art of cookery in glass and the serving of food straight from oven to table.* B.E.

Name..

Address..

Antonin is chief of the "grooms" and chasseurs, whom he dresses and pays. They constitute Antonin's corps. Antonin is piling up the dibs now, even as did his predecessor, one sure source of income deriving from surprised American tourists who cannot understand how Antonin is able infallibly to pick out their hats and coats without a check. That is a speciality of the house. Maxim's is evidently the only place in the world where checks are never given for apparel or belongings handed for the *vestiaire*. Nor is the reason for this idiosyncrasy far to seek. I noticed it at once, afresh, when Antonin suavely operated—why, it was as if this were a friendly kind of club, and you an old and respected, even missed, member.

Camille Huet, the wine steward, is another survivor since last century, and then Léon and Henri. The last began as a small boy chasseur, in which capacity Sem once put him on a menu, and senior waiter Henri has been all his life at Maxim's save for the War period, when he was twice wounded. Albert, the present *maître d'hôtel*, previously launched Ciro's, the Ambassadors, and the Perroquet. At Maxim's he succeeded the late "Gugus" Cornuché, brother of Eugène. When the latter died in the 'twenties, leaving a fortune of over 100,000,000 francs thanks to "animating" Deauville in its most spendthrift post-war years, he had sold Maxim's to an English company but with the stipulation that brother Gugus should remain permanently as director. The Cornuchés were fat, piggy little men, whose rich living was all along clearly curtailing their span here below.

As they move amid the *décor* they have known all their working lives, the four survivors of the 'nineties will tell you that, all in all, the time of highest festival, of most natural lightheartedness, was at the end of the 'nineties and the beginning of the new century. These faithful servitors have watched successive cosmopolitan worlds, dance the "Valse Bleu," the "Cake Walk," even the "Lancers," the "Matchiche," "Polka," "Two-step," "Boston," "Bunny-hug," "Tango," the "Charleston," "Black Bottom," "Rumba," "No-step," "Slow Waltz," "Chestnut Tree," the "Walk," and all kinds of the foregoing duly swung—if that is the word. They plump for the days of "Viens Poupoule," of the "Matchiche" and of "La Paloma' and the "Tonkinoise" as having been the most spirited and truly mad, as distinct from a tendency to-day to ape that releasing condition. In Feydeau's piece the theme song is *Loin du Bal* which sounds just what the title suggests—slow, dreamy, sentimental rhythm waltzed by ladies in billowing, mutton-chop creations, all frills and furbelows, and whalebones snapping round the middle.

"Such," one reads, "was the life *chez* Maxim during the twenty years that preceded the War. Generations of Parisians, of aristocrats, of foreign millionaires, of pretty women, succeeded and replaced each other in a whirl of gaiety that never failed. Big marriages were fixed there, and unfixed. Cabinets, also. Even chiefs of State were there selected.

Came August, 1914. The clientele, even as the personnel, faded out. These went to the front. Those departed from France.

Came the Peace Conference, and Maxim's was absorbed into an even more hectic world, if that were possible. For next door, at the Hotel Crillon, was American Headquarters.

To-day Maxim's is the favourite of just as bright and prominent a cosmopolitan company as ever in the past, a feature being the relatively large number of French who make the place their cocktail, dining and supping rendezvous. The stage, the films, sport, business, politics, the Army, Navy, Aviation, young and not so young scions of "the oldest families in France," literature, diplomacy, the newspapers, all are represented

Considering the small number the place can receive at any one time—at most 150, I should say—and so very many of these "regulars"—a record far-flung clientele must be claimable.

END

They're Good at Figures

(*Continued from page* 53)

department devoted to the scientific promotion of health and physical loveliness. It is run by a woman who is a beauty specialist in the finest sense. She attacks beauty problems at their very roots, which is in health. Her methods are scientific and logical. The too fat and the too thin, the bad complexions and the drooping stances are, to her, pathological problems.

Massage and exercise are the basis of Mrs. Daysh's treatment. By whipping up poor circulation she succeeds in eliminating toxic conditions of the blood. Fat legs, spare tyres, bony contours, general debility disappear miraculously under her persuasion.

The treatment is not cheap, so she has to be good—she *must* show results. She is a conscientious woman with a sincere belief in her work, and earnest in her desire to convince the women who go to her for treatment that her fees are a sound investment that will save them money in doctors and beauty treatments.

You can take a short course of treatment (exercises or massage, or both according to her diagnosis), during which time she will show you what measures to continue with at home to keep up the good work she has begun. They are not rigid.

She has confidence in her system and a dazzling record of achievement to justify it.

Another aspect of the figure problem is being very cleverly dealt with by London's biggest sports dealers, Lillywhites.

A School of Figure Fitness has been started by this firm. The primary object is to limber up muscles and generally tone up the body as a preliminary to sport. But general reducing and the encouragement of health as the basis of beauty are dealt with.

If you have ambitions to play a good game of golf, to get real satisfaction out of tennis, or to ride with that careless freedom of movement and suppleness of limb that is so much envied, a course of instruction at the Figure Fitness School will get you what you want.

If you feel that you have been neglecting your figure, that something should be done about those increasing bulges around your body and you are not sure how to set about banishing them, this is a solution.

Individual tuition is available, but classes of six are the most popular. In the new exercise salon, Miss Wallace-Smith, the Principal, conducts classes in which each person gets individual attention. She will get your body into the right condition for a good golf swing. She will reduce you so that you can fly around the tennis court on winged feet.

Even if you've never taken to sport in your life, you will be well advised to consider a series of these Figure Fitness classes. There are special arrangements for children and older women. Classes for individual treatment are available to both.

You will enjoy this way of getting fit.

Striped Sweater

(*Continued from page 70*)

Repeat rows 2 and 3 twenty-nine times more (61 rows, 55 sts.).

62nd to 108th row : Knit.

109th row : K. 2 tog., k. to end.

110th row : Knit.

Repeat rows 109 and 110 twenty-nine times more. Cast off.

WELT

With green wool and No. 12 pins, cast on 200 sts. Rib 1½ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off in rib.

CUFFS

With green wool and No. 12 pins, cast off 80 sts. Work as for welt.

NECK EDGING

With No. 9 pins and green wool, cast on 140 sts. Rib ¾ in. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 12 pins. Rib ¾ in. Cast off in rib.

TO MAKE UP

Press lightly with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, making two pleats at top of each shoulder. Sew cuffs, welt and neck edging in position. Sew pads to top of sleeves to make shoulders square.

Bushels of Bouquets for Betty

(THE GIRL WITH BEAUTIFUL SKIN)

★ ANALYSIS OF BETTY ★

No Muddiness. Her complexion has the fresh radiance of a rose petal . . . You can help *your* skin to this beauty — by using Pond's Cream which now contains the "skin-vitamin." For this vitamin makes the skin healthy.

No Lines or Wrinkles. That smooth youthful look can be *yours*. For Pond's Cream containing the "skin-vitamin" softens lines away.

No Big Pores. One effect of the "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Cream is to make pores smaller.

No Dryness. You can give satin smoothness to *your* skin by using Pond's Cream. The "skin-vitamin" ends dryness and roughness.

No Blemishes. Spots and blackheads don't come to the healthy skin. Read below how Pond's Cream, by bringing the "skin-vitamin," makes the skin healthy.

Help *your* skin to beauty with Pond's Creams containing the "SKIN-VITAMIN"

TESTS HAVE PROVED that if the skin lacks one certain vitamin, cells flatten, glands dry up, under-tissue shrinks. But when Pond's Cream containing this "skin-vitamin" is applied daily, cells fill out, glands function, shrunken tissue becomes normal. Women who used this cream reported amazing results, after only a few weeks! Pond's have now put this "skin-vitamin" into Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream. Start using Pond's Cream daily and see the difference in *your* complexion.

Look for "SV" on the label. This means the "skin-vitamin" is in the cream. This vitamin is also in Pond's Liquefying Cream, a quick cleanser.

LADY PATRICIA FRENCH (*Right*)

Glamorous grand-daughter of the famous Commander-in-Chief of British Forces in France in 1914. "I use Pond's Cold Cream every night to cleanse my skin" she says. "Then skin blemishes don't come. I use Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering. It smooths away roughness at once, and holds powder. Now that both creams contain the 'skin-vitamin' they've made my complexion clearer, smoother, and finer."

Chivers Jelly "Ducklings"

this charming novelty recipe is easily and quickly made with

CHIVERS JELLIES

How to make
CHIVERS JELLY "DUCKLINGS"

Pint packet Chivers Jelly (Greengage, Lime or Lemon) Can of Peaches (halves)
Whipped Cream A few burnt almonds
Make up a jelly as directed on packet but using fruit syrup instead of some of the water and pour into individual dishes. To make 'ducklings' thoroughly drain peaches, dry with damp cloth, and cut into two, fill cream into each piece and bring outer edges together to form bodies. Press into jelly when almost set. To make head cut two fairly thin pieces of peach about the size of a half-penny (using small pastry cutter or scissors). Insert split burnt almond for bill, and small pieces of burnt almond for eyes. Finish with cream as illustrated.

Just think of the surprise and delight this attractive recipe will create at your table. Serve "Ducklings" next time you entertain or try them first as a week-end treat for your own family. These fascinating lifelike 'ducklings' are quite easy to make and, what could be nicer than delicious tender peaches, cream and Chivers Jellies?

CHIVERS JELLIES are
Flavoured with ripe fruit juices

CHIVERS & SONS LTD., The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia and Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped, addressed envelope for reply*.

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Your Perfume

(*Continued from page 29*)

wear and for a certain type of sleek evening gown you need one of the smart perfumes, vibrant, vital, feminine but not sentimental.

The sentimental fragrances should be kept for your softer moods, for the off-the-shoulder gown, the romantic hair dressing. For the *tête-à-tête* when your clothes and your mood are tender.

Don't ask a man's advice about perfume, but watch his reactions to it. Don't assault him with a fragrance. Men almost invariably dislike the aggressive perfume, but, without knowing it, they associate the subtle varieties with all that is feminine and alluring in women.

The secret is that perfume should be always there, distinguished but elusive—gently stimulating, yet scarcely detectable.

You cannot learn about perfume in a day. It is like make-up, which has to be practised and perfected before it achieves its aim, which is to present you to yourself and to others as a woman of individual charm. You must experiment with perfumes of different types before you fix upon that which you are ready to live with and to make your very own.

Your readiness to spend money and time on the rather more obvious art of make-up cannot be questioned. You are already convinced that cosmetics make you feel and look a lovelier woman. Perfume, rightly chosen, has the same power.

W. L.

Shop Talk

(*Continued from page 68*)

a few exceptions the best retail traders sound the whole financial scale in their stocks. They cater alike for the rich and the not-so-rich. They have to. In these days there are so few rich.

To take one example only of the help which traders give to the shopping public, there is the coloured brochure which Elizabeth Arden, the beauty specialist, and Celanese, the silk manufacturers, have combined to produce this season.

Here is a booklet with patterns of the newest Celanese silks in perfectly contrasted colour groups, each group accompanied with a sample of the correct new Elizabeth Arden make-up to wear with each.

You can colour-plan your late spring and summer wardrobe from this booklet.

Again, Aristoc, the stocking makers, have devised a show piece for shop counters which will ensure your getting precisely the most fashionable colour blend between stockings and clothes.

With half a hundred stocking shades to choose from, this is not simple, but with the Aristoc Matchmaker you dial the shade of dress and shoes you will be wearing and read off on the dial the correct night or day stocking shades to go with it.

When you think how much shopping has been simplified in the past few years, you wonder how we ever got through before.

Consider how ready-made clothes have improved, how much better they are styled, how sizes and fittings have increased in their variety and exactitude. Think of the specialised departments, which minimise the fatigue of shop hunting, of the segregation into various price groups that the more efficient stores arrange for us.

Don't be vague about your buying. Be frank about money. We all bow at times to the temptation to pose as a little better off than we really are. But it doesn't help the shop assistant one iota, and it does prevent us getting a satisfactory purchase.

State frankly what you wish to pay and stick to it resolutely. Things of enduring quality are always an economy, but your real shrewdness as a shopper is put to the test when it comes to distinguishing between what is good enough and what is merely extravagant.

END

Heir of the World

(*Continued from page 11*)

the gods forgive her! There was a scroll with them, cursing horribly any one who took them. She did not give them to you for this reason; she was afraid the curse might follow you. I don't know what became of them. Leave me; I have told you all I had to say. Find that damned physician, will you? The fever is coming back upon me."

Cæsarion departed, and when he had summoned the physician, went off to read Homer with Glaucus.

He worshipped the memory of his father, who had been killed when he was a child of three, as he did that of his now-dead mother. In him, Cleopatra had likewise worshipped the memory of the divine Julius, with whom she had shared the world long before Antony filled her life. She had named the boy joint ruler, with her, of Egypt.

Yet, at her bidding, Rhodon had watched over his pupil with eagle eye and iron hand. Not for Cæsarion were the excesses of the palace; to do him justice, he paid no heed to them, for Rhodon kept his life very full.

Plunging headlong into books and sports and games with all the impetuous, superhuman energy of his father, the sex urge had passed him by—until now, here in Berenice, enforced idleness and the burning African sun had wakened it, and the eyes of a girl. Rhodon, in the grip of wasting fever, knew nothing about Aglæ except that she was some woman who had brought the news of Cleopatra's death; this news had prostrated him. Glaucus knew of the girl, but Glaucus, the freedman, was an easy-going, subservient fellow, who believed that the sooner Cæsarion got between the arms of a woman, the better for him.

Later that day, Rhodon lay in delirium and access of fever. Cæsarion had no difficulty in abstracting the jewels, unobserved.

THE girl Aglæ, while the afternoon waned in gasping heat, was talking with a Syrian trader whose camels had just come shuffling in along the caravan route from Koptos on the Nile. A tall, dark man, this Syrian, wrapped in camel-hair burnouse and haik against the heat; while Aglæ lay shameless and nude as she talked with him.

"So!" She eyed him insolently. "You bring letters and a gift! From whom?"

The Syrian smiled in his crafty way. "I was told first to learn whether you had performed your errand here, lady. I'm satisfied that you've done so. The gift is here, and the letters. And I was told to place myself at your orders."

She took the sealed box, a delicate thing of sandalwood and ivory, and the two scrolls of papyrus. She glanced at them, and her eyes flashed, her breath came quickly. Then she laid them aside and darted a flaming look at the Syrian.

"When can you leave for Koptos?"

"This minute, if you order it."

She lay passive, calculating swiftly; suddenly she sat up.

"The very thing! Have you a man—no, three men—whom you can spare as a sacrifice to the gods?"

The Syrian's brows lifted. "A dozen, if you like. Slaves are cheap in Egypt these days. Hm! There's Herod, the Idumean—he got an eye knocked out last year and isn't good for much."

"A one-eyed man? Excellent. Two others with him. Here's what you must do." She broke into a rapid speech, staccato and eager. The Syrian listened, and whistled softly.

"Lady, do you realise what you're saying? You'll be taking a frightful chance."

A cold, cruel laugh escaped her. "You don't know with whom you're dealing, my friend! I'm gambling on a certainty; I don't take chances. And, mind you, this Idumean and the other two must be primed to the job as though it were real! Leave the rest to me."

The Syrian shrugged.

"Very well; I (*continued on page 118*)

Yardley Lavender
YARDLEY LAVENDER
other members of the Lavender Family
YARDLEY LAVENDOMEAL
YARDLEY Bath Salt Tablets
YARDLEY TALC POWDER

The gay and charming note of the Yardley Lavender—the world-famous "Lovable Fragrance"—has made it the one indispensable perfume for everyday wear. Fresh, young and lovely it adds charm and distinction and is the choice of fashionable women everywhere.

Yardley Lavender 2/6 to 42/-, Lavendomeal 3/- to 9/6, Soap (in boxes of three tablets) 2/6, Face Powder 2/-, Bath Salt Tablets 1/- (box of six), Talc 1/2.

Guard against the flaws of "Acid Skin"

HERE'S a new and truly effective way to keep your skin young and lovely! These unique creams do *externally* what 'Milk of Magnesia' does *internally* for an excess acid condition, and in this way overcome an "Acid Skin".

DON'T let an "Acid Skin" make you look older than you are and rob you of the fresh tone, the smooth firm texture your skin ought to have! Don't let blemishes result—enlarged pores, oily shine, blackheads, roughness.

Fight them all with the beauty-giving beneficial action of Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia TEXTURE CREAM
This remarkable new-type cream makes it possible for your skin to have all the acid-neutralizing benefits of 'Milk of Magnesia' in a form which holds this helpful ingredient on long enough to be actively effective. Just as 'Milk of Magnesia' relieves an *internal* acid condition, so *externally* it acts on the excess fatty acid accumulations, overcoming unsightly faults and so preserving the loveliness of your skin.

A foundation which really prepares the skin
You'll never believe how beautifully this different kind of greaseless cream takes and holds make-up, until you try it! It's because 'Milk of Magnesia' *prepares* the skin properly—softening, smoothing away roughness and overcoming oiliness so that powder goes on more evenly and adheres for hours without need of touching up.

PHILLIPS' Magnesia CLEANSING CREAM
And here's the ideal companion to Phillips' Magnesia Texture Cream in this delightful Cleansing Cream. You've never seen a cleansing cream like it! 'Milk of Magnesia' not only loosens and absorbs the surface dirt, but penetrates the pores, neutralizes the excess acid secretions and leaves your skin soft, smooth and *really clean!*

Sample tubes of both creams sent on receipt of 1½d. stamp to cover postage and packing. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 14.J.), 1, Warple Way, London, W.3.

From all Chemists and Stores

PHILLIPS' Magnesia

1/6 & 3/- a Jar
New trial size 6d.

TEXTURE CREAM CLEANSING CREAM

* '*Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

"I owe my life to the P.D.S.A. and the generous people who support this great animal charity." *"BOB."*

THERE ARE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF OTHER DOGS, CATS, HORSES, AND ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF ANIMALS, WHO LOOK TO THE P.D.S.A. TO RELIEVE THEIR SUFFERINGS.

Every penny subscribed helps to relieve some animal from pain.

Please send a donation to Hon. Treasurer—

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS

14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

was ordered to obey you, and I obey you. Praise be to Serapis, it's your funeral and not mine!"

He saluted her and departed.

Aglæ snatched greedily at the sealed box, examined it, then caught up one of the two letters and examined it. There was only a single line in Greek:

"One has followed you as advance payment; seven await your return."

"Ah!" she murmured, with a catch of the breath. "If Cæsar has kept his promise—oh, it seems impossible!"

She snatched again at the box. With swift, savage impatience she smashed it against the wall. Among the fragments lay something wrapped in cotton.

She tore the cotton apart and an emerald lay in her palm.

Her eyes lit up. She stared at it in the sunset light, stared with a slow concentration of avid greed, of fascination, of exultant possession; a frenzy of joyous desire grew upon her. Inarticulate words came to her lips. She was swept away, lost in the grip of an overwhelming passion inspired by the deep green jewel.

"You beauty!" she murmured. "Oh, you beauty! And to think of seven more like you! Mine, all mine; if I had all of you here now, the world could come to an end for all I'd care! There are no other emeralds on earth like these——"

A shiver seized her. She sat up suddenly with hot quick breath, her eyes dilated.

"What if these are not the emeralds he promised?" she muttered. "What if Cæsarion has finer ones, more wonderful ones? But no; that's impossible. No other stones could have such appeal, such power! I saw these the day Octavian stripped them from the Queen. This is one of them. There could be no others like them! But I must make sure."

The sunset flamed above the western hills of Africa like a funeral pyre mounting the sky. Aglæ summoned two slaves and gave them orders; presently, donning her light robe, she went down to the shore of the lagoons below, as the first stars began to prick out their silver pattern in the greenish, darkening sky.

There came Cæsarion, carelessly flinging to the sand a goat-skin such as water-carriers bear; this, thanks to the ingenuity of Rhodon, contained the jewels, being slit up the belly and held by thongs. No thief would look twice at it.

"Is the water safe?" he demanded eagerly, looking out at the lagoons. If Aglæ were disconcerted by this impersonal greeting, she gave no sign of it, but slipped off her single garment.

"The beaters went through it this afternoon and reported no sharks. Ready?"

He tossed his robe on the goat-skin, joined her, and together they raced down and into the water, still tepid from the day's sun, gleaming with silvery phosphorescence. For half an hour they streaked the waves with cold fire, slim white shapes glimmering under the stars; then, laughing, splashed up the beach and flung themselves down in the soft warm sand, side by side.

Gradually silence drew upon them, until Cæsarion stirred restlessly.

"I know what you're thinking about; him. Don't grieve, Aglæ! Death is not the end. Some day you'll again meet the man you loved so deeply."

She smiled thinly to herself; but her voice came soft as the flutter of rose petals and mournful as the low cry of distant wood doves.

"You can say that. You who are Cæsar, and a god, the son of a god! But for us common folk, death is the end, and they are lost who die, for us, there is no hope."

"Nonsense; all men go the same road, and so long as it doesn't end in a mud puddle, what difference? I wonder why old men are so afraid of death? It doesn't seem such a terrible thing." Impulsively, he put out his hand to her; his fingers fell upon her shoulders, and fire leaped through him. "Ah, don't grieve for him, Aglæ! You're too lovely to grieve; nothing but happiness and beauty should be yours."

"Dear Cæsarion! Your heart is too tender to be that of a divine god," she murmured gently. "You are not cruel and devoid of all sympathy like the great men who sit in palaces, giving orders to punish and kill and crucify. You, who are both Pharaoh and Cæsar——"

"Forget it! All that is ended! I'm just a lonely wanderer under the stars; like you, I've lost everything I loved. Perhaps that's why I can appreciate your own grief—to have come so far, up the Nile and across the desert to join him, only to find him gone for ever! Aglæ, why does your heart beat so hard?"

"Because you're so good and understanding, Cæsarion." She turned to him, and, as though by accident, her fingers found his face. He seized them, kissing them passionately, and they gently caressed his cheek.

"It's wonderful to have found you, Cæsarion!" she said, under her breath. "Don't mention sadness or grief again; let us forget all that, as you say. It's such a comfort, such a joy, to be with you!"

Insensibly, they drew together, in a wordless moment of ecstasy. Her fingers slipped down from his face to his shoulder, still caressing him; trembling violently, he took her slim, curved body in his arms—seeking her lips and finding them. Her kisses were unrestrained, burning in their abandon, but her amorous hands, though they held him close and ever closer, were very cool.

Suddenly, with an effort, she leaped clear of that embrace, clear of him, and sprang to her feet. She put both hands to her face and broke into a groan.

"Ah, what am I doing, what am I doing! I've let you sweep away every memory, everything—and I can never see you again, Cæsarion!"

He flung himself at her, caught her in his hungry arms, and felt her tears on his breast.

"Don't say that, Aglæ! I didn't mean to cause you pain——"

"It's not that; you give me nothing but happiness and peace," she broke in. "But I must leave in a few hours; long before the dawn. Octavian has sent for me. I must return."

He stood numb and frozen to the shock of her words.

"You're leaving? Octavian?"

"A caravan is going back to Koptos; I must go with it. I received letters to-day from him by the caravan that arrived. He has found a post for me in the palace. He is so wise, so kind!"

Cæsarion stirred bitterly. "My mother didn't think so. Or Antony, either. I didn't know that you knew him!"

"They fought against him; they wouldn't know him as I do. You see, my father was one of his officers; he's been very kind to me, made my marriage possible, and now has written upon hearing of my loss. He thinks of everything, Cæsarion! He wrote me how he has grieved for your mother, too; and in another letter he wrote about you."

"Telling you to have me murdered?"

She came to him, slipped an arm around him, and kissed him gently on the breast.

"No, my dear, no. If you want to see his letter, you shall. Come along, we'll go to my house; it will be empty, no one will bother us, and you can help me with my packing. I can't sleep to-night, anyway. I want to be with you every possible moment."

He stooped to her lips and began to tremble again as his arms enfolded her.

"Why must you go now?" broke out his low cry. "Why not wait a little, Aglæ? A week or two, a few days——"

"No! A Syrian trader whom I know leaves before dawn and I must go."

She caught up her robe and slipped it on and pointed to the goatskin.

"What's that you brought?"

"The jewels," he blurted. "I was going to show them to you."

She laughed lightly. "Well, I can't see them by starlight!

(continued on page 120)

NERVOUS, SENSITIVE CHILDREN make the finest types of men and women

. . . but there are DANGERS that have to be watched during childhood

HEADS of public schools say that sensitive, highly-strung children are on the whole the finest human material.

From either one or both parents they inherit a sensitiveness, an alertness and quickness of reaction which give them a better chance in life, enable them to develop more rapidly.

But there are dangers that have to be watched. The responsibility for the parents in handling such children is increased tenfold compared with the bringing up of ordinary children. Nervous, sensitive or highly-strung children live more intensely. Happenings in their environment make greater impressions on them and they react more vividly. Their nerves are nearer to the surface.

Many nervous, highly-strung children have ended up utter failures — weak, oversensitive, easily led, because their parents didn't understand certain health warnings during childhood.

When a child is off his food or finicky about food; when he looks pale and puffy under the eyes; when he's irritable and gets fits of bad temper; when he tires easily and gets listless; when he's difficult to handle — then it is time to act, and act quickly!

These signs mean that the child is using up his nervous energy more quickly than he's replacing it. And it is at night, during sleep, that these stores of nervous energy should be replaced. If they are not replaced, the nervous strain on the child gets worse and worse. This is the condition known as Night Starvation.

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Come along, and you shall show them to me at home."

Moodily, half angrily, he caught up his robe and the goatskin and accompanied her.

A BREATH of coolness from the ocean filled the little hillside house. In the one large room two graceful pottery lamps were burning, casting a soft glow over the wide window recess with its pillows and luxurious cushions, over the baskets of fruit and dates and grapes.

Aglæ plucked at a bunch of grapes and her sharp eyes watched Cæsarion. Something near the lamps had caught his eye; a sword, a fine Greek blade with ivory hilt. He caught it up with an admiring exclamation.

"I got it from a Macedonian just before Alexandria was taken," she said. "It was to be a gift for—for him. A wedding gift."

"An ill-omened gift!" said Cæsarion, examining the blade. "Sharp edges make poor gifts. This looks something like one of Antony's swords."

Swift alarm flashed through her eyes; the sword had, indeed, belonged to the dead Antony. She spoke rapidly, drawing his attention from the weapon.

"That reminds me! You said that Octavian wished you ill. Well, that's not so!"

"He's a cold-hearted, inhuman devil," snapped Cæsarion. "Rhodon says so."

"Rhodon doesn't know him, and I do," she exclaimed, and came to him, breathless. "Listen! In one of the letters I received to-day, he said that if I saw anything of you or your party, to give you warning. Some of the palace Greeks have sent a man in search of you, to kill you. A one-eyed man, an Idumean soldier of fortune named Heród. Have you seen a one-eyed man around town?"

Cæsarion laid down the sword, staring at her.

"Octavian sent this warning?" he exclaimed, amazed. "Octavian, warning me?"

"Of course. I told you he wishes you well. Aren't you the son of his uncle, whom he worships? This is one proof of his kindness. And then there's the letter I mentioned, in which he spoke of you. Really," she added eagerly, "if only the evil people who have come between you were cleared away, you'd love Octavian! He wants nothing more than to restore you to your proper place as Cæsar's heir—but never mind that. Have you seen a one-eyed man around?"

"I haven't looked for one-eyed men," and Cæsarion laughed, wonder still in his face as he regarded her. "Well, this warning amazes me, I admit. I thought Octavian wanted me killed, put out of the way."

"Don't be absurd," she exclaimed. "Here, come and show me your jewels! And I'll show you mine—my single jewel. Captain Melkas gave it to me; it's the only memory I have of him. He got it in Cyprus, when the island was looted last year."

She got her emerald, which was wrapped in cotton again, and set it on the table. And, as she did so, she tossed to the cushions by the window a long, straight, slender poniard—a deadly looking blade, hafted to fit the grip.

Cæsarion lifted his goatskin to the table and loosened the lacing of leather thongs. The skin was cunningly stuffed to look as though two-thirds filled with water. From the interior he lifted out package after package to the table.

He opened the packages and, emptying the fruit from a bowl, dumped jewels into it; jewels, some set, some torn from their settings, some in strings. Pearls, carven intaglios, lapis and beryl and topaz.

Last came emeralds. Only then did Aglæ move, come closer, display any interest. Most of these emeralds were pale in colour. One alone was of a fairly rich green. She picked it up, and grimaced.

"What's the matter?" demanded Cæsarion, watching her. "I thought all women were mad about jewels?"

"Perhaps. I'm not," she rejoined. "Emeralds move me; I can go crazy over them, but not such stones as these. All very pretty, no doubt. Let me show you my one stone!"

She took her own emerald from the cotton and extended it. He glanced at it and shrugged. Smiling, she held it to the light.

"The only gem that holds its colour by lamplight," she said. "What a glorious green it is!"

Her breath came faster as she looked into it, a flush crept across her face, her eyes widened. Cæsarion spoke softly, with rapt air.

"How beautiful you are, Aglæ! Lovelier than any jewel here. I can't let you go away, I can't! I need you, and you have need of me——"

The emerald escaped from her fingers. Trying to rescue it, she knocked it away, so that it fell before the window. Cæsarion flung himself after it, groping, and she joined him in the search. Laughing, all-asprawl, a quick boyish cry came from him.

"I have it! What'll you give me for it in ransom?"

"Whatever you ask," she said, and caught his shoulder to pull herself up. "Why, you have muscles like steel, Cæsarion!"

"I should have; my father could outdo any of his soldiers at weapons, and I can do the same. Never mind that. Here!" He seized her in one hand, held up the emerald in the other. "Look at me as you looked at this stone a minute ago! Look at me, hold up your face, and——"

Her hand suddenly clapped over his mouth, stifling his words. He kissed her fingers, then the sight of her face startled him, with its white horror, its wild alarm.

"Quiet!" she breathed. "Quiet! There's somebody—a footstep at the door—here, give me the emerald!"

She snatched it from him and thrust it under the pillows, just as the door flew wide. A convulsive word escaped her.

"The warning—the man! Look!"

Three figures darted into the room. An Idumean, tall, swart, bearded; he had but one eye, the other was gone in a hideous smear. Behind him two other men. A sheen of naked steel as their weapons flashed. The Idumean cried out in Greek:

"Here's the man! Boy, rather. At him, together!"

Aglæ leaped to her feet, in her hand the long dagger that had been among the pillows. She checked the three of them.

"Stop! Get out of here, or I'll have you crucified for this outrage!"

"Silence, girl"—and the Idumean laughed, striding forward and with one hand shoving her out of his way. "Our business is with the fine Egyptian yonder——"

Swift as a striking cobra the girl struck; in-and-out, away again, as Cæsarion flung himself at the table and seized the sword there. A cry burst from the Idumean as that keen blade was plunged in his side. He swung around and with a torrent of curses gripped at Aglæ. His fingers found only her thin robe, and it ripped away. His sword circled for her; she evaded the blow, was in again from the side, and drove in her knife to the hilt beneath his armpit.

Death bubbled on his lips, the sword fell from his hand, he stood, slowly toppling as his knees were loosened.

Aglæ whirled. Steel was clashing; sword in hand, Cæsarion had flung himself on the other two men, meeting their attack midway. For a moment they strove to face the blazing fury of him; his agility, his footwork, the amazing drive of his blows, were marvels to behold. One of the two men groaned suddenly and stumbled and fell backward, blood gushing from his throat. The other dropped to his knees with a terror-stricken howl for mercy. Cæsarion's blade smote him midway, and death ended his plea.

"Well done, nobly done!" Cæsarion dropped the sword and turned to Aglæ, his face glorious to see, in the battle-glow that was upon it. He glanced past her at the fallen Idumean. "You should have left him for me—by Isis, you're right! It's a one-eyed man, Aglæ! Octavian's warning came just in time."

The Idumean

(continued on page 122)

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gasped and died. Cæsarion looked into the girl's eyes, clasped her slender figure in a swift embrace, and drew her to him. He kissed her, reverently.

"I owe you life," he said quietly. "You, and Octavian. Strange that I should owe my life to him, when I've always thought he hated me so!"

"Now you know better," she replied. "It proves what I told you of his goodness, his kind heart, his desire to restore you to your proper place! Oh, I forgot all about his letter! There it is—that papyrus scroll on the couch. Read it for yourself while I find my emerald. I wouldn't lose that for all your heap of jewels put together!"

The letter from Octavian? Even the flame of mad youthful desire yielded to those words. Cæsarion went to the couch and picked up the scroll that lay there; only one was here now. He brought it to the lamplight and unrolled it, and scanned the writing. Then, thoughtful, he lowered it.

"He wants to restore my rights! This does sound as though he meant it. And signs himself Imperator—that's the title my father first took. It means commander-in-chief of the army. Octavian, Imperator, Cæsar! And I owe him my life this night." He turned to the girl. "He says that if I come to Alexandria, he'll protect me and adopt me as his son, he swears it by all the gods! Do you think he means it?

"Stop looking at that accursed emerald." Cæsarion came across the room, dropped beside her, and caught her arm. "Look at me, Aglæ! Do you know that I love you?"

"You don't," she said abruptly. "If you did—oh! Cæsarion!" Her eyes widened. "Why don't you come with me? Leave word for your horrid old tutor and your men, and steal away with me! Nobody in the caravan would know who you are. Come with me; we'll go to Alexandria together, to Octavian! There is his own written oath for your safe-conduct. You're not a child to be ordered to India by a doddering old man who's afraid of Romans! You're a Roman yourself, heir to Rome, to Egypt! Go to Octavian, put your hand in his, and be his son, after the Roman custom! He is Cæsar—you are Cæsar! Then be Cæsar; don't run away and hide, when he only wants to help and honour you!"

The scent of raw blood hung upon the room, like an omen; but Cæsarion, startled, caught up by her words, did not perceive it.

"It could be done, it could be done!" he murmured, excitement stirring in his voice. "I could take back the jewels, tell Glaucus, leave word for Rhodon—it would save no end of argument and talk. There are only a few things I'd need. His good will toward me has been proven. Yes, you're right!"

His voice kindled with decision. Aware of the girl beside him, he turned to her, caught her in his arms, and the touch of her warm, yielding flesh enflamed him afresh. He sought her lips avidly, and she did not deny them.

"You're right, Aglæ!" he whispered. "I owe my life to you, too; more than life. I love you, love you! Life is for us, together, always!"

"But not here, among the dead," and she shivered slightly, breathing the soft words at his ear as she caressed him. "There's blood on my hands, on my arms; I can't come to you like this. I must cleanse them. We'll take this soft, light rug out into the garden under the stars. Carry back your jewels, leave word for old Rhodon and then come back to me. We'll be gone with the caravan when the stars die into daylight——"

His eager lips drowned out her words. . . .

In the glorious Lochias Palace at Alexandria, the most glorious palace in the whole world, sat a sallow, spotted man who always looked dirty, and who shunned the sunlight as he did cold water; a man whose thoughts were ever secret, like his vices. In Rome he had been known as "The Executioner," because of his frightful cruelty. His grandfather had been a moneylender; by marriage, not by birth, this man had come into a good family.

A hush hovered over the palace as Octavian signed to his guards.

"Admit them," he said. "And stand by, ready. Bring in the boy first, alone."

Up the long approach, between two guards, strode Cæsarion, his head high, a smile upon his lips, eagerness in his eyes. As he passed, a breath of awe swept the ranks of the legionnaries; many of them had known the Divine Julius, and the boy was his image.

Cæsarion halted before him, throwing up a hand in salute.

"Ave, Cæsar!" he exclaimed, in almost boyish joy of greeting. "Hail, Cæsar! I, who am also Cæsar, salute you! I have come to claim fulfilment of your promises and oaths and accept your protection."

The hush became a dread silence; it was so still in the hall that the breathing of Octavian, uneven and sniffling, could be heard distinctly. At last, as though with an effort, he spoke slow, deliberate words.

"So you are Cæsar! It is dangerous for two Cæsars to be in the world together."

That was all. The chill voice crept into silence, the cold eyes watched the boy. And, in those eyes, Cæsarion read the terrible truth. For an instant it shocked him; incredulous, he saw the shifty gaze of Octavian dart to the guards, saw their swords bare and ready.

Then his face hardened and settled, his head went back, his shoulders squared. A short hard laugh, came from his lips.

"I think my father was right when he said that it's better to die by the sword than by falling into a mud puddle——"

"Kill him quickly!" cried out Octavian; and they did.

Later, when a rug had been brought to cover the stains, the girl Aglæ was brought in. She glanced around, walked forward swiftly and eagerly, and saluted the man on the throne of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies.

"Ave, Cæsar!" she exclaimed, eagerness in her eyes and voice and bearing. "Have I earned my promised payment?"

"You have earned it," said Octavian, and motioned to an official. The latter came to the girl and handed her a pouch. She seized it with trembling fingers, peered into it, and at sight of the emeralds there, a cry of joy came to her lips. Then she looked up, as Octavian, surveying her shrewdly, smiled his cruel, slow smile, and spoke.

"Girl, have I kept my promise?"

"You have kept it, Cæsar!" she exclaimed. But, as she met his eyes, her face went grey and pallid. She saw him motion to the guards, dimly heard his level voice:

"Crucify her——"

A SCREAM burst from Tamyra. She started to her feet, looked wildly around; she was before the workbench in the sunlight. The jeweller caught her, gently lowered her into her chair, held a glass of water to her lips.

"So you've discovered which of the two emeralds is genuine?" the jeweller asked, to divert her mind. She started slightly.

"Oh!" Putting out a hand, she touched the two green gems, and then lifted one. "Yes, this is it."

"Right," said the jeweller. He took up the other one. "Strange that it should be so exact a duplicate, that men should work so cunningly and craftily to produce what is false! The colour is the same; it is composed of two pieces of beryl, the same mineral as emerald, but of poor colour. Between them is cemented a slice of deep green glass which lends perfect colour to the whole.

"A triplet it's called in the trade," he went on, and held up the false stone in the sun. Upon a white card it reflected back two images of pale light—one from the top surface of the emerald, one from the top surface of the glass inside. "A true emerald would give only one reflection," he said, and held up the real stone to show her.

But Tamyra, pushing back her chair, rose and turned away.

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No Ambition

(Continued from page 27)

Patrick Fielding-Ashe had never had tea with a ballet dancer before; in fact, the ladies whom he had previously entertained could be counted on the fingers of one hand, for Pat was only nineteen and not at all precocious. His love of ballet was due to the influence of his admired elder sister, Margaret, and she it was who had managed to secure invitations to Verrier's supper last night. These supper parties were an astute move on the part of the director who was anxious to cash in on the present popularity of the ballet with a certain section of London's gilded youth. They took place once a fortnight and were more social than artistic; for people like Pat they were like a glimpse into another world. He had met and spoken to Phyllis Scattergood, whom he thought of as Felise, she ethereal in black velvet with her stage make-up and a green fillet in her hair. Verrier himself supervised the clothes worn by his troupe upon such semi-official occasions. Another guest having informed her who and what Pat was, the two were equally thrilled to meet each other, for while he had never seen a ballet dancer without the footlights between them, she had never before spoken to any member of the peerage. Conversation was somewhat difficult under the circumstances, but greatly daring Pat had ventured to ask her if she could ever get away for tea, and when she said yes, had out of sheer nervousness and because it was the first name to come into his head, suggested the Ritz. Phyllis, who had spent the first sixteen years of her life in Streatham, and the last two touring the provinces, was suitably impressed.

So now Pat sat at his table by the fountain and wondered miserably what he was going to talk about and wished that he could have brought Margaret to help him along. He had decided almost with a breath of relief that Felise was going to throw him over, when she sailed in, rather uncertain on the high narrow heels to which her dancer's feet were unaccustomed.

Pat jumped to his feet. "Hullo, here you are! This is marvellous!"

And then he stopped short, for it wasn't marvellous at all. This pasty-faced schoolgirl in the ridiculous hat and lanky hair was the reverse of glamorous.

"Am I late? How dreadful of me!" said Phyllis, extending the tips of her fingers.

And her voice! Had she talked like this last night? That awful suburban "Haow!"

"Not a bit," said Pat heartily. "Sit down and have some tea."

Phyllis sank into a chair and languidly pulled off her gloves. "I'm dead," she sighed. "Simply dead! You can't think what a life we wretched dancers lead. I was up at dawn rehearsing for hours for to-night."

"I say, that's too bad," said Pat politely.

He looked nervously round, hoping that none of his or Margaret's friends were present. Furtively, Phyllis was doing the same thing; she hoped to see some notorious beauties or famous actresses, film for choice, but failed to recognise anybody.

"Do you prefer China or Indian?" asked Pat, signalling to a waiter.

Phyllis gazed at him haughtily. "I don't think I fancy any tea to-day," she announced. "I'm so dead, I'll have a cocktail."

"Oh, I say," said Pat imprudently, "ought you to?"

"What d'you mean?" she snapped.

"Well, isn't that sort of thing awfully bad for your dancing?"

"I suppose I'm the best judge of that. Waiter, bring me a cocktail."

"Very good, miss. What kind?"

She hesitated. Never having tasted one, she had cherished the notion that a cocktail was a specific beverage like ginger-ale or orangeade. She said desperately to Pat, "What will you have?"

"I don't drink them," he answered unashamedly. "I promised my father that I wouldn't until I was twenty-one."

"Well, I like them," she said loudly. And then as inspiration fell upon her from some forgotten source, "Bring me a Martini," she decreed.

"Very good, miss. Dry or sweet, miss?"

She remembered that dry drinks (though how could anything to drink be rightly called dry?) were more sophisticated than the sweet ones.

"I'll have some China tea," said Pat, who was looking strangely uncomfortable. "And some cake—guards' cake, if you've got it."

Guards' cake sounded nearly as dull as China tea. Phyllis requested, "A dish of pastries."

"I thought dancers were always in such strict training?" said Pat faintly, watching his companion demolish an outsize éclair.

"We are in a way, but one can't keep it up—and, anyhow, I'm not afraid of getting fat. I wouldn't eat cream cakes every day," said Phyllis, thinking of the Spartan menus which were her usual lot.

She sipped gingerly at the cocktail; it tasted nasty, like medicine, but there was rather a nice feeling in her tummy once she had got it down her throat. And it was such a short drink, not more than three swallows all told.

"You're dancing to-night?" Pat said.

"Rather, I have to every night. It's such a bore," she said languidly, "but I'm the only *prima ballerina* in the company. I'm in practically all the ballets. To-night I'm doing a creation."

"I say, are you really? What's it called?"

"*The Ice Maiden*—that's me. It's no great shakes—our Johnnie Morgan arranged it, and it's really rather old-fashioned."

"Who's the music by?"

"I don't remember," said Phyllis, drinking the last of her Martini.

"Hullo, Pat!" said a voice above their heads. "What are you doing in this gay place?"

He sprang to his feet, and Phyllis looked up rather defensively. She saw a young woman about half a dozen years older than herself, as sleek and chic as a *Vogue* fashion plate. She was accompanied by a man with a clipped fair moustache, very elegant in London clothes and top hat.

Pat said rather awkwardly, "May I introduce Miss Felise from the Verrier Ballet? This is Lady Veronica Orville and Captain Watson."

Phyllis smiled her stage smile, not quite certain as to whether she should rise or not. Lady Veronica sank gracefully into the nearest chair.

"Are you really one of Verrier's starlets? How too thrilling! We went to one of his shows last week. John, be an angel and order me a White Lady, will you?"

"What will you have?" asked Captain Watson politely of Phyllis as the waiter advanced upon them.

She said defiantly, "I'll have a White Lady, too."

It tasted much nicer than a Martini, though the accompanying olives and potato chips were nothing like as good as the cream cakes, only nobody seemed to think of suggesting that she should have another of those.

PRESENTLY, in pranced a couple of young women, one of whom, a vision in lime green crêpe under a mink coat with a hat composed of three bows of cyclamen ribbon poised on one side of her platinum head, chirped lovingly at their party.

"Hullo, sweeties, keep a nook for me. I'm simply moribund."

Everybody seemed to be more or less moribund, Phyllis reflected rather confusedly as she accepted Captain Watson's offer of another White Lady. Her head was feeling rather tired and muzzy; she needed something to pull herself together if she was going to do justice to herself to-night.

The girl in the cyclamen hat came back from the restaurant. Her name, it appeared, was Inez, and her more subdued friend in the lynx-collared coat was Molly. Phyllis never got as far as their surnames.

Pat dutifully introduced Phyllis to the newcomers, stressing the fact that she was a ballet dancer,

(*Continued on page* 126)

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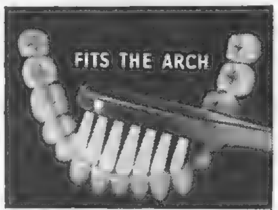

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but he inwardly wished that she would go, for she was obviously not enjoying herself and beside these groomed damsels from his own world she appeared depressingly bogus and rather slovenly. Her nose was beginning to look pink and shiny, and when she spoke her voice took on new and still more appalling inflections of acute refinement. She was a strange new specimen to Inez, who cared only for hot jazz and music-hall ("My dear, I never go to the posh places—Shepherd's Bush or the Chelsea Palace are miles better—I simply live there!") and who delighted in drawing her out, much to the victim's undisguised satisfaction, she not being in a fit state to gauge the atmosphere of half-concealed mockery.

"*COUPE*," ordered Catherine. "And do remember about keeping that knee straight, Nini. You don't want to look like a broken-down cab horse, do you? One, two—one, two. . . . What on earth can have happened to Phyllis? Will you carry on, girls, while I run up and see if she is in her dressing-room?"

She was not. Catherine came down and applied in despair to the stage doorkeeper.

"Can I have the telephone, please, Barker? Perhaps Miss Felise went home to Streatham after tea. I never thought of telling her not to."

A disgruntled Cockney voice answered the telephone. No, Miss Phyllis hadn't been home all day, and Mr. and Mrs. Scattergood had left to go to the "bally."

Verrier came storming down the stone passage. "Only twenty minutes before the curtain goes up," he said furiously. "What are we going to do?"

"Leave her out of the *Blue Danube*," answered Catherine practically. She rather enjoyed emergencies. "Diana knows that part perfectly, and Lucy or Elisa can step into Diana's."

"But the *Ice Maiden*—Johnnie is nearly off his head."

"She'll be here in time for that, unless she's had some sort of accident. We've got plenty of time, Monsieur," soothed Catherine "I'll go and tell Diana to change her dress."

"Am I to make an announcement?" Verrier wanted to know, as she came back, leaving a jubilant Diana ransacking Phyllis's dressing-room.

She frowned thoughtfully. "Wait a minute. I've just remembered that she said she was going to have tea at the Ritz with young Fielding-Ashe. They may know him by sight—I'll ring through."

The Ritz informed her that Mr. Fielding-Ashe's party had just left.

"There, you see, she'll be here any minute and she'll dance the *Ice Maiden* all right, you can trust me for that."

"I shall sack her!" fumed Verrier. "The impertinence of the chit treating me like this. Tea, indeed! It's nearly eight o'clock! I shall show her that she can't behave like this to me and my theatre."

"Fine her," said Catherine briskly. "She loves her pay envelope. . . . Now I must get back to Diana. Don't worry, Monsieur, and don't let Johnnie lose his Celtic head."

The *Blue Danube* was well under way before Phyllis turned up at the theatre. Her dresser promptly ran downstairs to the wings where Catherine stood, watching the ballet, beating out the rhythm whenever the performers showed signs of slackening.

"Miss Colet, Miss Felise is back. I think you'd better come along."

Catherine waited until a tricky section had been safely negotiated. Tessa was dancing now, and Tessa could be relied upon not to let anybody down. Mrs. Bell's usually placid voice had been perturbed, and there was barely an hour before the *Ice Maiden*. Catherine ran quickly up to the dressing-room.

Phyllis was sprawling back in a chair, her long legs slack and her arms a-dangle, while she gazed with lack lustre eyes at the purple-hued Verrier who was with difficulty controlling his evident desire to box her ears.

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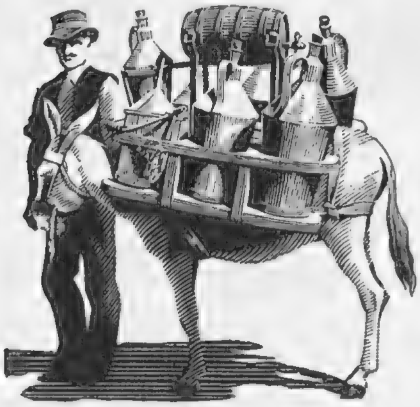

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"Look at her!" he screamed. "She comes to my theatre, to dance in my *première* in such a state! *Nom d'un chien!* But what is to be done?"

Phyllis smiled widely. "Sh-shilly old man!" she hiccupped.

"She's drunk," said Catherine rather unnecessarily.

"Not drunk," whined the girl fretfully. "I had White Ladies—wif Lady Vronica." Her eyes closed, and the smile was suddenly wiped off her face. "I'm going—sh-ick!" she mumbled, and was.

Catherine and Verrier fled from the room while Mrs. Bell bustled competently about with towels and a basin.

"What are we to do?" moaned the impresario.

"Couldn't you make an announcement and postpone the *Ice Maiden*?" asked Catherine.

"Impossible. The critics—everybody is here. I had arranged it so well, and now that little camel must spoil everything."

His eyes were full of angry tears.

"And we have no understudy," said Catherine desperately. "If we'd had a little more time—but as it is nobody knows a step of Phyllis's rôle."

"We'll have to postpone it, that's all," said Verrier with savage resignation. "And I shall sack Phyllis at the end of the season."

In despair, they went listlessly down to the wings and were immediately pounced upon by a hectic John Morgan.

"What's this about Phyllis and my ballet?"

"I'm sorry, Johnnie," said Catherine gently, "but we can't any of us do anything about it. She's blind to the world."

Tears of rage were making furrows down the Welshman's make-up. "But what are we going to do? You aren't going to cancel my ballet?"

"We have no choice," said Verrier hopelessly. "Nobody else can dance it."

Johnnie turned to Catherine. "Yes, somebody can—you can! You know it far better than Phyllis ever did."

"Do you?" asked Verrier curiously.

"Of course, I know all the steps, but I'm no dancer. Don't be absurd, Johnnie. You're back on the stage in a minute, so look out."

"I won't go back," he cried impulsively. "I'll spoil the *Blue Danube* too unless you promise to save my *Ice Maiden*."

"Quick, Johnnie, it's only eight more bars—oh, all right—I promise."

Johnnie grinned widely and leapt back on to the stage.

"But I tell you, I can't dance," Catherine protested as she smeared her cheeks with cold cream.

"Of course you can, the *Ice Maiden* isn't a virtuoso part. You'll do it as well as her." Verrier contemptuously indicated the prone form of Phyllis Scattergood who lay comatose upon a divan. "Very pale make-up and don't forget the imitation eyelashes."

"Is that all right?" She worked busily at her face.

"Very good, and the silver wig is going to suit you perfectly. Now dress and quickly, for you've only got ten minutes left. It's lucky you've been limbering up the girls."

"Oh, I'm supple enough," grimaced Catherine, reaching for the white silk tights while Mrs. Bell fluffed out the abbreviated frills of the sparkling tutu. "What are you going to say in your announcement, Monsieur?"

Verrier was already half-way through the door. "I'm not going to make any announcement," he said.

"Hell!" said Catherine, tugging at her stockings.

It was an agonising moment while she waited backstage for her first entry, when she was to flutter across the wide stage, arched feet quivering tautly in a needle-fine *pas de bourrée*. Instinctively, her memory harked back to the day when, as a hopeful eighteen-year-old, she had danced for her teacher, old Carridos. Since childhood she had thought and dreamt of nothing else, and even the real tragedy of her (*Continued on page* 128)

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parents' death and her subsequent poverty seemed but a stepping stone towards future stardom. She could still recall the guttural inflections of Carridos's voice as he gave his verdict.

"Very pretty, my child. You have poetry and imagination and great grace, but——" a sledgehammer, but "—you'll never make a professional dancer of the first rank. You're not tough enough, your technique is very charming but it is slight. It doesn't last, Catherine Colet, it doesn't last."

Well, it had lasted through ten years of teaching, Catherine thought, as she flexed her knees and wriggled her toes inside the stiff new white satin chaussons. Now it had to last through one fairly short ballet, and it was damn well going to! She wreathed her arms above her head, rose light as a bird upon her points and flitted effortlessly on to the stage.

"But you're good, Catherine," muttered Johnnie as they posed in an attitude during their first *pas de deux*.

"Of course I'm good," she whispered. "How often have I not danced every step of this?" And she whirled in a double pirouette.

She had to wait for a few minutes in the wings while Kay and Gerda danced with the *corps de ballet*. Her last solo, the "Chanson Triste," was to be danced alone on the stage, illuminated by a shadowy greenish light. Now she could feel that her heart was beating unpleasantly hard and one toe had been rubbed sore by the block in her shoes. Her bare back was pearled with sweat and she thankfully dabbed a powder puff over her hot face. The silver wig pressed down on her own hair, framing her cheeks with its close shining wings, and the long artificial eyelashes irritated her painted eyelids.

"I'm unrecognisable," she told herself with a hurried glance into the mirror. "I might just as well be Phyllis as myself."

Her last cue sounded in the orchestra. "Thank goodness I don't have to do any *fouettés*," was Catherine's last thought as she made her final entrance.

"It's going splendidly," Verrier said to Johnnie. "Who would have thought that the little Catherine had it in her to dance like that? I am certain nobody has realised she isn't Felise. Their legs are exactly alike and in that make-up features don't matter. We've saved your ballet, my boy."

"I know, I know, God bless her," said Johnnie extravagantly.

Only a few bars more and it would be over. He squared his shoulders and sniffed the stuffy backstage atmosphere, rejoicing like a war horse in anticipation of the coming applause. Applause for his own ballet. . . .

A few minutes later, Catherine hobbled up to the dressing-room where Phyllis was still reclining on the sofa. She pulled off the wig and shook out her own crushed locks.

"I suppose you've had lashings of applause," said Phyllis acidly.

"Lashings," said Catherine cheerfully. "Ow, my poor toe! It appears we took nine curtains—Johnnie counted them."

"And you'll be starting on a career as *prima?*"

"Whatever put that idea into your head?" laughed Catherine, peeling off her tights. "Can I borrow a dressing-gown?"

"That old green kimono. I suppose you've ruined my clothes?"

"They're a bit clammy, and this shoe ought by rights to be red with blood, but it doesn't show on the outside. Anyhow, Monsieur will pay the cleaner's bill."

"Monsieur?" Phyllis was on the verge of tears. "I'll be lucky if he doesn't sack me."

Mrs. Bell poked her head in through the door. "There's a card here," she said rather doubtfully. "For Miss Felise, it says."

"Well," said Catherine, wiping her face clean with one of her pupil's towels. "Why don't you take it?"

She heard the girl gasp as she read the name on the card, and leaned over to take a glance at it herself. "That's nice, isn't it?"

"But it must

(*Continued on page* 130)

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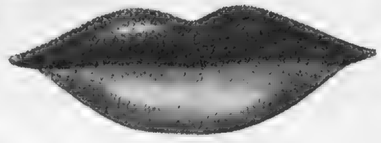

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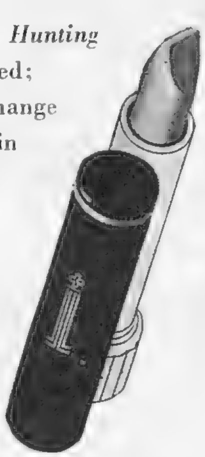

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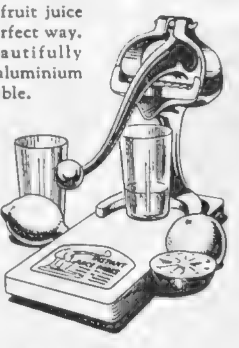

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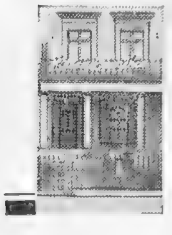

be meant for you—you danced the *Ice Maiden*."

"Don't I know it? There isn't an atom of skin on my wretched toe. But I was good though I says it as shouldn't." Catherine was slipping quickly into her own clothes. "But Monsieur never made any announcement. According to the programme, you danced it."

"But what's going to happen? What shall I do?"

Catherine whirled round upon her. "What do I care? I tell you, it's a matter of complete indifference to me what happens to you. I danced your part and I saved Johnnie's ballet and Monsieur's peace of mind and your job too, if it comes to that, and now you can all sink or swim as far as I'm concerned. I'm through with all your tantrums and hysteria and temperament, and this stuffy dusty theatre and the notice board and the practice bar." She paused suddenly and stared pensively at the puzzled face before her. "I wonder what's going to happen to you, Phyllis. Will you degenerate into a second-rate virtuoso or what? And the Verrier Ballet? Well, anyhow it's got nothing to do with me from this moment. I've given you the best years of my life; in future, I'm going to watch you all from the stalls."

"I don't see." Phyllis raised herself on her couch. "Where are you going?"

Catherine paused with her hand on the door knob. "Downstairs—I'm going to telephone."

Phyllis sat staring after her. At last she sprang rather unsteadily to her feet, and seizing a pink dressing-gown draped herself tightly in it. She tied a matching ribbon round her hair and called loudly for her dresser.

"Pencil and paper, please—there's some in my bag."

In a sprawling childish hand, she indited a couple of lines, folded the scrap of paper and handed it to Mrs. Bell. "That's for Baron Vassily—he's out in front and he wants to come round and see me directly after the show. You'd better tidy up a bit here."

Conventionally pale and attenuated after her creation, Felise lay back on the sofa and awaited her distinguished visitor.

End

Four-Flusher

(*Continued from page 20*)

He said: "Ah, there, Bill!" when I opened the cockpit door and I said "Hullo!" or something, and shook hands. Beyond that we didn't have much in the way of what the etiquette gals call social contact for a while, because the crate was going into shops during the tie-up, and I had to fly it across to Winnipeg in the morning. Three weeks passed before I pulled back into Transportia, ready for work and recuperation, to discover that Connery had not merely taken on the colour of his new environment, but the grandest girl who ever smiled on a northern tank town as well.

You'd have to see Caroline Stevens to know what I mean. Not too short. Not to tall. Not too slender and not too plump. Dark hair, sort of rumply in the wind. The nicest eyes I ever looked into—and by looked into I don't mean what you mean, because Caroline never got that way about this intrepid birdman. I can tell you plenty about sunsets mirrored in the sheen of Two Gull Lake, or about that funny little kink you can get in your chest, flying home on a full-mooned winter night. But I can't tell you about Caroline Stevens. All I know is you ought to see her in one of those white blanket-cloth parkas, slashed with green and red stripes, kind of diagonally. Give me that view and you can have Naples and the Taj Mahal, with the current crop of debs around Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg tossed in for luck. I guess I must be digressing.

Along about '31, when the gold rush was

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getting pretty hot north of Transportia, and what had always been just another water tank on the way around the north of Superior had become the jumping-off place for all the men and materials required in a first-class stampede, a paternal Government decided we needed medical attention. It came in the shape of one of those railway hospital cars, complete with two nurses. One, the boss, was a dumpy little woman with a dark moustache who responded to the name of Miss Binnion and knew all the answers, probably because her attention had never been distracted by the hard-to-handle sex. The other was Caroline Stevens, one year out from Saint Clement's Hospital in Winnipeg.

THAT Red Cross car was to our gold rush what Mecca is to a Moslem. For five months hardy he-men had been carving their own feet with axes and thinking little, if anything, of it. Citizens had accepted straight-drinking alcohol as the specific for double pneumonia and had cured most of the ailments to which the flesh is heir with the simplest remedies known to man. From that toughened condition we suddenly became a community of neurasthenics. Without a moment's warning there were more prospectors, aviators, mine managers, geologists, roustabouts and plain, ordinary bums who had to have their throats sprayed every day, or practically die, than you could find in a town stricken with plague. Sore throats were part of Caroline's department. Miss Binnion looked after duties involving her greater experience, which was okay by Transportia, but somehow there was an exceptional dearth of broken necks, lacerated jugulars and twisted spinal columns that season. Peculiar how these things run in cycles.

The hospital car stayed on the siding about a year. By that time it was common knowledge that the country north of our base would bring in at least three producing mines, which meant the employment of hundreds of men in the North and the establishment of a permanent lines-of-communication community at the camp's nearest contact with the tracks. So the car and Miss Binnion were pulled out, leaving Caroline with young Doc Bradfield to equip and open the new hospital which the Government, the mining companies and the transportation outfits had combined to establish. Now, after three years, Caroline was still Miss Transportia. Most of us had recovered from our sore throats by discovering that she wasn't for any of us, that way. But all of us, by common, unspoken consent, from here to there, weal or woe, or what-have-you, were for her, outright and firm. That was the state of the commonwealth, as of Connery's arrival in camp.

BY the time Mike and I came back from Winnipeg with our overhauled, ski-shod KD2's, *l'affaire* Stevens-Connery was the talk of the town. The boys weren't putting Connery on the fire, mark you, except for a tendency to believe that Caroline rated something better than a cut at an eighty dollar monthly pay cheque. This is a mind-your-own-business country, and I guess all the pilots, geologists, engineers and other members of the so-called upper crust who had hoped to tack the handle Mrs. on to Caroline at one time and another, were dismissing personalities with the thought that you never can tell what a woman is liable to do about a man, or vice versa.

When a couple of people start taking long walks up the railroad track, sitting around a hospital cubicle or a freight-shed office, to while away their evenings—even in a tank town where social distractions are as scarce as hen's teeth—it isn't hard to figure they are working around towards what is known in foreign parts as middle-aisling. The realisation secretly burned me up. Connery was a good enough guy just so long as he confined his attention to the day's chores and his big stories to beer-parlour debates, but he was nothing to pick for your favourite girl's future happiness. Most of the populace were even

(*Continued on page* 132)

depends on fitness

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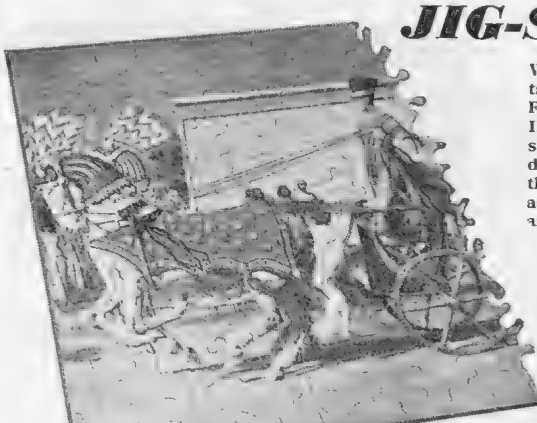

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With reference to the article entitled "I Wish I'd Thought of These First," which was published in our April, 1939, issue, it has been pointed out to us that the word "Cellophane" which was used therein in a generic sense is not another name for transparent cellulose sheet material generally but that it is the registered trade mark of British Cellophane Ltd., of Bath Road, Bridgwater, and thus denoted exclusively the brand of cellulose film manufactured and supplied by that Company.

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willing to give him the breaks about Caroline, because nobody knows better than the next fellow what is liable to happen when old sex appeal strikes.

Me? I kept my own counsel. Was I supposed to go around telling everybody that Connery had never done anything in his life except talk a good war, invent a grand bunch of north-country adventures, chisel his way around in the wake of his own rubber checks when he was broke, be a hotel-lobby millionaire on the few occasions when he had picked up an easy grand some place? What do you think I am, anyway? All right. Suppose I *had* cracked wise? Suppose I'd slipped the tip-off to Caroline; so what? In her current delicate mental condition she and Connery would probably have been looking for Father de la Haye, over at the mission, within the hour, because women are like that, I hear. You can take it as on the level, E. & O.E., that those two people were in love up to here. Or, anyway, she was. If I hadn't known him so well I'd have said the same for him. But it certainly was none of the Corcoran business.

ALONG towards the end of March Hazen Burnside wired from Toronto that he and John Kinsman would be in Transportia in two or three days, needing a plane. You know Burnside. Staker of the Golden Sidewalk. One of the original partners in the King Midas. Worth millions, but still a gold hunter and a grand person. Late in the fall one of Burnside's prospecting parties, led by Kinsman, had picked up a strike on a small lake lying almost a hundred miles due north from Two Gull and the Elysium, a matter of two hundred and fifty miles out from the railroad and considerably beyond the normal area of operations in the district. Just before freeze-up one of our ships had brought John and his discovery party out. Now Burnside wanted to look the ground over himself, staying in over the break-up, because as soon as the lakes were open and the snow gone off you could bet your mackinaw there'd be a rush into that country that would be plenty hot. Emerson Lake, they called it, but you couldn't find it on any map. Not yet.

Burnside and Kinsman arrived on the sleeper, Thursday. By Friday afternoon, while we were loading supplies into the KD2 and discussing an early getaway Saturday, Kinsman was up at the hospital with a dose of shivers and Doc Bradfield was shaking his head and mentioning pneumonia. On Monday he issued the final verdict. Kinsman would have to stay put for a month. Probably he wouldn't be fit to travel in the bush all summer. Burnside had better make plans minus his ace field-scout.

I was talking to Enderby, down by the ship, watching Connery and a breed roustabout heave packing cases into the cabin, when the big fellow walked down to our dock, looking puzzled. To go north without Kinsman would upset all his plans. To go alone was out of the question. To send east for another of his men might mean a week's delay, with the snow on the lakes getting pretty sloppy for landings and take-offs. What did Butch suggest? What did I think? I said we'd better be making it snappy, or we wouldn't be making it at all.

"Let's go to the office and talk this over," Burnside said.

As we began to move away Connery came over from the ship. "Pardon me, Mr. Burnside," he said, "but could I speak to you for a minute?"

Burnside said: "Sure. You fellows go ahead. I'll join you right away."

Enderby growled something about guys who butt in, as we left them. Ten minutes later Burnside and Connery came into the office together and Burnside said to me:

"Okay, Bill. I'm ready to start at daylight if you are, and if Butch here will lend me this man of his for the trip."

It took me a couple of minutes to swallow that one. Believe it or not, Connery, overhearing our conversation, had foreseen opportunity staring him in the face and had jumped its claim. Trust a four-flusher. A careful, canny citizen might have produced the same idea, but he'd have taken time to think it out.

The rest of the day he played the modest, gentleman adventurer. This Connery was no fool. He knew he had clicked with Hazen Burnside. That night he showed himself as a genius in the art of behaviour, talking seriously when his new employer wanted to know about this and that, quietly effacing himself when he wasn't wanted. By nine o'clock he had presented his check-list reporting everything loaded and ready for the morning. After that he excused himself quietly. Could he slip away and attend to one or two personal matters? He'd be back later if Mr. Burnside wanted anything else done.

"Skip along, Connery," his new employer said. "Meet me for breakfast at six, ready to fly if the weather's okay."

"Thanks a lot," Connery replied and went away from there. I knew where he was going, and it wasn't to get his throat sprayed, either.

I SAW him about half-past eleven, because I happen to be one of those guys who prowl late when they're going places in the morning. I was coming out the office door when I saw a flashlight weaving down the bluff from the hospital and wondered if my guess about the identity of the fellow behind it would be as good as the next man's. It was. I stepped back inside and, a couple of minutes late, Connery came in, stamping his feet and coming over to the stove to warm his hands.

Just the two of us were there. After maybe a minute Connery said: "By the way, Corcoran, I want you to know you've been very decent to me around here."

I said: "Forget it."

I knew what he meant and he knew that I knew it. That was that. It was the only time the matter was ever mentioned between us.

Morning broke heavy and dirty looking. Weather reports from Little Spruce and Two Gull were away off colour. Low ceiling and plenty of pea soup around the falls. Snow and things banking up tough at Two Gull.

Burnside asked: "What do you think, Bill?"

I said: "Whatever you say. You're the boss. But we might have to come back, or sit down some place."

There wouldn't be any slush on the ice in this kind of weather. That was one good thing. "Okay by you?" Burnside asked Connery. Connery said: "Certainly. Whatever you say." So we finished our hot cakes and coffee, gathered our traps together and went down to the lake.

Caroline was there before us, walking up and down beside the ship, in the white parka with the slash stripes. This would be the heavy-parting scene. But I guessed wrong there. I asked Burnside if he would like to come up front with me. Connery, who would be riding in the cabin with young Laurin, my air engineer, and the packing cases, simply shoved out his hand and said: "Well, so long, Caroline. Be seeing you." She took his hand in her's and said: "Good-bye for now, Con. And good luck." That was all. A gamester, this girl.

What a ride to glory we had! We got ourselves some height over Lonely Lake while we had the home ice under our skis. Then we turned north, flying about six thousand, heading for Little Spruce.

We stayed where we were, flying at eight thousand, well past Little Spruce, because there's high country around the Falls. Two Gull reported things looking slightly better there. Low ceiling, but signs of a break and holes here and there to come down through. We made it into Two Gull and out of there again three hours later, with full tanks. Along towards the middle of the afternoon we scraped into Emerson Lake and taxied up to the Burnside shanty.

Laurin and I drained the crankcase, covered the engine and tied the ship down while the others unloaded

(*Continued on page* 134)

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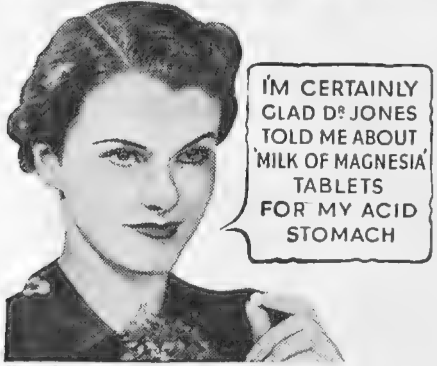
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the freight and dunnage. Then we packed everything up to the shack and I denned up overnight. Next morning, right after breakfast, I gunned out of there and home to Transportia. That was the last I saw of Burnside and Connery for six or seven weeks.

Our next meeting involves a change of scenery. No more ice in the lakes. Still some melting snow in the deep bush, but the north country awakening to its short span of spring and summer. The old KD2 was back on floats. Twice I'd been as far north as Little Spruce. Two Gull had just given us the all clear and all the lakes were cleaned out, so far as anybody knew. Spring was here again.

As soon as we had the clean-up from Two Gull, Enderby told me to take a load of mail and go on in. "If it's okay carry on to Emerson Lake and pick up Burnside," he said. "If it's no good beyond Two Gull drop back and bring out any passengers from there. But figure on Burnside first."

I pulled into Emerson Lake that afternoon to find some surprises waiting. Burnside was nowhere in sight as I taxied in, but Connery was down on the beach. We shook hands. Even with a month's beard on his jaw he was still good looking in that gaunt way.

I said: "Hiya! How's tricks? Where's the boss?"

Connery answered: "Up in the cabin. Better come up."

It sounded kind of screwy to me. But what I found was even more so. I found the inside of the shack a blackout, the single window blanketed, another blanket hanging inside the door and, over in the bunk, Hazen Burnside stretched out in his bedrool, his eyes swathed in bandages. His voice bespoke a burned-out man, but one who wanted to talk. So from here out I'm passing the microphone to him and giving you the story just as he gave it to me after Connery had gone out, saying he wanted to take one last look around before breaking camp.

There by the grace of God (Burnside began, after Connery had passed through the blanket and put the wood back in the hole) goes quite a fellow. Bill, I made one good guess when I took him on, back in Transportia, the day he asked to speak to me a minute. But let me start the story right.

After you pulled out we were around camp here for a couple of days, waiting for the weather to clear. Then we moved our tools over to Kinsman's find and started to clean off the outcrops he'd mapped for me. We worked over there for about a week, I guess, coming back here at sundown. Anybody could see John had uncovered something pretty important, the sort of thing you'ld be willing to spend a hundred grand of your own money to diamond drill and sink a shaft into, once you'd had a dozen men on it for a month and picked up a little more information.

Every time we panned the lode rock we found all the colours you'd want. I began to feel pretty good. From the look of it I had the makings of another winner. By that time about a couple of weeks had gone by. The sun was growing stronger, strong enough to honeycomb the ice on the lake. Just about then, this hit me.

Connery and I were over at the strike when it happened. Two days before, I'd lost the only pair of dark glasses I had with me. Connery never did have any. I'd bawled him out for that and he'd grinned and told me the sun and snow didn't bother him anyway.

We had worked over to a big outcrop about four miles west of here. I wasn't feeling so good that morning. There was a nasty pain in back of my eyes. The going through the bush was mean, even on snowshoes, because everything was getting pretty sticky. Then it hit me like a rockslide, the damnedest pain I ever had in my life. Hurt? Bill, if you want to know what pain is, don't get appendicitis. Go snow blind.

There we were; Connery and a madman. Me. How he got me back to camp I can't remember at all, but he must have

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packed me those four miles on his shoulders.

Anyway, he got me back here. He put me into the dark and started to poultice my eyes with tea leaves. That's all he could do. I was shot to pieces, Bill. Couldn't eat. Couldn't sleep. Nerves all raw and bleeding from the pain in my eyes. But you never saw a woman as patient and gentle. Connery pulled me back in from hell by the boots, and I don't mean maybe.

Burnside paused and asked me to roll him a cigarette. "You must have been through your own fancy Hades," I said. "Well, I'm glad to hear about Connery. I wasn't so sure about him on a trip like this. I knew him when . . ."

Don't you ever worry about him for a minute (Burnside went on). You could chip a piece off him any place and the assay he'd kick back would give you plenty of gold, believe me. You haven't heard anything yet, Bill.

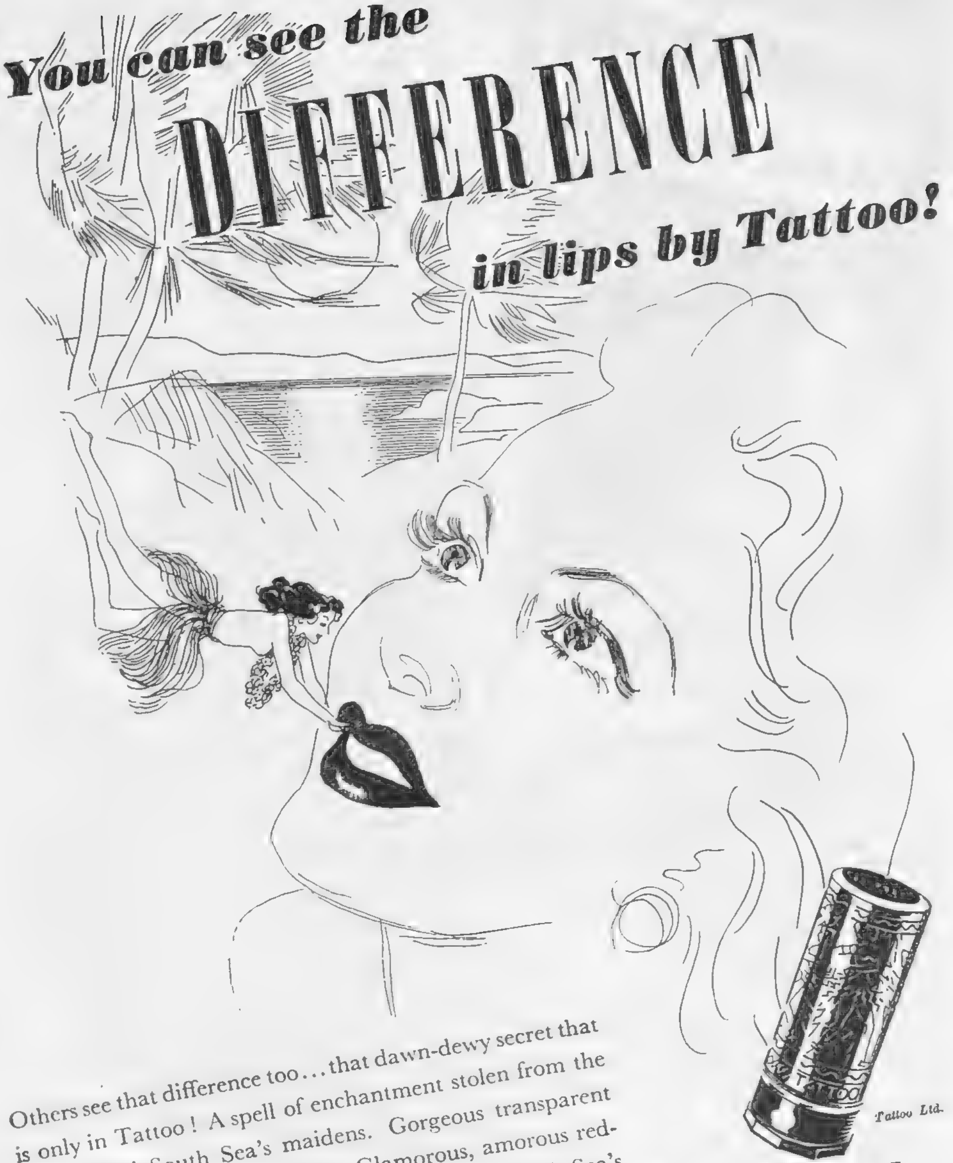
Along about ten or twelve days ago, when things were beginning to ease off for me, he started spending some time away from the cabin. Every morning he'd get up and cook breakfast, fix the poultices, clean the place up. Then he'd say he'd take a walk around and be back in a couple of hours. Not a word about what he was doing. I knew he wasn't going over to Kinsman's strike, because he wasn't away long enough. But I didn't say a word. I wasn't born yesterday. If Connery had found a way to do himself some good that was going to be all right with me. A trip that turns out like this one isn't exactly run-of-mine. I just waited.

Four days ago, while he was straightening the place away after supper, Connery opened up. He began by asking what mining licences I had with me. I told him I had plenty, counting proxies. Why? Then he told me he wanted to stake some claims. "Listen," I said, "you should have taken out a licence in your own name before we left Transportia." He said: "I did. But I don't figure to use it." That set me back on my heels. Why not?

"Listen, chief," he answered, "when I got that licence I won't deny I had the idea in my mind of staking some ground for myself, if anything turned up. Then I did some thinking and decided against the idea. I happened to be working for you and we hadn't made that kind of deal. That's all."

I asked him then just what he had in his mind. He said "Nothing much." Just some staking. Some stuff he had uncovered these last weeks while I'd been lying here bandaged in the dark, getting better. I asked him if he wanted to tell me where the stuff was and how much ground he wanted to cover. He guessed about sixteen claims, all in one block, mostly on that big point which juts out into the bay on the west. The staking would take in some water claims as well, because the vein seemed to dip under the lake. So I gave him my licences and told him to use his own, too, and we'd talk business later. He went out next morning early and the next three mornings. Out after breakfast, back to get the dinner, out again all afternoon. Evenings we sat around, not saying much, not talking about the claims at all. Something was going on inside Connery's head. He was still working for me, but it wasn't my move to say anything; not then, not after all he'd done for me through those days and nights after the blindness struck. Half the bankroll wouldn't pay him off. So I kept my peace. And so did Connery, until last night.

He was later than usual coming in. Don't ask me how I knew, lying here with tea leaves over my eyes. I just knew. I heard him coming up the trail and, so help me, he was whistling. That meant he knew his own mind and felt better. He came in and I heard him toss his haversack on the floor. I could tell the sack was full of samples by the clatter it made. Then Connery came over to the bunk. "How do the eyes feel?" he asked. I said they felt good enough to get rid of the bandages. "Those bandages," he said, "stay right where they are until we get out to Transportia and Doc Bradfield can have a look at you. I forgot to tell you, chief, but (*Continued on page* 136)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the ice went out yesterday. Enderby will be sending a plane in for us any day now."

After that he bustled around the stove, getting supper. I got up and he led me over to the table. We sat down and ate beans and drank the strong tea he had brewed. For awhile neither of us said much, not until the food was finished and he had rolled our cigarettes. Then I felt some papers pushed under my hand on the table. "Here's your licences, chief," he said. "Everything's tagged and numbered on the corner posts to correspond to these."

"How many did you stake for yourself and how many for me?" I asked.

"Sixteen under your licences. That's all."

"Connery," I said. "You're being a sap."

"Probably you're right," he told me, "but you've got to admit it's my personal privilege if I want to use it."

We sat there for quite a while without saying anything.

Suddenly Connery opened up and began to tell me one of the weirdest stories I ever listened to. All his life he'd been a four-flusher, he said. He'd four-flushed around the university before the War, four-flushed his way through the War, four-flushed around the North ever since, playing with a lot of punks in wildcat deals, never two jumps ahead of the sheriff or the Securities Commission. The last thing that happened he lost his bankroll in a drawing-room stud game on his way out to Winnipeg on some cockeyed scheme or other and, letting his whisky do his thinking for him, had moved into the Transportia sleeper. That's how he landed in this neck of the woods. Enderby gave him a job checking freight. He met a nurse, girl named Caroline something. They fell for each other. The chance came to take this trip with me. Connery figured there might be something in it, some chance to make a deal, to get hold of something for himself to take outside and promote into a bankroll. Well, he'd found it and now, funny thing, but he didn't want any part of it. That was that, he told me, and he was sorry to bother me with the recital of his life story, but for one reason and another he had to tell me.

"What are you going to do when we get out of here?" I asked him.

"Going back to work for Enderby in the freight shed, if the job's still open," he answered.

"And what about the girl?"

"I'm marrying her the day we get back, no matter what happens. Unless she says no."

You could tell from the tone of his voice that he knew the girl wouldn't be saying no. "What kind of woman is she, Bill?"

"She's a princess," I said. "I had a fifty-fifty chance of marrying her myself, once. Only she said no, instead of yes."

Burnside and I sat quietly for a few minutes. Then he said: "Get that haversack, Bill and tell me if the samples look like anything to sing about."

I found Connery's gear and dumped the haversack on the pine-board table. Godfrey! Did you ever see any stuff taken from the Croesus, or from that new Gordon Lake strike, out in the North-West Territories? This was the same kind of stuff. That was the kind of discovery Connery had made out on the point and didn't want any part of. I passed a couple of samples to Burnside and let him feel them with his experienced fingers. He could tell.

"Go on out in the doorway where that idiot can see you," Burnside said. "I guess he's waiting for a sign from us, the sap."

I went out in front. Connery was down by the water, talking to Laurin. I yelled to him and beckoned. Then I walked down the trail to meet him.

"Listen," I said, "I've just been talking to Burnside. He told me the whole story."

"Well, there's one thing, at any rate," Connery said. "He didn't tell you anything about my benighted past that you didn't know already, did he?"

"Ah, forget it," I said.

"That's just the idea," he said. "This

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makes me feel better. I hope you get it."

Godfrey! The guy was still dramatising himself, but in deadly earnest this time. That would be the Caroline angle.

We went back up to the cabin. Burnside insisted that he was going to take the bandages off and go and see this thing for himself. Connery was adamant about that. Burnside would have to wait and see the doc. Meanwhile, if he liked, Connery could take me around and show me his staking. How would that be? Just for a check up. And that's what we did.

It was there all right. Three big outcrops, from each of which Connery had taken out a couple of rounds. The stuff was spattered everywhere. Connery showed me the layout. The staking seemed okay to me. Then we went back.

WE slept in the cabin that night, mopped up in the morning and pulled out. Not once during the evening, nor during the home flight, did Hazen Burnside mention Connery's find. We hoicked right through to Transportia, with a quick stop at Little Spruce for gas. That night Burnside handed Connery a cheque for his services and hopped the sleeper east.

Connery didn't marry next morning, but he did go back to work in the freight shed. The day after that he and a girl named Caroline Stevens paid a call on Father de la Haye at the mission, after which she went back to the hospital and he to the airlanes dock to load freight into a KD2 for the Elysium. A fellow named Corcoran went along to the mission as bridegroom's helper.

TWO days later Enderby called Connery into the office around noon and said: "My friend, you're fired."

Connery stood and took it like a slap across the face. It looked for the minute, he told me later, like there wasn't much to be said for this business of turning honest.

"Okay," he said. "It was nice work while I had it."

Enderby grinned. "Sit down, mug," he said. "You're fired because another guy just hired you. Here. Read this wire."

You can see a copy of that telegram any time you come to Transportia, because it hangs, framed, over the mantel in the Connerys' living-room, up on the bluff. It reads like this:

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See announcement on page 116

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Eye Wise

(Continued from page 55)

letter at once. When one is looking at an object, a chair, for instance, the object blurs if the whole is seen at once. You cannot possibly see the arms, legs, back and body of a chair all at once. You either see the back first or the seat. This is central fixation, seeing best where you are looking.

Now, when and if everything goes hazy before your eyes, close them and after seeing black, imagine the letter F. Let it take shape and then look at one spot, say the small line on it, and see it very clearly, very blackly. Change to another spot on F, see it equally clearly. Open your eyes, the haze will have gone.

Bathe your eyes frequently. Optrex is a good and well-known eye wash. Boracic acid, one desertspoonful dissolved in a pint of boiled water and bottled, is splendid. While if the eyelids are swollen and red, nothing can beat a little weak tea.

One pint of milk drunk slowly at night is the optician's latest cure for children with short sight. This holds good for any one under twenty-one, and must be extra to any other milk they have during the day. It rectifies deficiencies of calcium; and calcium is highly necessary to good sight.

END

Gay Ladies

(Continued from page 13)

and sweat, the work life of our machine age.

From small beginnings, the fig leaf industry has grown mightily. It has become a thousand-million-pound business, and it is still growing. It rests on the female desire for change, beauty, the power to arrest attention and attract men, and, perhaps, a little on the desire to be envied.

Who decides what women shall wear, or why, or how, or when? Whence come these new fashions, which appear so abruptly and surprisingly, like tidal waves out of a smooth sea? No one fashion lord can launch and impose a new mode single-handed, although some claim they can and do. But these Merlins of the Paris fashion quarter, in the rectangle made by the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendome, and the Rue Royale, do still weave the chief spells and concoct the headiest potions.

Glance at some of them in the portrait gallery. Lanvin is a black-haired, middle-aged woman, capable, energetic, business-like, with a sculptor's bold touch. Schiaparelli is a slight lean Italian, with a severe hair-cut, and the energy of a Pavlova: elegant, business-like, and daring. Chanel has a keen face, hair that looks as if it were cut to fit neatly inside a helmet, and a business-like manner: her clothes are plain, and very, very good. Vionnet plans the most elegant clothes on a small wood model. She is small, white-haired, self-made, inventive, and married to a bootmaker who fell in love with her when she was a girl in the workrooms of the Callot sisters.

Lelong, with his little moustache, lean, tanned face, and spare hard frame, looks like a cavalry officer, and might have been one if he had not inherited the family bent for business. His father is a wealthy industrialist, but son Lucien preferred to make his own career. He runs his show as a business enterprise, strictly. He does not have to look at a hired model when planning fashions. He has an inspiration under his eye in his own Neuilly home—Princess Natalie Paley, his Russian wife.

Molyneux, an Englishman who started in London as a designer of women's dresses, looks like a clever young actor of the Noel Coward school. One of his triumphs was to provide the Duchess of Kent with her trousseau. Steibel is a newcomer, a dark young man who came up from Cambridge and quickly secured a following. Norman Hartnell, who makes the Queen's dresses, is another Cambridge man with a flair for designing dresses. He is plumper now than when he started. He prefers to leave the business end to his partner or his board. Adrian, the leading fashion creator in the Hollywood colony, is an elegant young man in the Molyneux style. Mainbocher is a sharp-nosed gentleman who could function as a stand-in for Melvyn Douglas.

These are the people to whom the *élégantes* go—the *élégantes* with money, that is. You can get a little frock from some of them for twenty-five guineas. But forty to sixty pounds is a more usual price. They know their business. They are Cellinis—part artist, part craftsman, with a dash of showman. They can design, and they have ideas about the materials in which to carry out their designs. Some of them work in with textile manufacturers, and rolls of specially patterned dress material are merchandised under their hall-mark.

One success, and a name is made. But it is the same with them as with an actor, a novelist, a vaudeville act—they have to keep their public entertained, they have to keep abreast of the times, remain alert, try experiments, take risks, fight competition, or they find themselves on the toboggan; and a fashion lord on the toboggan usually goes all the way down to the bottom of the run, where he shoots out through his own door, which closes behind him.

They have their competitive tricks, the fashion makers. One will steal away another saleswoman near the end of her contract: a good saleswoman can usually attract and hold quite a useful number of those clients whom the personage of the house does not himself or herself attend to. A cutter of genius may be an even better "steal." A first-rate cutter gets £2,000 a year, has thirty or forty girls under her, runs her own department, may have an extensive following among the *clientèle*. When one moves over, with her staff, excited talk runs round the little realm of the fashion professionals. Is this a victory for fashion-lord A over fashion-lord B, or has cutter C made a mistake?

Sometimes a chemist or textile technician will do one of the fashion kings or queens as much good as a hit-story will do a film prince or princess. A new dye, a new kind of stuff, and a new fashion can arrive. Chanel was once shown a special sort of red concocted in one of the great French dye works. "Give that to me exclusively for a period," she said, "and I'll make it the rage. It shall be Chanel red, and I will feature it."

Chanel red caught on. Smart actresses flaunted it on the stage. Duchesses displayed it in the ballrooms. Millionairesses exhibited it at the race meetings. In next to no time the news spread, and from 'Frisco to Zanzibar all the women who try to keep in the fashion were asking for clothes, hats, belts, bags, of this Chanel red.

Colours in the fashion world, like wines among the wine folk, have their own bizarre terminology. A fashion shop "presents" a new sort of silk stocking in vibrant shades of Sonata, Town Toast, and Allegro. "Town Toast" is good. Any woman could say what the colour "allegro" is: a painter would probably be puzzled.

One fashion house has gone so crazy about lilac this spring that it has dedicated three windows and an entire lingerie floor to this miracle of fragile, fragrant colour. There are then tweeds with sixteen colours in each plaid, hats and bags in Gauguin apricot, rugged dull crocodiles in wine (that means shoes and bags, in wine colour—not the animal, preserved). The prints that have taken the western capitals by storm are made in the virile, brilliant colours of Morocco.

I also note that a renowned cosmetician exhorts Eve to "wear" a new pure-red lipstick and rouge with the clear marine shades, and the new navy-green—and it's marvellous with black. But the high spot of the lot this time seems to be "a lovely new rose-tone cameo, over a creamy beige illusion." This is a face powder. Its sponsors promise "an astonishing result." They name the whole make-up combination "Sky-Blue-Pink."

Some new fashions have only a brief firefly life in the tiny world of the fashionables and ultra-smarts. The multitude of women shrug them aside

(*Continued on page* 141)

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as too exotic, smart without being attractive, something new but too odd, and best left alone. But sometimes a fashion pops up like a mushroom in a meadow, and grows rapidly from the ground up. There was an American chorus-line girl who blonded her hair a platinum tint. Millions of women were caught by the lure of that cool, fresh, gay look that blonde hair gives. Patrician and proletarian girls blonded, and a world fashion was made. A dancer, Irene Castle, had some years earlier created a world fashion for short hair.

Now hair styles are continually changing, and these changes have a profound effect on fashion industry and the beautifying business. It took 32,000 hairdressers to keep my lady's long hair in shape and trim in the last pre-war year. Now it takes 200,000 to tend her short but better-groomed hair. These are British figures. The American figures are much greater.

I am told by those who should know that the Duchess of Kent started a new hat boom by changing her hair style, and then having a new hat made to go with it. Both revived the Edwardian era. The tall Duchess wore her new hat at Ascot. Fashion-house and women's-dress-department buyers of the big stores jumped at it.

In the big millinery factories, the designer hastily got to work. From his copy of the hat, his assistants made more copies in other materials. Ten thousand work people were busy for a spell, turning out those hats. Hand-made models went to the high-class trade—those are the hats for which women pay from four to six guineas a time. The copies, churned out from a 500-worker hat factory at the rate of 100 a day, went to the shops where hats sell for from ten shillings to a pound apiece. More copies, made in less expensive material, swiftly and in quantities by machines, went to the bigger market, where women buy for anything from half-a-crown to five shillings a copy of the hat that a fashionable patrician wore at the races, or a film beauty wore in her new picture.

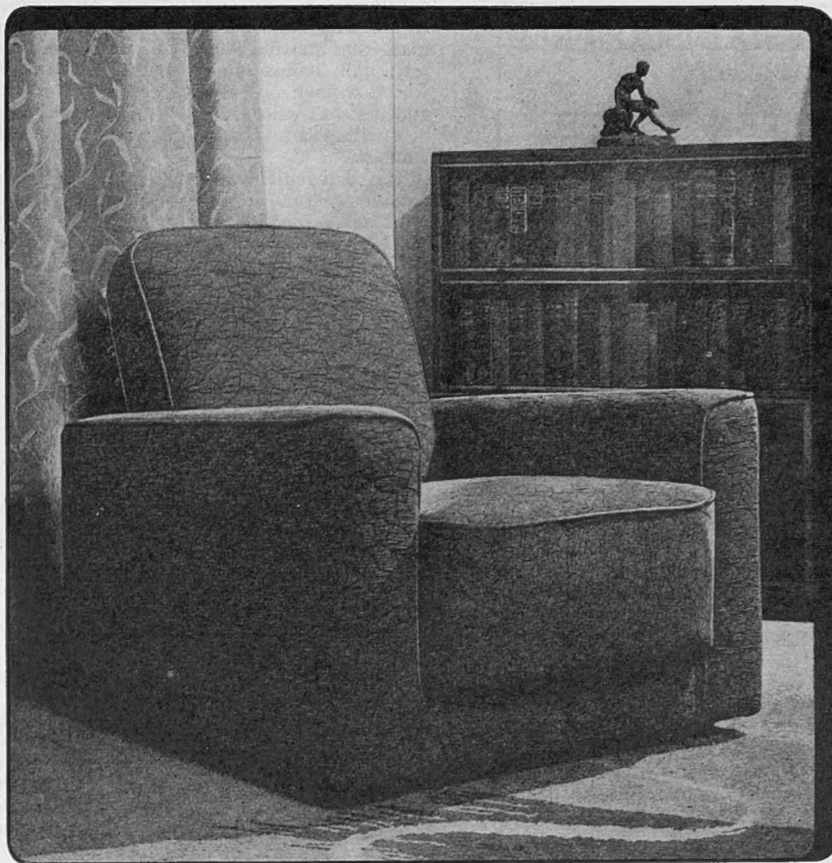
The big fashion market is served by an application of the same technique that brings the motor car within reach of the medium income-bracket groups and the motor cycle within the reach of the workmen masses. In the designer's shop in the hat factory, they make a wood block. It is the "model" for the mass-production hat.

Heaven knows how many new hats it takes to satisfy Eve's hunger for new head plumage in the course of a year: but the largest of the London women's hat mass-production plants produced 350,000 dozen last year, and the biggest of the New York plants over a million dozen. Probably between three and five hundred million new hats are made and sold every year, not to provide Eve with a head-covering, in the manner of a man's bowler, felt or topper, but to adorn her head, and keep it in the fashion. If Eve ever decided to go hatless, or to make last year's hat do this year, a £100,000,000 industry would sustain a mortal blow, and one way and another a million workers would be affected.

A year ago fashionables with the price—or able to command the price—were appearing in the evening with real-flower garlands round their shoulders, and a few of them would turn up for lunch or tea with a little hat made actually of real flowers, violets, tuber-roses, forget-me-nots, pansies, and snowdrops. Suddenly, the vogue vanished. Even artificial flowers faded out.

I was reminded of this by reading the other day the memoirs of a famous "social-set leader," in manuscript. This lady is getting on in years now—an American who married an Italian prince (they are not too rare, Italian princes). But she is still a social arbiter and hears all the stories and gossip. Her frank memoirs will never be printed—except possibly for private circulation: but that is by the way.

Eliminating indiscretions, this is what happened. A wealthy young woman arrived with a polo-playing (*Continued on page* 142)



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gentleman to sup and dance at a smart restaurant. She had appropriated the polo man from another girl. He was one of those men, tall, handsome, but not very bright, whom women are always stealing from one another, but who somehow never are accused of stealing any man's girl, or hunting any woman.

The rich female had got in on the ground floor of the real-flower fashion boom. If she went to a show and on to a dance afterwards, she had a fresh flower skull-cap sent along to wait her coming, and she changed into it—as I have heard it said that Mr. Anthony Eden would change his creased trousers for a perfectly pressed pair just before making an appearance at the end of a long motor car, train or airplane journey.

On this occasion, the flower cap awaited her in the foyer of the dance-restaurant. She took it into the ladies' room, and put it on. Somewhere about the third oyster, the damsel she had robbed drifted by in her partner's arms, and stopped. "Darling, how are you? Haven't seen you in an age. And, Bob—oh!"

"What's the matter?"

"Ants, my dear, ants! You're simply alive with them!"

She smacked the robber's side curls smartly, extracted a black speck, dropped it on the white damask. "Those careless florists."

She went off with her man, leaving the robber perturbed. The latter suspected a trick. She made a motion to take off her flower cap, and then refrained. Then she did feel a nip, and rose hurriedly. As she crossed the room, the band, which had cut short a slow foxtrot, quickly struck up a tune that was a vaudeville-song and gramophone-record favourite just then:

"I can't dance, I've got ants in my pants."

The robber did not return. Next day, she left for Paris. The girl she had robbed had done some fast work, with bribery and corruption, on that flower cap and the band. The story reached the fashionables' chief playground centres as quickly as the latest Hitler story circulates in the embassies of the chief capitals. The fashion detail began to cause giggles, stares, murmurs: "She can't have heard yet!" Suddenly, nobody was wearing real flowers as caps and garlands any more.

Fashions change, officially, twice a year. The big buyers cross oceans and continents to be in early for the laying of the spring and autumn fashion eggs in the incubators of Paris and London. Before the London Season starts, the new frocks and hats and fal-lals are being displayed in what approximates in the women's dress world to Burlington House in the art world—the market-place and display counter camouflaged as something not quite so crude and vulgar.

And while the folk who play around in Paris in the spring, shun the place and besport themselves at le Touquet and Deauville, there are private *défilés* in the Paris fashion salons for the men and women of commerce, who have to persuade the female of the species to change her spring and summer fig leaf for a new autumn and winter one, or see their great shops empty, their store departments piling up a debit, and a highly-paid job and a fat contract tailing off into the limbo where money-hungry employers say to hired specialists who have ceased to be a profitable investment: "We shall not be renewing your contract. Sorry, but. . . ."

Within this short-term movement there is a long-term movement. Women's skirts will be ankle or mid-calf length for years, and suddenly they will be short again. Women will be high-heeled for years, and abruptly, for a year or three, they will be mainly low or medium-heeled. Smooth hair styles, with curl embellishments, will be in vogue year after year, and then, mysteriously, the mode will change around to curls and curls, with a touch of smoothly brushed hair permitted.

The fashion changes we are now witnessing will cost women, or their providers, many hundreds of millions of pounds.

Clothing and beautification of the female has become America's fifth greatest industry, and Britain's ninth. A considerable part of the French economy is based on it. This business of embellishing and adorning the female is one of the few things which have defeated Fascism, defied Hitler and Mussolini, and got away with it.

In his early dictator phase Mussolini declared for "natural women." His faithful henchmen produced authentic Fascist fashions. They were sombre, as long as a monk's robe, and about as attractive. His daughter, Edda, laughed at them, and him.

At the height of the campaign she came into his room in a French frock, notably short-skirted (she has very good legs, the Countess Ciano, *née* Edda Mussolini), high-heeled patents, a last-gasp hat from Paris. "You cannot do this," said her father. "I can, and will," retorted his daughter. "A million of me, perhaps more." Father Benito understands the significance of large figures. The first Fascist fashion campaign ended there and then.

The Nazis thought they could go through with something that had beaten Mussolini. There was to be no "French frippery." German women were to abandon the use of cosmetics. High heels, short skirts, silk stockings, lip-sticks, blonding chemicals, etcetera, must go. Propaganda Minister Goebbels had appointed his wife, the naturally decorative, gold-haired Magda, head of the Nazi fashion bureau of his enormous department. She was to bring the new German woman back to the ways and looks of the kitchen and the nursery. She was to dramatise herself as the sturdy mother who mates with soldiers to produce new cannon-fodder for the good of the German tribe.

For three months, Magda Goebbels laid aside her cosmetic box and stopped smoking her favourite gold-tipped cigarettes. Then the campaign was off, and the bureau was abolished. Frau Goebbels resigned. It was Dr. Goebbels's only failure.

There was a time when the Red autocrats tried to persuade the dress-conscious minority of the 40,000,000 women in the Communist Republics to break away from the fashion centres and notions of the capitalistic world. But by 1932 the whole proletarian dress-standardisation movement had collapsed. The Soviet textile and fashion authorities conceded capitalistic-centre styles.

They sought to make them Red, however, by patterning them with such conventionalised designs as cogwheels, tractors, electric bulbs, railways, gas masks, Red soldiers. The Soviet women simply turned down the designs. So, as the Soviet fashion experts could not provide any good substitute for the modes of capitalistic countries, the Commissariat of Education and the wholesale Dress Trust, the two main agencies concerned with women's fashions, succumbed.

I have lately been inspecting the results to date: a number of Red fashion magazines, and an excellent mail-order magazine-catalogue produced by Comrade Heifitz—editor of a number of official fashion publications—for the factory-owning Dress Trust. The catalogue offers a new season's line of vivid polka-dotted cotton frocks, which seem to be copies of the simpler fashions emanating from Paris, London and New York. The price is the paper rouble equivalent of 22s.

But the Red fashion lords have not given up. They hope one day to develop a type of women's dress which Soviet women will prefer to London-Paris-New York-Hollywood fashions, because it will be more attractive, and so cheapened through mass-production, that wage-earning women can change their fashions twice or thrice a year, like the plutocrats of the western world.

END

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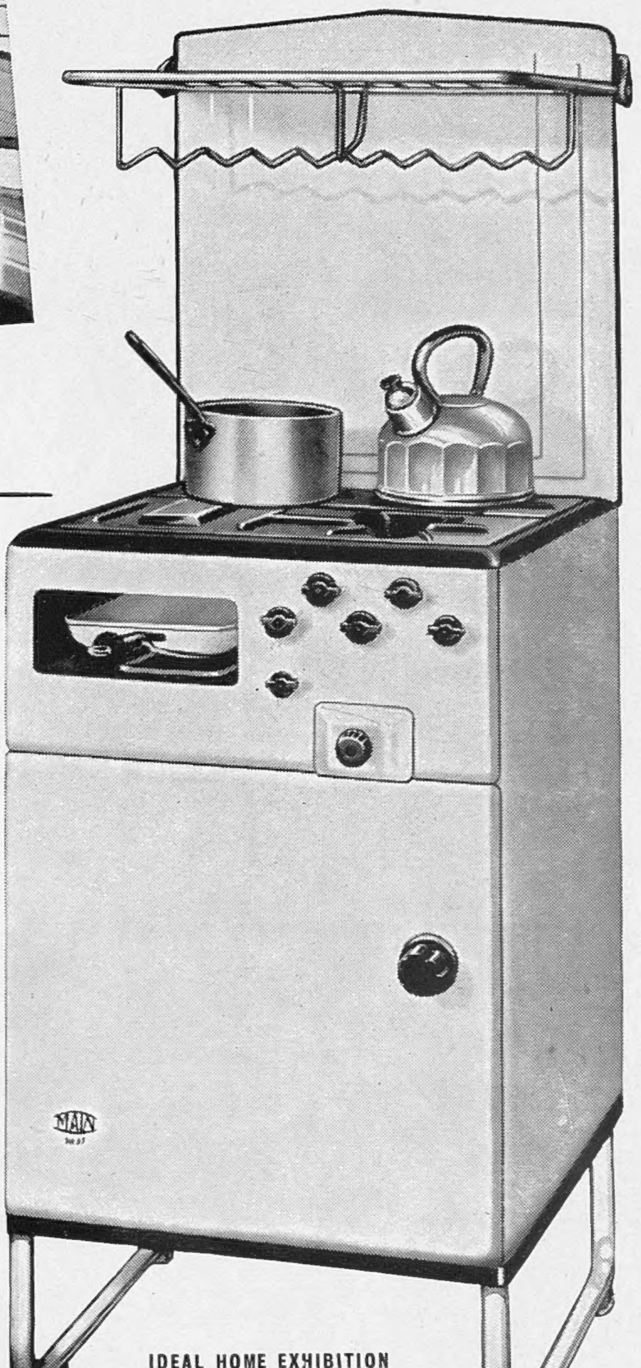

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